THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

"What Makes You So Cruel? Tell Me Why You Spurn Me So. Why So Stuffy?"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MRS. HENRY BARTLEY ONDERDONK came to the bank one morning, smiled and nodded to Worsley, the impressive, straight-backed, full-chested uniformed officer who guarded the approaches to the mighty, walked briskly past him and entered Mr. Henry Bartley Onderdonk's private room without knocking. Five minutes later, Miss Rosina Bellamy, Mr. Onderdonk's beautiful secretary, came out even more briskly than Mrs. Onderdonk had gone in. Within another ten minutes, attired in her fur coat and clever little hat and very nicely gloved, Miss Bellamy tripped down the marble staircase to the street level for the last time. She was not smiling pleasantly. Presently Mrs. Onderdonk reappeared. Her lips were rather tightly compressed, but they parted, showing an agreeable line of white teeth at Worsley's respectful salute. She went as she had come—via the elevator, not having Miss Bellamy's boyish figure. At the curb her limousine awaited her. She got in and was driven away.

Miss Watson, at her neat, glass-topped desk decorated with a single rose in a crystal vase, lost nothing of this. Miss Purdy, at a filing cabinet close by, shut the drawer she had been searching and took a paper to Mr. Schreiner, Foreign Exchange, but in passing Miss Watson's desk she lingered a moment to murmur, "And that's that!" Miss Watson nodded, the ghost of a smile on her thin lips.

Nearly a hundred yards away, in a bronze-railed inclosure, Teddy Dunne sat at his small desk beside the large one by the rail that bore a gold-lettered sign: Mr. Reagan, Credits. He was, at a first glance, a quite ordinary-looking young man of average length, breadth and thickness, and inconspicuously dressed. The only noticeable things about him were his thick-lensed spectacles and his profound seriousness; although, if he had turned his head, a protruding lock of tow-colored hair would have attracted instant attention. Looking at him more carefully, one observed a more than ordinarily good forehead, and if he smiled—which wasn't so often—the observer was likely to wonder, with a sort of irritation, why he didn't do it oftener. He was busy with a stack of papers, attaching to each one a yellow typewritten slip and handing these one by one to Mr. Reagan, who studied them with a hawk's eye, scrawled rapidly upon them with a soft pencil and tossed them into a wire basket.

The work was interrupted by a boy, who said, "Mr. Onderdonk would like to see you a moment, Mr. Reagan, sir, please."

Teddy Dunne went on methodically clamping his yellow slips, unaware of Destiny. The stack beside him diminished steadily, and presently he was taking up the last paper.

As he put out his hand for a clip Mr. Reagan's slightly nasal voice spoke: "Mr. Onderdonk wants you, Dunne."

"Me?" inquired Teddy, amazed. "Mr. Onderdonk?"

"You and none other," replied Mr. Reagan. "Your name's Dunne, isn't it? You know Mr. Onderdonk, don't you—vice president of this institution—solid man with a

bristle of gray mustache, who wants whom he wants when he wants him and dislikes to be kept waiting—Henry Bartley Onderdonk? You can ask Worsley to direct you."

Teddy hesitated with his finger on the catch of the bronze gate, but Mr. Reagan was already frowning at a paper, with his pencil poised for action. Teddy opened the gate.

"Good-by, Dunne. Sorry to lose you."

Mr. Reagan flung that over his shoulder and at once began writing. Teddy lingered no longer. Whatever this unprecedented summons meant, there was only one thing to do: Obey it. When Mr. Onderdonk spoke, ever so softly, people in the bank jumped. The old Roman centurion of Holy Writ had nothing on H. B. O.; but though Teddy's conscience was free of crime, he was worried. As he went he looked about him as one who impresses on his memory a scene that he will gaze upon no more. He looked to the left of the vast marble-paved interior of the institution, with its rows of desks of executives; to the right, at the long row of gilded cages—Deposits A to E, F to K, and so on to the end of the alphabet, and then beginning again with the grilles of the paying tellers. He stared straight ahead at the massive stone pillars, rising to the base of the high-curving glass dome—pillars that Karnak before its fall could hardly have matched. And this was a temple, too—a temple of Mammon, with its high priests, neophytes and acolytes, scribes, burglarproof shrines, sacred books and throngs of worshipers—a temple of money-changers. Great is Mammon! Lesser deities may pass into oblivion, be one with yesterday's thousand years, outworn and forgotten, but his devotees are faithful from generation to generation, and this particular temple of his seemed built to outlast a hundred of them. A mighty solid institution, and Teddy was proud to belong to it.

As he approached Mr. Onderdonk's room in the recess behind the pillars, Miss Watson looked up. "You can go right in, but you better knock first," she said; so Teddy knocked and went right in. The wrinkles at the corners of Mr. Onderdonk's eyes deepened benignantly and he waved a large, brown, but well-kept hand toward the chair beside his desk.

"How are you, Dunne?" he said quite genially. "Sit down. And how is your father—and your mother—well? That's good! Remember me to them, will you? And how do you like banking by this time? Sit down, boy—sit down!"

"I—I like it—first-rate, sir," Teddy replied haltingly as he seated himself. He had an idea that the gray eyes, whose corners no longer crinkled, were keenly appraising him, and, being conscious of his shortcomings, he was embarrassed to the point of blushing.

"Been with us two years now, haven't you?"

"One year, eleven months and twenty-seven days. Two years next Monday."

"Exact, aren't you?"

"I try to be."

"You are. You know a good deal about banking by this time, then."

"A very little, sir," Teddy answered modestly.

"A whole lot," Mr. Onderdonk corrected. "You've been here a—er—a year, eleven months and twenty-eight days. Consequently you know all that's worth knowing about it. That follows."

"A year, eleven months and twenty-seven days, sir—not twenty-eight," Teddy made correction in his turn.

"And you can take dictation in shorthand, read your notes correctly and type them rapidly without misspelling, Reagan tells me."

"I can spell correctly, but I can't take very fast dictation yet, and I'm a slow typist, I'm sorry to say." Teddy was beginning to feel easier in his mind. Whatever this was leading up to, it didn't seem as if it would be a kick about his work.

"You are an expert stenographer and typist," Mr. Onderdonk insisted positively. "What are you looking at, Dunne?"

It was a photograph in a heavy silver frame that decorated Mr. Onderdonk's desk and for a moment engaged Teddy Dunne's entire and absorbed attention. He blushed to the roots of his hair as he reluctantly removed his gaze from it.

"Miss Onderdonk, isn't it, sir?" he asked. "I had the pleasure of meeting her when she was staying with Kitty Wallace a few weeks ago."

"When, did you say?"

Teddy considered. "I met her at Kitty's—the Wallaces'—on the twentieth of last month and she was there until the third of this. That would be three weeks ago exactly. I—I hope she is well, sir."

Mr. Onderdonk said dryly that his daughter seemed to be in her usual health and spirits, and equal to the strain she put on her constitution and on the patience of her parents.

"I am Not the Frivolous, Heedless Butterfly That the World Calls Me. I Wear a Mask"

"Well," he continued, "notwithstanding the low opinion you have of yourself, I imagine you are fairly efficient. At least you are not beautiful."

"No, sir," Teddy agreed, smiling. "I know that I'm not."

"You would. But I am given to understand, on unimpeachable authority, that one may have too many beautiful objects to contemplate during office hours; so, beginning at once, if quite agreeable to you, you will undertake the duties of my secretary in place of Miss Bellamy—er—resigned. The job will be whatever you choose to make of it. . . . Excuse me, Dunne, but your hair seems to be sticking out behind."

Mrs. Dunne said "You darling boy!" and kissed her darling. Professor Theodore Dunne blinked at him through the bright spectacles with very thick lenses that Teddy must have inherited, and said, "My congratulations, Teddy—if congratulations are in order, and I suppose they are, eh?"

"He said the job was what I chose to make of it," replied Teddy Dunne. "It doesn't seem to be a matter of choice, though, so much as ability, and that's where I'm shy, I'm afraid. I'm sorry to leave Mr. Reagan. He's a wonder, and I was learning quite a lot from him. I mean, for me."

"For you!" his mother echoed indignantly. "I'd like to know who could learn any more or as much! And do you suppose they don't know it? Do you think they picked you out for that important position from all those hundreds of young men without being sure that you were the best qualified? Teddy dear, you put me out of patience. Well, you'll see. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Mr. Onderdonk is thinking about resigning and is going to train you to succeed him."

Teddy shouted with laughter and even his father chuckled a little.

"Well, you will see," Mrs. Dunne persisted, bridling.

"Mother dear, listen," said Teddy gently. "I haven't talked with a single fellow in the bank without realizing how much more he knew about the business than I begin to know, and how much better fitted for it he was than I. You've got to be quick—quick to understand and quick to do things—and you know perfectly well that I am slow. You know what a frightful mess I was in college."

"You got through very creditably, considering," said his father. "You satisfied me, my son."

"Yes, indeed!" Mrs. Dunne confirmed. "You did splendidly, wonderfully."

Teddy grinned. "Look at what father did, and a year younger than I was."

"And look what Harry Onderdonk did," smiled Professor Dunne. "Made the eleven in his freshman year, and put it all over Notre Dame. Rather funny, my son being secretary to Harry Onderdonk!"

"I'm a total loss either way; no good at any sport and I couldn't even get my B.S.," said Teddy, "and, dad, you know that I'd never have got my nose inside the bank if I hadn't been Dr. Theodore Dunne's son and Dr. Theodore Dunne hadn't spoken to Mr. Onderdonk about me—nor this new job either. . . . As it is, mother, I'm only taking Miss Bellamy's place and I don't think she was much more than a stenographer. They all call themselves secretaries. And when it comes to making a typewriter hum, I'm simply not in her class. I may be just a stop-gap. You can't tell, from what Mr. Onderdonk says, just what he's driving at. He sits there looking at you with that poker face of his and you can't tell whether he is kidding you or what. He said he supposed I knew all about banking by this time. Gosh! I wouldn't know all there is to know in a million years. By the way, he wanted to be remembered to you, dad, and to mother."

"He's very kind, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him," said Mrs. Dunne. "What does he look like, Teddy?"

"Like that Buddha of father's—on a diet—only his face is rather pink and he's not quite so bald and he wears a little clipped mustache. And his clothes are different too. Rather sporty, and he wears the giddiest kind of ties. There's a good deal to him, dad. Well, all I can say is I'll make as much of the job as I can."

"That's the right spirit, son," said Professor Dunne approvingly. "Yes, there's a good deal to Onderdonk."

"You said it," Teddy told him.

Professor Dunne sighed. "I hope you will excuse me, Teddy, if I point out that you are using—I'm sure, quite unconsciously—a good deal of slang. I hope I'm not too exacting, and I don't mind 'poker face' and I find 'a total loss' tolerable; but 'kidding' seems to me both meaningless and inelegant, and 'gosh' a mere bucolic vulgarity I'd not have mentioned these lapses if you had not added 'you said it.' That's abominable, really, my son."

Teddy said meekly that he was sorry. His mother asked him why Miss Bellamy had left. Teddy had no idea.

She went on with her questioning: "Has Mr. Onderdonk any family? I suppose he is married?"

"He married one of the Vardon girls," her husband informed her. "I was in Samarkand at the time. As a matter of fact, until I met him at the University Club and spoke to him about Teddy, I hadn't seen him for nearly thirty years. They've a big place at Lake Forest, I understand. I believe he did mention that he had a son in college."

"A daughter," said Teddy. "I—I saw—he had a framed photograph of her on his desk."

That was, perhaps, a trifle disingenuous of Teddy, but there are things one doesn't care to talk about, even with loving parents. Not that there was anything to talk about. The Wallaces were neighbors; Mark Wallace and Teddy had chummed together ever since their school days, and Mark's sister, Kitty, had been more or less like his own sister, using him and abusing him as such. He was more often at the Wallaces' place than at any other than home of late years, which wasn't saying so much. Kitty was a sociable little soul and generally had a crowd around her. They came and went, and came again—girls that Teddy had never seen; new men, friends of Mark who became Kitty's friends or didn't. Live wires, most of them, whereas Teddy felt himself to be pretty much of a flat tire; so he drifted in only on off evenings, or when Mark or Kitty came and dragged him from the family circle. When he returned home he had little or nothing to say to the family circle about the girls he had met at the Wallaces', so why should he have mentioned Phœbe Onderdonk? He was so dumb that it had not even occurred to him that she might be related to H. B. O.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that Mark and he had collided in the North Western station and got on the train together. Mark said, "Look. You come on with me up to the house instead of going straight home and grinding at that fool thing, and I'll tell you why, just to show the confidence I have in you. You know Eugenia Luttrell? Yes, you do. Don't lie when it isn't going to get you anywhere. Look. Eugenia's coming and we've got particular and private business to discuss, and Kitty's got a girl friend stopping over the week-end, and longer, maybe. She's the berries, mind, laddie. I wouldn't push her against you if she wasn't. I'm doing you a favor that you'll thank me for; but the only trouble with her is that she isn't Eugenia. You get the situation, don't you? I want you to keep her off my neck—her and Kitty—our necks—Eugenia's and mine. See?"

"Not any, thanks," said the industrious apprentice. "Nothing doing, Mark. And this isn't foolishness. It's International Banking by Goldstein, than whom there is none more. Reagan gave it to me to read and there's some stuff on the Reichsbank that gives you a good line on the way the Dawes Plan is working. You think up some other bird that you want to do a favor to, while I finish this chapter I started."

"Burton and Hallet and Bill Grimmey have gone over to Saugatuck and Dick Annesley and Hal Griffith are both dated up. I tried 'em," Mark explained ingenuously. "There's Blainey, but he's sore at Kitty, and there's Goofy Joe, but Kitty would murder me if I sprung him on her. No, you're elected, Theodore."

Teddy fought, but it was a losing fight in the end, for after he had repelled Mark and gone home Kitty came in her runabout and honked until he came out of the house. "Get right in here, lovely," she commanded, motioning to the vacant seat.

"On your way, Ginger Kate," said Teddy. "I told Mark I couldn't come. Got work to do. See you later." He turned to go back to the house, but she made a flying leap from the car and caught him by the collar. A disgraceful scuffle ensued, which was stopped by Mrs. Dunne's appearance on the veranda.

"Children!" she called. "Children!"

"Make him come!" Kitty called back, still holding tenaciously to her victim. "He won't come when he's wanted, and he's got to! Pig!"

"Why don't you go, Teddy?" his mother called. "You might as well."

"I'll tickle you if you don't let loose of me," Teddy threatened. "Moth—m—ah, she's rumpling my collar. Listen, Kitty; you don't want me. Get Rodney."

"I've got Rodney, and that's the reason," said Kitty. "Don't you see? He's there with Phœbe now and every minute I leave them together I'm taking chances of losing him. Oh, be a sport!"

"He won't be much loss," grumbled Teddy, allowing her to lead him to the car, however.

"It isn't as if I were asking you to do something unpleasant, darling angel," said Kitty. "You'll be crazy about her." With belated modesty she twitched her skirt over her knees, tucked it in at the side, pressed the starter and threw in the clutch. Mrs. Dunne gasped and pressed her hand to her heart as the roadster lurched drunkenly around the corner and streaked down the road.

At the Wallaces', Mark and Eugenia were on the porch together discussing their private and particular business so earnestly that they didn't notice Kitty's miraculously safe return until she yoo-hooed triumphantly and ran up the steps, leaving Teddy Dunne to follow.

"Where are Phœbe and Rodney?" Kitty asked them.

"Somewhere, I imagine," drawled Eugenia. "You got him, did you? . . . 'Lo, Teddy!"

She was a tall, well-rounded blonde, with sleepy lids to her blue eyes which she could open upon occasion very effectively.

"You've got a wonderful imagination," Kitty told her. "I should think you'd do something big with it. . . . Oh, here you are! Well, here he is. This is Phœbe, Ted." She caught Teddy by the arm and swung him round to a vision of loveliness in a white and heliotrope sport costume, who faced him, standing with hands clasped as if in an ecstasy of admiration, and who gazed at him with adoring violet eyes.

Just a moment she stood like that and then breathed a soulful "At last!" and extended both hands to the dazed young man. "Where, oh, where have you been all my life?" she cried. Rodney Vilas guffawed over her shoulder and then, meeting Kitty's eye, looked almost as foolish as Teddy. Teddy was stammering something to the effect that he was sorry he hadn't been around where she was. Not such a bad line if he hadn't fumbled it and blushed so that everyone howled. Even at that moment Teddy couldn't find it in his heart to curse Phœbe—seriously.

"Well," Phœbe told him, "all we can do is make up for lost time." She turned to Kitty. "I'm through with Rodney for the present, dear."

"You're quite sure?" inquired Kitty, with sweet solicitude. "I can spare him just as well as not, you know, and

(Continued on Page 86)

Just a Moment She Stood Like That and Then Breathed a Soulful "At Last!"

Shall America Lead in Radio?

By Major General J. G. Harbord

President, Radio Corporation of America

PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Transmitting Panels in the Interior of the Power House at Radio Central, Rocky Point, Long Island, Which is Connected With the Central Traffic Office at Broad Street, New York, Seventy Miles Away. The Invisible Operators at Broad Street, Through Remote Control and Automatic Operation, Do the Actual Sending Through This Transmitting Station. The Engineers Here Have No Actual Connection With the Messages Themselves, But Tend the Switchboards and Generate Transmitting Energy

THE capitulation of the military and naval forces of the Central Powers in November of 1918 brought an end to that great conflict which had racked the civilized world for over four years. It did not, however, bring even a temporary stay of activities to the nations involved, for they were at once compelled to face grave problems of economic reconstruction and readjustment. Thus it was that, early in 1919, the chosen representatives of those nations assembled at Paris for the purpose of drafting a treaty of peace which should serve as the framework for this readjustment.

During the course of the prolonged deliberations which preceded the signing of this pact, President Wilson and his advisers at the Peace Conference visualized several matters as of international moment which were not subsequently incorporated in the treaty itself. Among these were the international control of petroleum, of merchant marine and of communications. To begin with, it was deemed advisable to create an instrumentality which should supervise the control of petroleum on an international basis. It was hoped to achieve this control through the system of mandates provided for by Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Time, however, has shown that this control is international in theory rather than in fact and that the system of mandatories, from which its advocates expected so much, has served practically only for the creation of additional spheres of influence for the benefit of various European and one Asiatic power. America, having developed ample oil supplies of its own for some years to come, and having more or less held its own in foreign fields, can now hardly be said to be dangerously affected by the oil situation.

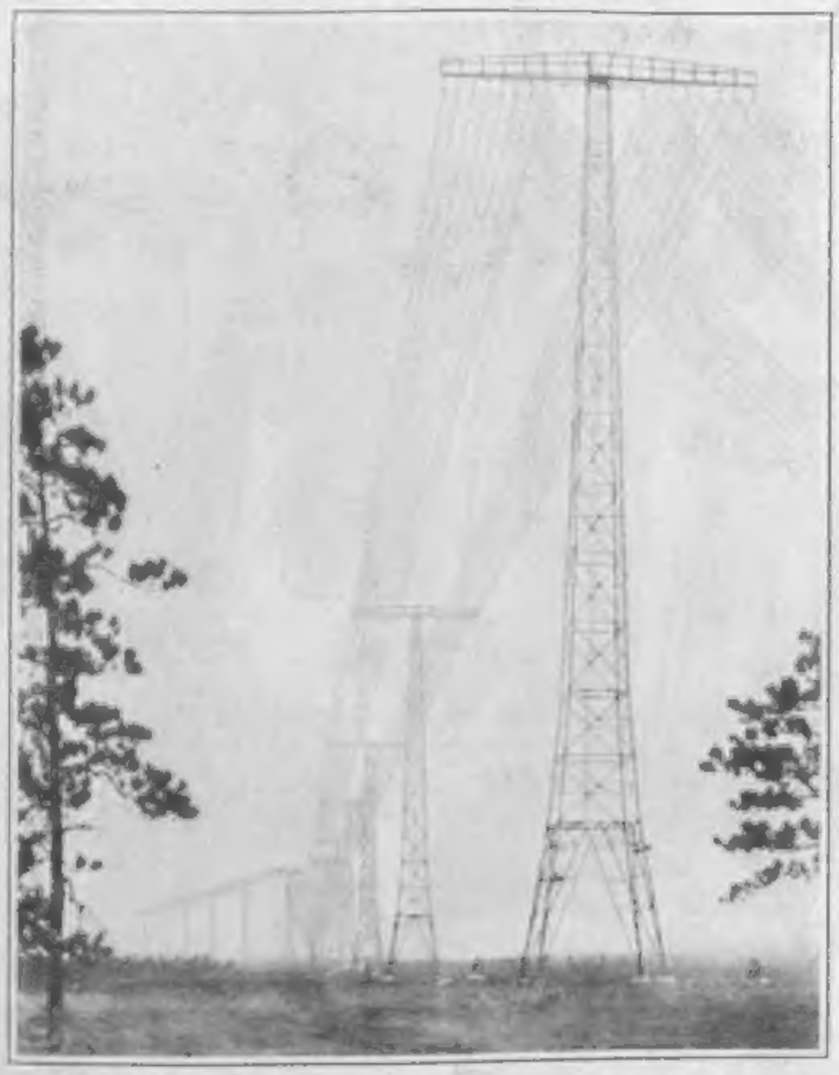
United We Fall

THEN there was the question of international control of merchant marine. This, too, constitutes a problem whose interest is essentially and properly national. Since the decline of America's position on the sea with the passing of the old clipper ships, two generations ago, the United States has vainly been trying to arrive at an adequate solution of its mercantile-marine problem. We have had trial applications of government ownership and of government subsidy, but the results have been consistently discouraging and unsatisfactory. Under our laws we cannot build ships on a competitive basis with other countries, nor if built could we man them except at an artificial wage standard, also noncompetitive with other lands that breed sailors.

The merchant marine, like another Old Man of the Sea, still clings to our legislative calendars as an unsolved problem.

Of the trio of unrealized dreams of 1919, the third is the internationalization of over-sea communications. Echoes of it were heard during the Limitation of Armaments Conference in Washington in 1921–22, but the sacrifice by self-emasculation so successfully exemplified in the abandonment of our naval position and the defense of our Far Eastern insular possessions was not extended to communications. Our delegates, however, withheld their blessing from an appropriate internationalization of radio in China by proposed consortium of radio interests of our own country and those of Great Britain, Japan and France. The practical result of that, unfortunately, has been to unify against American interests those of Japan, Britain and France in China, and to leave China in the grip of a cable monopoly. Meanwhile there is a strong trend toward unification of cable and radio interests in the several great nations, excluding our own. This matter of communications, for the moment, is of more importance to our country than oil or merchant marine.

The very recent and successful effort on the part of British and other foreign governments to effect the consolidation of their cable and radio interests shows an admirable foresight coupled with a clear understanding of the economic principles involved.



The Long-Wave Antenna System at Radio Central. These Towers are 415 Feet in Height and Stretch Out Over an Area of Three Square Miles. They are Used in Connection With the Alexanderson High-Frequency Alternator

Center of the Web

THEY are able to see the far-reaching effect on their foreign trade, as well as on their several problems of national defense. Great Britain being the great cable-controlling power of our planet, the combination there of cables and radio imperils American leadership in communications more directly than that of any other country; and similar unification is in process in France, Germany and Italy. The immediate result of these consolidations is the threatening and serious challenge to the radio supremacy which this country has enjoyed. The answer to this challenge cannot be made by private interests under our existing laws. It is for our people to decide whether they think it worth making, and if so, to make it possible. It is a case where no action, or action much delayed, is surrender; or even worse—aid and comfort to foreign as against American industry.

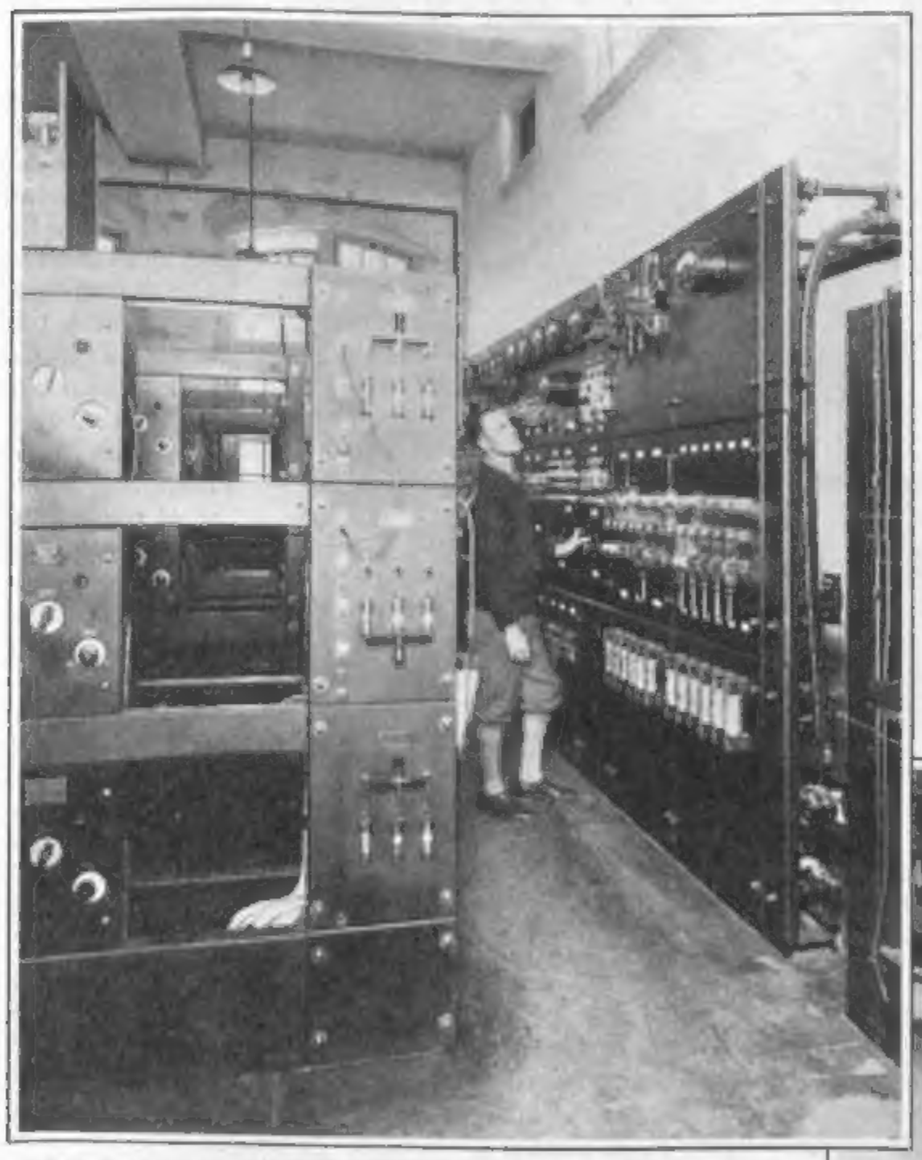
It is the purpose of this article to estimate the situation by discussing what has been done abroad, and what adversely affects and threatens American leadership in radio, the principal instrument for over-sea communications in the future. With such leadership goes opportunity in fields other than communications.

Great Britain is a nation whose existence depends upon international trade, and there is no power more thoroughly aware of this fact than England herself. It was quite natural that she should foster the development of the submarine cable as soon as that device had established itself as the basis of a practical system of long-distance communication. Furthermore, gutta percha, which to this day remains the only satisfactory insulator for the submarine cable, was and is to all intents and purposes a British monopoly. Accordingly England became the seat of an extensive cable industry. Soon British cable ships, laying British manufactured cables, had crisscrossed the Seven Seas with a spider web of under-sea cables which linked England not only with her distant possessions but with practically every other civilized nation in the world. England girdled the globe with a vast network of quick and reliable communications whose center was the City of London. By 1907, more than 150,000 nautical miles of submarine cable had been laid and Great Britain either owned outright or had a controlling share in the vast majority of them. A glance at a map of the world communications

existing in 1914 discloses the fact that, at that time, practically all cable lines led to London. Downing Street thus found itself a world's censor in the matter of international communications. Great Britain's political and commercial interests are not believed to have suffered from any diffidence in taking advantage of the access thus offered to the telegraphic correspondence of her rivals. In a little more than half a century, Imperial Britain had grasped the reins of international communications and dominated almost solitary and unchallenged in this field.

Inventions Mothered by War Necessity

OTHER nations, though compelled to recognize British supremacy in the submarine cable field, were determined to develop some means of establishing contact with their colonies and among themselves. Radio promised a way. In 1901 Marconi had demonstrated that coded wireless signals might be flashed across the Atlantic Ocean, and seven years later, in 1908, a transatlantic wireless service was inaugurated between Ireland and Nova Scotia. Grasping eagerly at this new instrumentality, England's European neighbors began to plan world-wide communication networks of radio, with their respective capital cities as centers. France and Germany in particular were active in this connection, and both had ambitious and elaborate schemes. The network projects of these two great powers aimed to span distances far in advance of any yet attempted by radio. They were influenced to a great degree by military rather than strictly commercial considerations,



The Interior of the Receiving Station at Riverhead, Long Island

and both paid special attention to Latin America. During this period Great Britain was also developing radio. By no means content with her practical domination of the submarine cable field, she had, in the celebrated All-Red Chain a world-wide radio scheme of her own creation. By 1913 this great chain was well under way. Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited, is known wherever radio has reached as the British Marconi. The British Marconi Company received permission from the British Government to carry it to completion. The plan involved two routes from England to Australia and, like its French and German rivals, aimed at far-flung spans and was quite nationalistic in character. London itself was the heart of this All-Red Chain, the primary purpose of which was to supplement the vast British cable system and reënforce the already tenacious grip of England on the communications of the world.

Then came the World War. For the nations of Europe this meant a temporary abandonment of their communications network projects, but for the United States it stimulated an inventive renaissance. Prior to the European War the science of invention had for years lain dormant in this country. The few developments for which America had been responsible were largely the result of chance invention by individuals. But with the outbreak of the war the research laboratory assumed its proper place as one of the cardinal elements of our industrial life. In order to meet the emergencies created by the conflict raging across the seas, American engineers calmly and coolly faced some long-neglected problems with a view to solving them.

Major General J. G. Harbord

For years radio engineers had sought to develop a high-frequency alternator, or generator, which could produce alternating current to the order of 50,000 to 100,000 cycles. If an ideal radio transmitter were to be developed, constant, uniform, high-frequency energy was indispensable. The man who wears the laurel for solving this difficult problem is Dr. Ernst F. W. Alexanderson, of the General Electric Company. Finally, after months of labor in the General Electric Company's laboratories at Schenectady, and much expenditure of money, Doctor Alexanderson succeeded in evolving that high-frequency alternator which today bears his name.

The war did much to spur the development of the Alexanderson alternator. In 1915, Guglielmo Marconi himself came to Schenectady to witness the demonstration and test of a 50-kilowatt 50,000-cycle alternator. So impressed was he with the performance of the machine that, immediately upon his return to Europe, he urged the British Marconi Company to open negotiations for the purchase of the exclusive rights to it. Accordingly the British Marconi Company made attractive overtures to the General Electric Company, and the result was that a 50-kilowatt Alexanderson alternator was subsequently installed in the American Marconi Company's high-power radio station at New Brunswick, New Jersey. In 1918, this was replaced by a 200-kilowatt alternator, and this latter machine was thereafter in constant service during the closing months of our participation in the World War. In addition to serving for President Wilson's famous peace negotiations of October and November, 1918, which culminated in the signing of the Armistice, it was also used for radio telephone communication with the George Washington during its voyage bearing President Wilson to Brest in the spring of 1919.

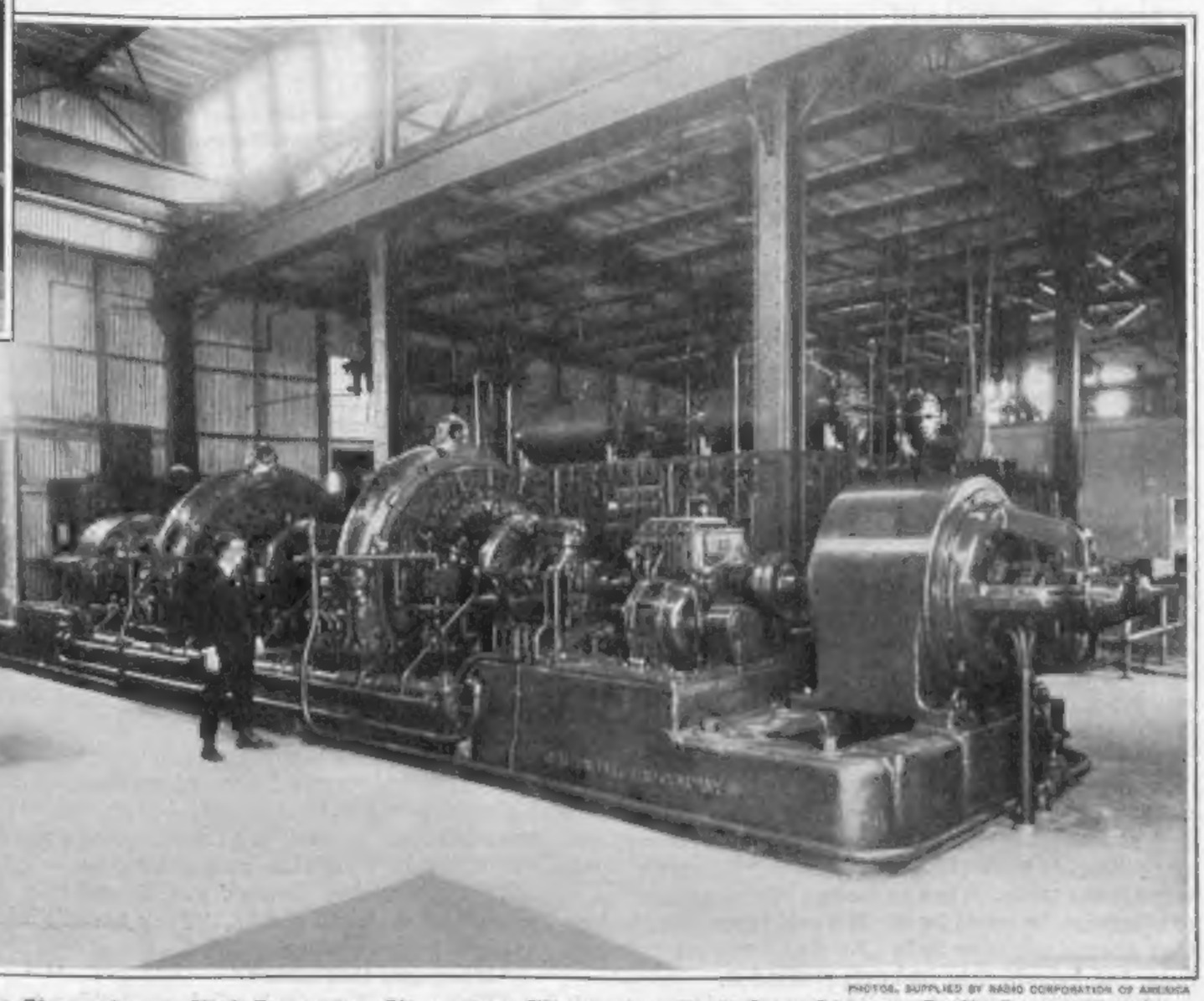
Because of its supreme reliability, the Alexanderson alternator attracted wide attention, and the events of 1918–19 which we have just mentioned made the British Marconi Company more determined than ever to secure control of it. When, at the close of the World War, this great organization was once again ready to resume work on the Imperial British Radio Network, or All-Red Chain, it wished to make this latest advance in radio technic the basis of its vast communication project.

Radio Drafted for the War

THE British Marconi was, of all the radio organizations in existence at that time, best fitted to make use of the Alexanderson alternator, which represented a staggering investment, both in money and effort, on the part of the General Electric Company.

When America entered the war in 1917, the transcontinental, transpacific high-power radio chain was in operation. This consisted of stations at Arlington, Virginia; San Diego, California; Darien, Canal Zone; Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; Guam, in the Marianas Islands; and Cavite, in the Philippines. On April 7, 1917, the day after war was declared, a presidential proclamation authorized the Navy to take over all radio stations in the United States with the exception of those which were under the control of the

(Continued on Page 171)



PHOTOS. SUPPLIED BY RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Alexanderson High-Frequency Alternators, Which First Made Long-Distance Radio Communication Possible, in the Power House at Radio Central, Rocky Point, Long Island. Each of These Alternators is Rated at 200 Kilowatts. Operated Together They Generate a Transmitting Energy of 400 Kilowatts

ARTISTS

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BY THE merest of traveler's chances I happened to be in at the beginning and the end, as it were, of Thomas T. Hampton. And yet it wasn't, after all, so coincidental. Nowadays so many people go abroad that you are likely to run across the same person again and again, much as you do on the main streets of a city; even main streets as large and diversely crowded as the main streets of New York.

Thomas T. Hampton loomed up out of the mists of Marseilles on a very wet evening.

My wife and I were leaving France after two years there. Henri, that good friend of ours, and Angela—American, charming, a widow, who we all hoped was going to marry Henri but didn't—had motored us in from the villa where we had been living; a villa right down by the sea, with a garden of roses and mimosa and umbrella pines. It was gloomy leaving, and, to make it gloomier, all day it had rained. The steamer we were taking had come from Naples, touched at Genoa, and we were the only passengers embarking at Marseilles. The steamer lay in the Bassin de la Joliette alongside the docks. It was an American steamer, and I remember that Henri, who came aboard, was astonished at the boxes of matches which were given away. There was a tremendous rattle of winches and much shouting of French stevedores. After a while Henri and Angela reluctantly departed. My wife and myself stood at the rail of the promenade deck, looking down on them far below. They waved to us in the mist and kissed their hands. Then they walked a little distance and turned and waved and kissed their hands again. Finally the corner of the dock house hid them from view.

"Are you the two writers who got on at Marseilles?" said a voice back of us.

I turned around expecting a ship's officer, but a trifle angrily, for this seemed a casual way of asking questions. A tall thin melancholy-looking civilian, dressed in tweeds, a tweed cap pulled down over his eyes, was standing behind us, a tentative smile on his lips. There was something about the tentative smile so ingenuous, so reconciling, that one would have answered any question its owner put. The smile lit up the thin, grave face as an opening door lets a streak of light into a closed vault. Impertinent curiosity was out of the question—as much out of the question as it is with a friendly dog.

"Why, yes," I said, "both my wife and myself write."

He moved forward to the rail next to my wife and leaned on it with the same casual, lounging confidence with which he had addressed us. He was curiously national and yet no provincial; evidently he had been in many parts of the world many times. When he wanted information, personal or otherwise, he asked for it. It would never occur to him that anyone might be rude. No doubt many people had been, but I doubt if he had ever realized it.

"I don't like writers much," he announced in a general, kindly way.

"No?"

The Small, Exceedingly Pretty Woman Seemed to Promise Romance. Either She or Something Else Had Helped His Indigestion

"No, I don't. I don't like artists of any kind. I've had too many in my family."

"You have?"

"Yes."

My wife, smiling faintly, was looking straight ahead of her. Through the mist, like some eerie castle of the Nibelungs, Notre Dame de la Garde on its hill was obscurely visible. That afternoon we had made a pilgrimage there and Henri had burned a candle for our safe voyage.

"Have they all misbehaved?"

He looked sideways suddenly, as if suspicious of unwarranted humor, and then smiled. As I have said, it was one of the most charming smiles I have ever seen. Completely disarming, slightly sad, boyish; like that of a thoughtful boy beginning to be a trifle sad because the world wasn't altogether what he expected. Above his thin mouth, lines forming on either side of it when he smiled, a pair of very handsome gray eyes smiled too. With that smile and those eyes he possessed spiritual seven-league boots, a social magic carpet. He could go almost anywhere he wanted, win almost anybody's confidence. I judged him to be a man between forty-five and fifty; what his business was it was impossible to tell. His sunburn and weatherbeaten look might have picked him out as an engineer, but he wasn't like an engineer.

"Why, no, they haven't misbehaved the way you mean," he explained gently. "They haven't misbehaved at all. They're just artists."

"What does that mean?"

"Well —— You don't mind my talking to strangers this way, do you?"

"Not in the least. We like it."

He shifted his position at the rail so as to face us more directly.

"My father mortgaged his farm for a Stradivarius violin. It was a good farm. I'd have made money out of it if I'd had it."

"Your father mortgaged his farm for a Stradivarius violin? Was he a musician?"

"No." A slight bitterness crept into his voice. "None of the artists in my family have ever been able to produce anything. My father could fiddle a little and he played a tune or two on the piano, but he had a good farm—it was out in Illinois. It's worth thousands today. And then along came a fellow with a Stradivarius. As a result I've worked ever since I was eleven. I'm the only member of my family who ever made any money. I supported my mother from the time I was fifteen."

"What do you do, Mr.—er——"

"Hampton—Thomas T. Hampton, of Beau Sejour, Florida."

"Is that the name of a town?"

"You bet it's the name of a town. And before long you'll hear more about it. I named it myself. Beau Sejour—it's a pretty name, isn't it? Mostly they don't know what it means, but I do. It's my town—I built it myself straight up from sand. It's on the East Coast, below Palm Beach."

This was five years ago, so I knew instantly what Mr. Hampton was.

"Oh, you're a promoter, are you?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it that, although I give full value in return and a little bit more. Look here"—he laid his hand lightly on my wife's arm, and his voice took on that excited, incantatory note I had heard from others of his profession—"you'd love that place. Yes, ma'am, you would. So would your husband. It's what I've been wanting to do for years. I'll send you some literature when I get back to the States. It isn't finished yet, but it's going to be one of the loveliest little towns you ever saw—the loveliest." He swept the fog-drenched horizon with his right arm. "It's going to be as lovely as any little town around here—only it's going to be lovelier, because there isn't going to be a thing in it that's wrong. Not a thing. Believe me when I tell you it's going to be perfect. There are lagoons, and little islands with tea houses on them, and gardens. I've the finest landscape architects in the country working for me. Why, I've been in Venice right now buying gondolas and hiring some gondoliers with good voices. Moonlight—you ought to see it. It would just make you leave your husband in a minute. And I won't let a person I don't know all about buy land. No, ma'am. It's going to be a paradise, that's what it is."

My wife turned her head quickly and gave me a brilliant, flashing smile.

I knew that she was feeling what I was feeling, what all Americans—temporarily, at least—feel at such moments. And this, no matter how much better they know. You can't shake it out of them. It's in the blood, and is one of the traits that most distinguish Americans from other races. Perhaps two hundred years from now it will be gone, but not for a long while—this instant rising to the bait of a Utopia; this childish, wistful, half-correct idea that if you only go on a little farther, cross those mountains, ford this river, you will find and can found a place that is free from most human ills. Any man who has a dream, no matter how venial, can cheat half the inhabitants of the United States, and they will be enthusiastic about it even when they are aware that they are being cheated. No use bothering about the old place where you live, no use trying to make that better or cleaner or pleasanter. That requires patience and, in any man's lifetime, the results are small. Push on and start something new.

Back of most American land booms, despite all the selfishness, all the nonsense, all the cold-blooded desire to get rich quickly, there is, for all that, although quite unconsciously, this not-unshining motive. It is pioneer calling to pioneer, even if the pioneers are no more than immigrants of one generation.

"You see," said Thomas T. Hampton, "I've been most everything in my life—gold miner, coal miner, mine boss, hotel keeper, sheep herder, stevedore, newspaperman; and now I've made a little money and I haven't much else to spend it on."

"Haven't you a family?" asked my wife.

A veiled look crossed Thomas T. Hampton's eyes, and the lines on either side of his mouth were prominent.

"Yes," he admitted, "I've a family. I've a son and a daughter—Bertram and Emily. That's why I'm standing against this rail. If they're not too busy drinking *apéritifs* with Phyllis, my daughter-in-law—that's Bertram's wife—they ought to be down here soon waving good-by to me. My wife died over here a year ago." He looked at his watch. "It's five-thirty, and this boat is supposed to sail at six. I won't see them for eight months."

"How's that?"

He smiled faintly

"Why, I've been in Italy, as I've said, and Bertram and Emily and Phyllis have been in Monte Carlo. They travel in herds that way, and, since they're going back to Paris, it wasn't out of their way to stop off here to see me. We had luncheon together and I left them about four o'clock at the hotel. They were to come down here, but I guess they're busy. This boat has been here all day, you know. We got in at dawn."

He paused and looked at my wife quizzically, his head on one side

"What do you think?" he asked. "I guess you're a bright woman and you're a writer too. What do you think about all this talk about artists—writers and painters and suchlike—being too good to sell their stuff? Anything in it? I'm just a plain business man but I've always been taught that unless eventually you sell, what you've got isn't worth buying. How about it?"

My wife drew her eyebrows together.

"You've touched on a large question, Mr. Hampton. But, on the whole, I believe life is pretty much the same. Yes, if someone really has something to say I think in the end he'll get a hearing. I'm not much for this 'born-to-blush-unseen' theory. All the great artists have been recognized during their lifetimes."

"That's what I've been telling Bertram and Emily and—and Phyllis."

"They think otherwise?"

He gulped, moving his Adam's apple up and down.

"Well, it's this way. I told you my father mortgaged his farm for a Stradivarius. Well, Bertram and Emily and Phyllis are like that too—they're artists. Bertram writes and Emily paints and Phyllis is a critic. Bertram picked her up here in Paris. I don't mind that so much all that writing and painting and criticizing—but it looks to me now as if they were old enough to do something for themselves. I don't want to be hasty or unjust, but those children certainly have had all the advantages I lacked. I sent Bertram and Emily to a big university, and they did fine. Bertram's a smart fellow when he wants to be—he was editor of his college paper and into all sorts of things—and Emily—well, Emily, she's pretty. Emily and I used to understand each other. . . . You know how fathers and daughters are. . . . But we don't any more. And then my wife, she took their side and came over here to live. I can't live here. There's nothing for me to do. A visit? Yes. But I can't settle down over here and go to studio teas and sit around cafés talking about art. I wasn't raised that way."

"You mean," asked my wife, "that your whole family deserted you?"

"Desertion's a harsh word. I wouldn't say that exactly. But they came over here for two years and they've been here ever since. If I want to see 'em I get on a boat. But I wouldn't have minded that so much—I guess there are certain painters and writers who like to live out of their own country—if they only had something to show for it, but they haven't—not a thing. Bertram's twenty-six and Emily's twenty-five. My wife was here for four years." His hand, lying on the rail, clenched itself and opened. "Bertram's stuff's too good to publish, and Emily's pictures can't be understood."

"There's always a period of adjustment in youth," I suggested—"of experiment. It takes a long while to get started."

He made a queer snorting sound. "They're not experimenting—they've arrived. At least, that's what they tell me. They've arrived a hundred years ahead of everybody else. It's just that other people are stupid—the whole world. You ought to hear Bertram's stories and see Emily's pictures. They're ahead of something all right. But even

(Continued on Page 72)

"You'll Sit Down," Said Mrs. Madden, "and Behave Yourself! What's More, You'll Treat Me and Everyone Else in This Room With Some Courtesy! Do You Hear? You—You Unlicked Cub!"

THE DEFERRED LIVING PLAN

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"I'm Never Cross When You Come to See Me. I'm Flattered Out of All Reason. Did You Come In to Get a Divorce or Anything Else We Might Have in Stock?"

NICK was paying bills. His pipe hung low in the corner of his mouth and his hair was slightly roughened from the absent-minded passes which he made at it every now and then. He was paying them himself on this quiet Saturday afternoon when his stenographer was off duty, and for that there were several reasons. In the first place, Miss Murray was a hard-working girl with more than enough to do anyhow; secondly, his bills weren't anyone's business but his own; thirdly, it took skill and a personal touch to make all these payments into a pattern of solvency.

The window was open and every now and then the whir of an airplane came through it, but Nick knew all the local biplanes and they no longer excited him even to reflection on a changing world. His whole attention was on the statements before him, which made plain how much he had promised to pay the changing world—and when. He knew some of them by shape and some by color. The bright orange bill annoyed him. He knew perfectly well what firm it was from and how much it amounted to, but there was a certain flagrancy about its color, its obvious attempt to get more than its share of notice, which made him resent it. He'd been paying twenty-one dollars and ninety cents at that orange-colored insistence for a long while now—every month for at least a year. That account must be pretty nearly cleared up, thought Nick, and pulled it over to see. No, five more payments. Four after this one. How they strung along.

The door opened and he was immediately conscious of Ann being exceedingly fond of him from the doorway.

"Ann," he said, after one look at the beige of cloth and *breitschwanz*, "you're a swell-looking girl. It's a pleasure to go bankrupt for you."

"Is that what you're up to? Can't you find anything better to do on a grand afternoon like this?"

"I'm just playing innocent little games with the bills."

"You know," said Ann, seating herself companionably on the edge of his table, "the reason we're all so down on bills is because they have no imagination. They're not like announcements and advertisements. No style to them. They don't beguile you at all. You know, if I were a milliner I'd send bills like this: 'Dear Mrs. Richardson: I wish that you could hear the delightful things people are saying about the exquisite little *tricorne feutre* model you are wearing, which you recently bought from us for the very reasonable price of eighteen dollars. Please remit.'"

"Wouldn't help me at all," said Nick. "I'd be out the eighteen just the same."

"Or," Ann went on, "like this: 'Dear Mrs. Richardson: We have noticed the improvement in the laundering of your husband's soft shirts, about which he is so particular—and quite rightly so, being such a handsome man—an improvement, due, we are sure, to the use of the Wizard Washer, installed in your home ——'"

"'—— many years ago,'" continued Nick, "'and may we request the time-honored payment of twenty dollars, the usual installment for life, after the down payment of a nickel?'"

"One could be very friendly with bills, if they'd let you," Ann reflected. "If they didn't have that dreadful way of staring at you as if they were your natural enemies. Still, I suppose it's just an inferiority complex they have. They know they're not popular, poor things."

"They don't need to be popular. Any more than policemen."

"Darling Nicotine, how cross you are!"

"I'm not," he protested, and rose to kiss her at once. "I'm never cross when you come to see me. I'm flattered out of all reason. What's it about anyway? Did you come in to get a divorce or anything else we might have in stock?"

"No," said Ann, "I was just going by."

Nick knew better than that. The river lay just one block below his office, swarming with dirty wharves. There was no place for a person or a costume like Ann's to go by to.

"Were you going swimming among the barges? Or just down to sit on a bulkhead?"

"Either," she said agreeably. "Just as you please. Aren't you through here?"

"So I'm what you're after. Well, I'll come. I'll be through before long. But where to?"

Ann became dramatic. "To look at a house!"

"A house? But, Ann, you know we're not going to ——"

"Don't say anything until you see it," she cautioned him. "You might say just the wrong thing and regret it all the rest of your life."

"What kind of a house?"

"What kind do you want?" she countered.

"A poorhouse," said Nick. "Ann, look at these bills."

"You should see the ones I have," she told him competitively.

"We're a thriftless pair."

"We?" she asked indignantly. "We certainly are not. I don't see what you mean. Aren't we the best-looking couple in town, with the only car that gets through a winter without freezing, and the only children who are in the least out of the ordinary, and the only lamp shades that don't look like Christmas wrappings, and the only cook who stays? Everything we have is delightful, and we are especially delightful and competent."

"Are we?" He laughed and kissed her again for luck. "Of course."

That was what happened when Ann came in. An hour ago Nick had been all knotted up mentally. He wasn't getting on as fast as he should. He owed too much money. He wasn't laying enough by. But now, with Ann sitting there without a worry in her head and all sorts of dancing schemes and affections where the worries might have been, the situation was different. It altered before his eyes so quickly that he had to hang on to his previous mood.

"Just the same we want to go a little slow, old girl," he told her.

"I might try pot roasts again," suggested Ann. "You don't like them, but they really are the classic economy. All great fortunes seem to have sprung from pot roasts. It's the thing very rich women always tell you. 'Cheaper cuts of meat, my dear,' they whisper. Quite regardless of whether you've married the porterhouse-steak type or not. Do you think you could learn to like pot roasts?"

"Don't you put it on me," he said, "and don't you think you can dodge a serious conversation. You're not really subnormal. We want to get on a sound basis and get all this junk paid up. Not that we can't. We're not in beyond our depth or anything like that. But we live right up to the edge. And we ought to be putting a little money

away. We ought to be thinking ahead. I was having luncheon with George today "

"Oh," said Ann, "that's it."

"George is all right," answered Nick, as if she had disputed it. "He's got his feet right on the ground. We were talking about expenses. Now, he and Rose ——"

"Isn't it fascinating that she was called Rose?" asked Ann. "It must have been done by her mother. When she was still under ether."

"She makes George a very good wife."

"She should do it under some other name. Prudence. Charity. No, possibly not Charity. If I'd been naming that girl I'd have gone the whole hog and called her Righteousness. Then she wouldn't have to explain herself quite so much."

"You never knew George before he was married "

"Nor before I was. I didn't know you had him in your family. You kept it from me."

"You knew I had a brother."

"Yes, but I somehow thought he was a merrier brother."

"He's changed quite a lot," admitted Nick. "He wasn't always a particularly stable person. The family used to worry about him."

"I suppose they're getting their sleep since they turned him over to Rose."

"He's certainly settled down."

"Sometimes I wish they had gone somewhere else to live," said Ann. "There are so many healthful climates. His investment house could have sent him to delightful places."

"Oh, they're good for us. George gave me a lot of fine advice this noon."

"Yes, you looked all smeared up with it when I came in."

"It was sound stuff," Nick protested. "Those two really are saving money, you know. George told me that they don't buy anything unless they have the money on hand to pay for it."

"What's the matter with their credit?" asked Ann. . . . "Come on, darling. I do want you to see this house before sunset and it's quite far out."

"It's just a waste of time," he warned her.

"But let's waste it."

Nick wrote a number of checks and slipped them into envelopes. Then he did some adding and more subtracting.

"That makes quite a dent," he said, scowling at the resident total.

She fingered the envelopes, looking at the addresses.

"It makes a lot of people happy. Think of opening all these letters and finding nice, substantial checks. I like paying bills. And think of the things we've got for the money. The ironer, the radio, the dining-room rug, your gray suit—you never had one that fitted as well across the shoulders, handsome. . . . What's this one? Oh, insurance. And this?"

"That's another payment on the car."

"The old bus is running like a dream this afternoon. That battery trouble seems to have adjusted itself," said Ann. "Hurry up."

Nick was enjoying himself by the time they were out in the spring sunshine. He'd been on adventures with Ann before and he knew the flavor of them. Clearly, she was bent on making this one of the best. Even if the expedition came to nothing—and of course it would—he couldn't help sharing Ann's mood. It would be too grudging not to share a mood so generously offered, so full of happiness and amusement.

They both recognized the backs of the two people who were walking east, when they were half a block away

"You think we must stop?" asked Ann. "I think they look as if they were walking for exercise, don't you? Those long, vigorous strides ——"

"We'd better ask if they want a lift, anyway."

"But they might," said Ann.

Nick grinned, put on the brake and slid the car to the curb.

"Want a ride?" he inquired. . . . "Hello, Rose."

Rose Richardson turned brightly toward him. She was a clear-skinned, rather handsome girl, accurately dressed for walking, with a disciplined figure and uninspired legs.

"We were really out for exercise," she said. "George doesn't get nearly enough, so I often come down and walk home with him. But there's something wrong with his shoes today, he says. They're new shoes and I think that often happens, don't you? But are you sure you are going our way?"

"Of course we are or will."

"But where were you going?"

"Out to look at a house," answered Nick.

Rose lifted eyebrows that had been brought up on the free-play theory.

"Oh, are you buying a house?"

"That's the mystery," said Ann. "Are they or how could they?"

"What kind of a house?"

George said, with a touch of reproach, "Poor time to buy, isn't it? It's not a buyer's market."

"Where is it?"

"East. Quite far out," said Ann vaguely and discouragingly. (Continued on Page 206

"Is it a New House? It Doesn't Look It." "No, it Doesn't, Does it?" Agreed Ann Delightedly

THE GREAT BANKS

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

IN THE current American process of swift economic changes none is more deserving of attention than the epidemic of bank mergers now sweeping the land. It is a shift whose speed makes the thoughtful observer dizzy. The whole banking and financial system is most decidedly on its way, but whither?

It is not merely that all over the country separate units are being put together into ever larger combinations, while in cities like New York and Chicago the foremost institutions are assuming a gigantic scope and size undreamed of heretofore. There is a deeper movement than that; significant modification and development of the whole structure and organism seem to be under way. The growth of branch banking, chain banking, group banking, holding companies and investment trusts is, if anything, less striking than the breaking down of an old-time separatism and fixedness. Functions and activities are widening and spreading out in every direction. Banks are ceasing to be limited and set.

Girard's Old Bank Building, Afterward the Home of the Girard National Bank, Which Merged With the Philadelphia National, Then With the Franklin National, Finally Becoming the Philadelphia National Bank, One of the Great National Banks of the Country

This is a rather dry and general way of describing activities which when localized in a specific community become vivid and personal. It may be rather dull to talk about changes and tendencies, but there is nothing dull to a great many people when in their own city the First Trust takes over the Third National. There are human problems galore in such a deal, although they may be lost sight of when we concentrate upon the country as a whole.

What does it all mean? That is the question which is repeated again and again. Why this tendency toward greater and greater banks? Where will it stop? What is the fundamental significance of such a development? Is it in response to profound analysis and clear thinking on the part of those in high places or is it merely a contagious disease?

Big Head or Big Business?

THUS questions come to mind faster than the possibility of a reply. Perhaps bank mergers represent a fad or fashion, or in part a phase of the enormously expanded stock-market activity. Or if these explanations be cast aside, who is wise enough to say whether the reply shall be in terms of human nature or of a cold, economic determinism? Do we have bank mergers because of the ambition, pride, prestige and other feelings and qualities of men, or because of the fatalistic compulsion of impersonal forces?

Perhaps we are merely repeating the experiences of Great Britain. The process may mark our transition from a debtor to a creditor nation and reflect one aspect of financial dominance and imperialism. Or are we following the somewhat different experience of Continental countries—of Germany, Switzerland and Belgium and, in some respects, of France? Or possibly the correct way to dismiss the subject is simply to remark that big banks are a part of big business and that large corporations require large banks.

But frankly it is not necessary to evolve any elaborate or imposing theories to account for the recent disappearance of many small banking concerns throughout the rural sections of this country. The total number of banks had reached 30,000 by 1920—an absurd and preposterous mass. With such a multiplicity of units there was bound to be extreme diversity not only in size and strength but in the character and experience of managers and in the surrounding economic conditions of the communities to be served. There were failures galore in the years which followed 1920, and many mergers were salvage operations pure and simple. In more than one Western state the superintendent of banking used his influence to compel consolidations. Units were operating at a loss, but by assembling deposits it was hoped the combination might increase earnings and eliminate costly overhead.

The New Chase National Bank Building in the Downtown Financial District of New York

But while these conditions throw light upon the disappearance of several thousand small units in the last eight or nine years, they have little bearing upon the bewildering expansion in size and extension in scope of the more powerful city institutions. Anyone can understand a reduction in the excessively weak and numerous, but the initiative which leads the strong and prosperous to combine with others of like quality to become even more powerful is another matter.

Why Do They Merge?

NOW, this swift and rather perplexing movement is not confined to New York or even Chicago, but is under way in many other cities. It has gone far in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Los Angeles, and is under way in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Toledo and the cities of the far Northwest, to name but a few. Motives are not quite the same in all cities and sections. Growing self-sufficiency in the Pacific Coast states may be one reason for consolidations in Los Angeles and Seattle.

Chicago must have big banks if it is not to lose business to New York, and perhaps similar forces are at work in Detroit and Cleveland. Or to put the idea in another way, Chicago is a sufficiently important center in and of itself, regardless of New York, to have giant banks. As the head of one of the newly formed Chicago mergers said to me:

"The motivating influence in our case was due to the tremendous growth of the section of which Chicago is the center, which in our opinion demanded an outstanding institution of this character. With the center of population, industry and agriculture of the whole country having come to our very doors, we felt that Chicago demanded one great bank as against several of comparative size in New York. We are not foolish enough to dispute the financial supremacy of New York City, but, rather, our desire is to work more effectively in coöperation with the great institutions there. We honestly believe that what we have done will bring a good deal more business to Chicago, to the advantage of all the banks here."

Now, this whole movement is far more remarkable even than it seems. For it has been held down by all manner of legal restrictions. In England and on the Continent generally there are practically no such limitations upon branches or interlocking directorates. The Japanese and Italian governments actually seek to bring about mergers. It is true that since 1918 the English people have feared further banking integration, and it has not been government policy to permit mergers among the Big Five. But the Big Five were already covering the whole country with branches and easily dominated the situation. Even now there are no restrictive laws beyond the general policy that the Big Five shall not boil down to two or one.

Just compare the situation in England with that in the United States. Here branch banking is confined by Congress largely to city limits, and state laws further restrict it in all manner of confusing and contradictory ways. The Chicago banks have no branches or sub-agencies even within the immediate city limits. No wonder the most ambitious of our New York and Chicago banks are still behind several of the far-flung British monsters.

So our larger city bankers must build chiefly by direct and local absorption. A genealogical chart, so

to speak, of one of the trust companies in Buffalo, which, with two other institutions, controls 90 per cent of the banking in that city, shows something like twenty mergers. It is true that by holding-company devices and a bewildering variety of more or less devious arrangements the restrictive laws can often be and increasingly are being evaded. But many of the great city banks are loath to antagonize such profitable customers as their small country cousins by these roundabout and, at best, dubious methods of expansion; especially in view of the fact that open-and-above-board, region-wide or nation-wide branch banking is prohibited.

But if this lid were taken off might we not expect to see the financial giants of New York, Chicago and California launch upon nation-wide or at least regional branch banking? The story runs that at a conference in the office of a high Treasury official in Washington someone casually expressed the opinion that nothing could stop the coming of nation-wide branch banking. Whereupon, it is related, A. P. Giannini, the branch-banking whirlwind out of California, and Charles E. Mitchell, head of the country's biggest bank, jumped to their feet, and hugging each other, danced a jig.

The National City Bank, Wall Street, New York City

Regardless of such incidents, the Big Five of England would soon be left behind if the bars upon branch banking in these United States were taken down; we would have banks with five and ten billions of deposits instead of one or two. Yet if we consider the growth which has actually taken place under the obstacles existing, it seems rather futile to interpret it solely in dull economic terms. There must be leaping human ambition at work; the surging forces of dynamic personalities are surely expressing themselves in the epidemic of metropolitan bank mergers, new and varied in form, fresh in conception, swift in execution.

The Big Three in Finance Olympics

THIS is a subject on which one must write with extreme circumspection. Few of our industrialists and financiers will admit that sheer size is a motive in their deals and negotiations. Practically none will admit that personal ambition or jealousy of a competitor plays any part. Yet it is not in human nature to keep these factors out. Is there no desire to hold or perhaps improve the relative position which a bank has reached? If one bank decides to buy out a competitor, how about a third rival? Its position is now less important relatively. It does not wish to be left behind, and even if profits continue as large as before, the desire to be in fashion, the instinct of imitation and emulation are almost sure to make themselves felt.

Nowhere has the contest assumed such titanic proportions as in New York City. Here the race among the foremost contenders has taken on, to the spectators at least, much of the sporting aspect of the World's Series or the Olympics. For some years the National City Bank, headed by Charles E. Mitchell, reported the largest deposits in the country. The Chase National Bank, headed by Albert H. Wiggin, ranked second, and the Guaranty Trust Company third.

This relative position was rudely disturbed when the Guaranty Trust Company recently arranged to absorb the National Bank of Commerce, sixth largest in the country, with the possibility of deposit totals in excess of that of the City Bank. People at once began to ask, "What will Charlie Mitchell do now?" Opinion was expressed not only in the newspapers but in general conversation that the National City Bank would not tamely relinquish its many years of prestige at home and abroad of being America's largest bank. The papers printed innumerable articles comparing the relative size of different institutions, always pointing out that despite the fact that England is a smaller country, it has banks which are bigger than any of ours.

Only a few weeks went by, and then came swift action. The National City Bank drew into its suzerainty the old conservative Farmers Loan and Trust Company, and a few days later the Chase National Bank took over the travelers' check, foreign exchange and other financial business of the American Express Company. However sound be the reasons for these moves, the fact is that the giants of finance are engaged in a struggle worthy of their steel.

Now, it is only fair to say that a decent, self-respecting institution does not rush out pell-mell to buy another bank immediately upon seeing its relative position threatened or surpassed. A long time is or should be required to effect a sound, constructive consolidation. Size alone, without regard to the fitness of the amalgamation, is an open invitation to later grief.

"I will not buy any bank just to add to deposits; I won't do anything that isn't good business in itself," said the head of one of the three concerns which have just been mentioned and whose relative positions were temporarily altered a while ago, "for if I do, people will say in future years what a fool that man was."

Yet there is another side to all this. Though bankers are loath to admit that size alone motivates their actions, and though they usually point to their competitors as the sinners in this respect, yet size does possess actual advertising value. Customers like the feeling of walking into the biggest or second biggest bank in the city or in the country. Foreign correspondents, unaccustomed to the confusion of 30,000 separate banks, instinctively choose the outstandingly large establishment. In one important New York merger a few years ago the loss of deposits which resulted from duplication was very substantial, but was more than made up for a little later by the advertising which the vast amalgamation created. That is, new accounts more than offset losses.

In other words, size is a real factor in success, although bankers are a little reluctant to admit the bald fact. I notice that in advertisements and press releases relative position often finds a brief mention. A trust company advertises that while it was twenty-eighth in deposits among New York banks twenty years ago, it was fourth "in all America" at the turn of the year. A recent merger in Chicago and another in California place each of these concerns among the first ten in the country, according to more or less official press accounts apparently emanating from the banks in question.

After all, what is so potent, what is so big in every sense as frank outspokenness? Shortly after one of the Big Three had made its great coup I called upon the heads of the other members of this exclusive category and asked them what they thought of the merger tendency.

Said the first man: "We have nothing to announce at the moment. We were approached recently by the Blank group, but that is not our kind of business. We didn't care for that deal. But I tell you frankly there are several other banks here in New York that we would be glad to take over."

Less than two weeks later this gentleman did announce a master stroke in the way of mergers.

The Craze for Size

SAID the second of these two executives: "There is nothing I can tell you at the moment, but if you'll come in to see me next week I can tell you something new and different. It will be constructive."

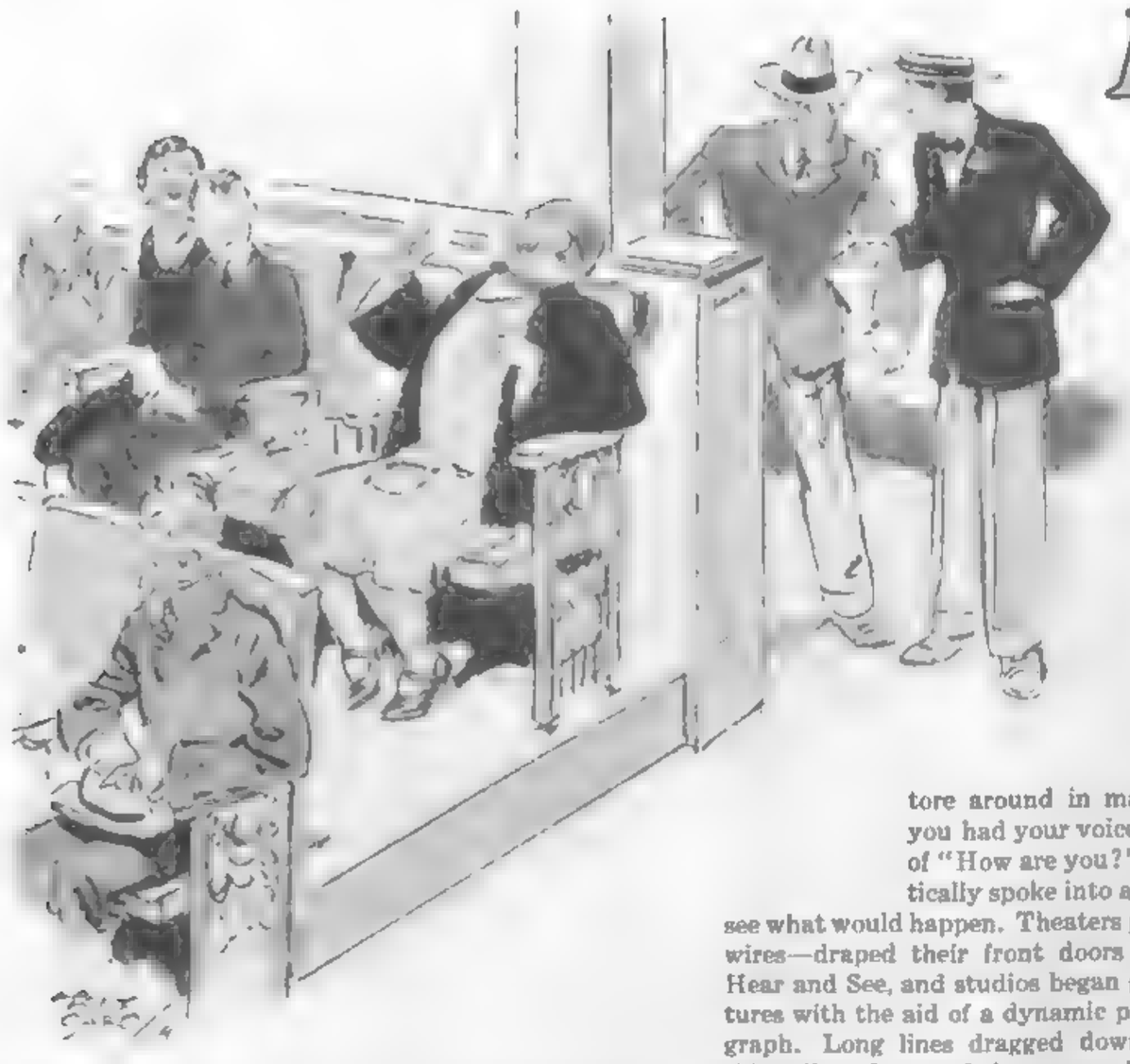
In considerably less than a week a new move, another absorption on the grand scale, was announced from this quarter. Now, these men are cast, I firmly believe, in an admirable heroic mold. After all, each institution is the lengthened shadow of a man, and a man is what he is, irrespective of position, for a score of reasons in no way connected with banking, finance or economics.

The Bank of Italy in San Francisco

There are highly competent men who shrink from the responsibilities of rapid growth, enormous size and widely varied activities; others instinctively welcome this type of business. Not a few banks go into combinations because their presidents or other dominating personalities die or become old and retire. Sometimes, too, these situations do not work out as one might normally suppose, as far as personalities are concerned. Now and then it is the older man who has no intention of being relieved of active duties and the younger one who gets out.

But though personal considerations enter into all deals and are as numerous and different as the individual instances of consolidation, it would be a mistake to push this point any further. In the same way I would not want to overemphasize the element of sheer fashion or fad. On only a relatively smaller scale we see evidences of competition, of rivalry, of the race for size, among banks in other cities than New York. Is it part of a craze for bigness which is felt all along the line in modern life, even in educational institutions? In the main it is probably more than that, and yet we must not wholly dismiss the idea that the

(Continued on Page 79)



Above the Tittering of the Crowd Was the Unrestrained, the Joyous Laughter of a Female Voice, Loud, High and Hilarious

HEAR AND SEE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

MR. THORNTON PYMM is not working for us now. His association with us is ended. Having accepted a new position, Mr. Pymm may be found laboring in the vineyard of Pat Roche, and if he is not trying to produce sad motion pictures of human distress and persons crying, I hope to fall off a high building and be mangled.

If you were familiar with Hollywood people and affairs the news that Thornton Pymm was making a melancholy movie of women weeping would provide you with a good giggle, for Mr. Pymm is not gifted to be a creator of teardrops any more than my brother George's pet goat, and I haven't any brother George. Heaven did not design Mr. Pymm to make hearts bleed or to strum upon the lyre of human emotions and send audiences out blowing their noses.

Thornton Pymm, if he has any gift at all, and five will get you ten that he hasn't, is a director of rough, slapstick motion-picture comedies with actors throwing whipped cream on one another. That is what Nature made him. A duck is a duck, and Thornton Pymm is a comedy director.

And what do you think he is doing over there in Pat Roche's new studio? May I break a radio aerial if he isn't going to manufacture one of these sobbers, with the poor old mother on her hands and knees at two in the morning, scrubbing a hotel lobby, while her children walk by her in their lovely evening clothes! You know the kind I mean—where the stalwart son comes home from college and says: "That old derelict is not my father."

How did such a thing happen? Sit over there by the fire and light yourself a Japanese cigarette while I conceal nothing from you.

The last job of work that Thornton Pymm finished for us was, as usual, a comedy entitled Lonely Nights, or at least it was intended to be a comedy and was tentatively regarded as such by officials in charge. It was five reels long, and when the shooting ceased, our Mr. Purcell, who pays the bills, inspected it in silence.

He remarked: "It could be worse."

He meant, probably, that it was not an enormous triumph which would cause Charlie Chaplin to row out into the Pacific Ocean in a canoe and shoot himself with a fowling rifle. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton would be able to look at it when it was released, and still go on eating three meals a day. From his side of the table, Mr. Pymm declared in a loud voice that his new comedy was a roaring success of the knock-out variety and would gross enough money to burn a damp dog. Directors always make these statements, and nobody pays any attention to them.

About the time our hard-working studio patched up Lonely Nights so you could look at it in a theater without shuddering, the great sound epidemic burst loose in Hollywood, and the movies went noisy with a rush. The audible cinema came down upon us like the first morning of a Hong-Kong typhoon and rich actors and actresses dashed out and hired people to teach them how you pronounce hard words such as "peccadillo" and "itinerant."

Normally a quiet city on the Pacific slope, Hollywood lost its poise and tore around in maddened circles. "Have you had your voice tested?" took the place of "How are you?" and movie people frantically spoke into any handy microphone to see what would happen. Theaters put in wires—mysterious wires—draped their front doors with the magic legend, Hear and See, and studios began grinding out motion pictures with the aid of a dynamic phonograph. Long lines dragged down the sidewalk and around the corner, intent upon hearing and seeing, and the gold rush was on.

When the first speaking pictures were released everyone was surprised. It was seen that a great change had come, and that the old-style title writer who had been living for years upon "If that's a that, I'm a this" would have to go back to East St. Louis and start over.

In spite of mechanical uncertainties, the talking pictures seemed to be an instant success, and audiences said they always wished they knew what the actors were saying, instead of having to guess at it or feebly read lips.

Mr. James Purcell of the firm of Purcell & Harper continued to walk about, shaking his head and wondering what the business had come to. Huge corporations in the East that had always manufactured electric elevators, dynamos and bedroom fans suddenly popped up in the exact center of Hollywood, wearing a slight smile and saying, "If you gentlemen have average intelligence you will permit us to show you how we do this mechanical talking," and, of course, the movie folk resented it. Movie people always have been accustomed to paddling their own canoe. They are opposed to submitting their business affairs to Eastern gentlemen wearing derby hats and familiarly discussing such unknown things as ohms, amperes, multilateral controls, British thermal units and watt hours. If there is any one thing Hollywood loathes, it is a flip New Yorker full of fresh ideas on how to run the movies.

He Became Known as a Leading Pig Caller of His Commonwealth

The human voice, it was perceived, was a most alarming instrument, and when the beautiful young heroine whispered softly to the leading man, "You must know now that I have always loved you," the effect was not actually that of a whisper, because the amorous confidence loosened teeth in the back rows of the theater and blew toupees from their moorings.

Little May Maloney was one of our first movie actresses to speak, and she is a charming damsel. She weighs ninety pounds and either has adenoids or something, and her first talking effort was a failure, for she sounded like the radio basso who sings Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. The gentlemen were all tenors, and became even more tenor toward the finish—probably from exhaustion.

"We will all be working for some big bulb maker," the executives said in bitterness, but the wiser ones observed there was no sense in fighting off the microphone hounds in the derby hats. They came in anyhow, on every train, carrying wires in both hands. None of them had ever been in a movie studio, which made the situation interesting.

"I can readily see," our Mr. Purcell remarked, "that this sound invasion promises to be much more than a passing fad."

"Absolutely," agreed Mr. Harper, the vice president of the firm.

"We don't want to be left out in the cold. We want to step right into this new thing."

"Certainly do," acquiesced Mr. Harper. "I went by Higgin's Talking Theater last night, and the line-up was one mile long."

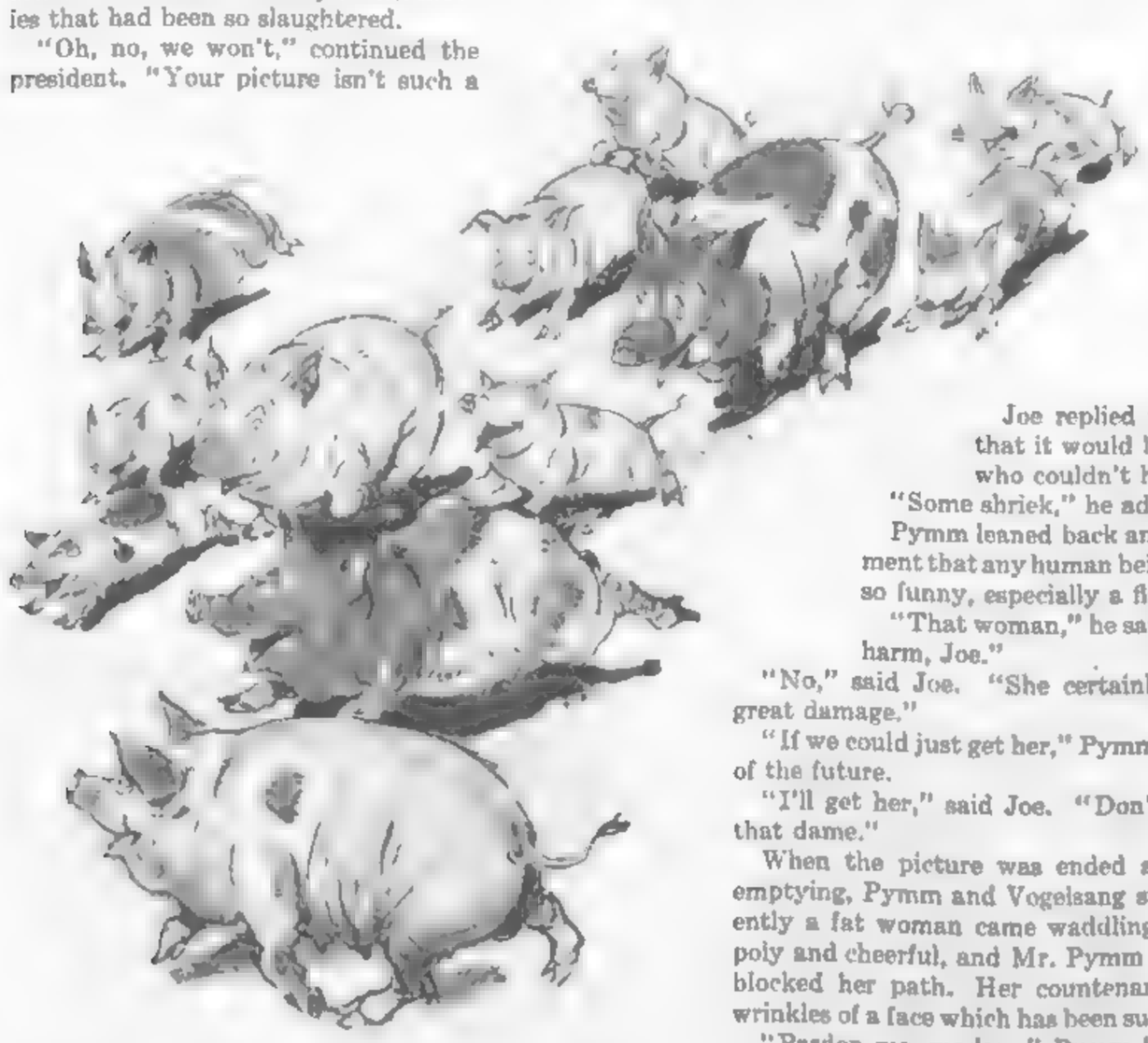
"Therefore," declared Mr. Purcell, "as a sort of feeler out, I say we ought to put a sound sequence into Lonely Nights."

"I am strong for that," concurred Mr. Harper, who was a natural concurrer.

"Have it done," commanded the chief, and the order was issued on Form No. 163-A B.-221-X.: an instruction to add one talking episode to Production 113, known as Lonely Nights.

When Mr. Thornton Pymm was notified that officials were to improve his comedy by adding sound, his agony was pitiful to behold. "You'll slaughter it," he moaned, protesting to Mr. Purcell, who stared at him coldly and asked if he had noticed any recent movies that had been so slaughtered.

"Oh, no, we won't," continued the president. "Your picture isn't such a



hothouse flower that it can't stand a little dialogue. We will improve it for you."

It was imperative that the new comedy be successful, for Director Pymm had come to a ticklish pause in his relations with the film firm of Purcell & Harper. There was commencing to be a studio impression that perhaps Mr. Pymm was not quite so rollicking a fellow as they imagined him to be, and if his comedies did not click they would have to find a new boy to do the work.

The director was aware of this dissatisfaction and looked forward uneasily to public judgment upon his latest work. He was confident that if busybodies did not botch Lonely Nights before it reached the American people, the verdict would leave him happy and with a job, and Joe Vogelsang, who was his assistant, shared his optimism.

The two strolled down the streets of Hollywood, and it was a lovely Saturday night. After gloomy contemplation of the red and purple lights, Mr. Pymm paused before the doors of the Isis Theater and glanced with scornful interest at the lithographs. They announced that persons going inside would find a breezy comedy of modern times, with Charley Jones cutting his comical capers. Charley Jones is a prosperous Class B comedian and plays in pictures much like those of Mr. Pymm, and thus the entertainment was of business concern to Mr. Pymm and Mr. Vogelsang.

"Might as well drop in," said Pymm.

"Yeah," agreed Vogelsang, who had on his regular Saturday night white pants and sport shoes. "May as well look at it."

With the spirit of one motorman riding on another motorman's street car, the makers of motion pictures entered the Isis, found it comfortably crowded, and selected seats at the rear. Upon their countenances was the cold, professional disdain of one aviator permitting another aviator to take him up for a brief flight, and as they sank into their seats the audience burst into friendly laughter and a few fanatics applauded.

"Looks like they like it," commented Mr. Vogelsang.

"If they like Charley Jones they'll like anything," answered Pymm, and immediately gave himself over to critical scrutiny of the Jones picture, made by competitors of Purcell & Harper and directed by a man who stood practically nowhere in the estimation of Messrs. Pymm and Vogelsang.

"Say," jeered the director, "if they laugh at this gorgonzola what will they do when we show them Lonely Nights?"

"You said it, boss," encouraged the assistant, and as the Jones comedy unwound itself, and as the audience seemed to enjoy its every moment, Mr. Pymm grew more cheerful, realizing that his own celluloid baby was a far better and funnier baby than the entertainment before his eyes

Part way through the performance he became suddenly aware of an individual presence. Above the tittering of the crowd, and leading it, was the unrestrained, the joyous laughter of a female voice, loud, high and hilarious. When others ceased to laugh at Charley Jones this voice laughed on and on. Mr. Pymm listened with warming interest.

"Hear that woman?" he inquired of Joe Vogelsang.

Joe replied that he heard her and that it would be a poor hearer indeed who couldn't hear her.

"Some shriek," he added.

Pymm leaned back and expressed his amazement that any human being should find a comedy so funny, especially a flat and witless comedy.

"That woman," he said, "wouldn't do us any harm, Joe."

"No," said Joe. "She certainly wouldn't do us any great damage."

"If we could just get her," Pymm mused aloud, thinking of the future.

"I'll get her," said Joe. "Don't worry, boss. I'll get that dame."

When the picture was ended and the theater began emptying, Pymm and Vogelsang stood outside, and presently a fat woman came waddling forth. She was roly-poly and cheerful, and Mr. Pymm at once stepped up and blocked her path. Her countenance still contained the wrinkles of a face which has been surcharged with laughter.

"Pardon me, madam," Pymm began. The lady came to anchor and stared seriously at Mr. Pymm.

"I heard you laughing," he said.

"Well," she snapped, "what if you did? I have a right to laugh, haven't I?"

"You certainly have," Pymm smiled, "and that is why I stopped you. How would you like to earn some money?"

Natural suspicion at once filled the blue eyes of the large woman, for she had heard of Hollywood and its slickers who prowl at night.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I am an investigator of mirth. You interest me because of your hearty way of laughing and I therefore inquire, how would you like to earn a little money?"

Any large theater-loving female who spends her daylight hours cooking, washing and sewing is interested in earning a little money, and the woman instantly replied that the notion appealed to her. Mr. Pymm reached into his vest and found fifty dollars.

"This is half of the payment," he said, handing it to the astonished one. "Altogether, you will get one hundred dollars."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Do you know where the Royal Pecan Theater is?"

"Yes, sir," she said, convinced at last that she was dealing with a gentleman.

"Be there next Saturday night, one week from tonight, at eight o'clock. Attend the performance, which will consist of motion pictures. I shall be there and will then hand you the other fifty dollars."

"Is that all I have to do?"

"Just walk into the Royal Pecan and look at the movies."

"Seems strange you'd be payin' me fifty dollars to look at a movie."

"Do you want this job or don't you want this job?" Joe Vogelsang asked in an irritated voice, and the woman hastily answered that it was her idea of a real nice job.

"What is your name?" Joe asked, taking out his pad.

"My name is Julia Roper," she replied.

Messrs. Pymm and Vogelsang watched the fat one depart and smiled at each other. A fortunate stroke had come their way, a lucky evening, and as Pymm said, it shows you a man ought to get around nights and see what his competitors are doing. They walked down the boulevard and Pymm impressed upon Joe the need for moderate silence concerning obese women who laughed.

"My job for me," he said, "means your job for you, so keep your mouth shut about this."

"You don't need to tell me," Joe responded.

It had become the habit of Purcell & Harper to preview their new and raw products at the Royal Pecan, where the manager was a friendly soul. Pymm's Lonely Nights was scheduled for its initial test and it was the director's wish to get over strong with the first audience. He realized, the moment he heard Mrs. Roper laugh, that she was an item of value. She laughed easily, noisily and without real cause. Her mirth was infectious, for it contained a squealing

(Continued on Page 186)

"Pardon Me, Madam, I Heard You Laughing."
"Well," She Snapped, "What if You Did? I Have a Right to Laugh, Haven't I?"

GHOST GIFTS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

ORCHIDS in a square, glossy box discreetly lettered with the name of the smartest flower shop in town; orchids, arriving dramatically, while Georgette and Vertilee sat at breakfast in Georgette's pleasant, if at the moment slightly cluttered, apartment. Grapefruit and coffee, Melba toast, unbuttered—and orchids!

"From a great lover?" inquired Georgette blandly.

"Julian, of course," murmured Vertilee in a hushed, rapturous voice. She put aside the lid with respectful fingers; she lingered over a card which read, "Your flowers, for your day"; she lifted out a shimmer of loveliness. Not the great mauve-and-purple voluptuaries of an Easter Day parade; not the pouchy, pursy eunuch flowers with which preferred blond women adorn mink coats—adding, for further stigmata of desirability, diamond bracelets and glistening red lips. Julian's orchids were copper and cream. What, in a human, would be known as high yaller; violet-veined and palely greenish, delicately vicious, like certain beautiful little snakes. Wood flowers—provided they came from a wood where Merlin had lately slept. A single spray of white ones lay across the rest, dovelike in purity, frailer than the virtue of a peacock moth.

"He has taste, that one," said Georgette. "When you get fed up with him I might consider him myself, purely as an investment."

"What makes you think I shall get fed up with him?" asked Vertilee curiously.

Georgette returned to the theatrical page of the Times in a smiling silence.

Vertilee put the orchids into water, leaving her coffee to cool disregarded.

"I know," she said. "You think I'm incapable of constancy."

Georgette folded her newspaper. She stretched and ran a hand over the back of her smooth blond head. Out of Puckish gray eyes set in a small, homely face she considered Vertilee coolly.

"If you wanted to play Griselda, you had your chance and chucked it. By the way, any birthday greetings from that quarter? What? Not even a suit for desertion? My poor girl!"

"Don't be silly, darling," said Vertilee. "Why should Glenn send me a birthday present now?"

"Force of habit, Mrs. Carlin; the tie that binds."

Vertilee said, with a sudden flash of resentment, "If I divorce him I'm going to take my own name again."

"Take all you can get," advised Georgette amiably. "He did send you birthday presents, or didn't he?"

"Oh, if I reminded him."

"Which I'll bet you usually did about three days beforehand."

"I was pretty much like other wives, I suppose," said Vertilee. "Glenn was pretty much like other husbands." She had gone back to her neglected breakfast. She sat crumbling her toast in slender, sensitive fingers, eyes moody, mouth mutinous. "I never said he wasn't decent enough!" she broke out sharply, refuting some unspoken accusation. "He did the best he knew, I did the best I knew, and between us we nearly drove each other crazy. We never made contact, that's all. It's enough! I'm not one of these women that can go through life crippled by one mistake."

"Take all the mistakes you can get," said Georgette.

"Georgette, I thought you thought I had a right to get myself straightened out."

"Well, be sure you get yourself out before you get yourself in again."

"You don't approve of Julian," said Vertilee, slightly defiant.

Georgette said, "I don't see what the devil you see in him, and that's a fact. Outside of his orchids, of course. And his speaking voice, which I will admit is a treat to the provincial ear. Myself, I like a man to cast a shadow. These anæmic Nordics with suppressed mustaches and a nice taste in the fine arts ——"

"There's nothing he hasn't seen and heard and read," said Vertilee. She tipped up her chin. She masked an ardent resentment with a polite smile. "He's the most sensitive person I ever knew. Why, Georgette, he's so finished, he's so fine, he makes me feel absolutely naïve."

"I never said he didn't get his effects," said Georgette calmly.

"And his mind—he has a wonderful mind."

"Probably only a darned good memory. There's a resemblance. You'd be surprised."

"I don't know what's the matter with you this morning," said Vertilee unhappily. "I told you, Georgette, three months ago, that things had gone to pieces between Glenn and me. When you asked me to come here I thought you understood."

"You told me you had to get away from him to think it all over. I could see that fast enough. Occasionally, even in the best society, one's horizon slips. One's simply got to recapture the first fine careless perspective in order to go on in any comfort and decency."

"Comfort! I told you I had almost gone mad, trying to adjust myself after the infatuation wore off!"

"You admit the infatuation," said Georgette. "That's something."

Vertilee said, oddly reluctant, eyes on Georgette's blunt, friendly smile: "We were the maddest pair of fools that ever breathed, for just a little over a year. Then I came to my senses."

"Not Glenn. I'll bet Glenn never woke up."

"He's right where he was the day I married him. He'll never understand if he lives to be a thousand years old."

"It's a tough break for him," said Georgette.

"I tried," said Vertilee. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "I tried with everything I knew, Georgette. It was the cruelest sort of hell. You can't imagine—when love goes out, like a candle or something ——"

"Wasn't there even the physical attraction left? You might have lit it again with that."

Vertilee picked up her glass of water and drank long and deeply, with a curious effect of needing to steady herself.

"Oh, yes, there was that," she said at length, with an attempt at lightness. "It's all there was. Do you suggest my living with a man who knows just that one side of me, doesn't even care to know more than that?"

"Julian, of course, has you completely charted."

Vertilee smiled wistfully at the orchids. "He's wonderful," she said. "He's taught me things about myself I never knew existed."

"And which, as a matter of fact, probably don't," said Georgette dryly. "I take it, Julian wants you to cut loose from Glenn."

"That," said Vertilee, "is one of the things I am now trying to straighten out. Julian has told me he cares for me."

"Good luck!" said Georgette with a short laugh. "It's none of my business, of course, only ——"

"I know, it's because you're fond of me."

"You sweet sap! Whoever knew you that wasn't fond of you? If you'd lived in a kinglier day, my child, you'd have made history from behind a throne." She left her chair to go and stand at the window, looking down into the street. "If I didn't have a matinée today I'd blow you to a birthday luncheon."

"How's the show going?" asked Vertilee eagerly. "Still selling out?"

Georgette grinned. "We're still packing 'em in. Lord knows why! Just one more wise-cracking comedy of bed and board—not but what bed and board is still a good team."

"I couldn't go to luncheon with you, anyhow," said Vertilee, stubbornly frank. "I'm lunching with Julian."

"Thinks of everything, doesn't he?"

"For me, he does." She started at a distant trill. "That's probably the mail. Shall I go?"

"Wouldn't try to stop you," said Georgette.

Vertilee came back presently with a letter or so and a small oblong package neatly wrapped in heavy paper, tied with a businesslike string. "For you," she said, and chucked the letters at Georgette.

She untied the little package rather slowly.

"More birthday?" asked Georgette, looking up with friendly malice in her eye.

"From Glenn," said Vertilee. "I wish he wouldn't."

"Somehow," said Georgette, "I rather thought he would. Where's he living now—at the club?"

"He's in his old apartment," said Vertilee. She dropped the outer paper to the floor. "It's like him," she said, "to

He Came Toward Her at Once, His Eyes Burning With a Dark Fire She Had by No Means Forgotten

"To Us!" "Who Do You Love, Mrs. Carlin?"

wrap it like this. It might be a pound of butter, but it's probably an engagement pad or a vanity with terrible pink powder in it—that's the kind of thing he always picked out." She undid yet another wrapping, with nervous distaste in her fingers. "Of course," she said, "it's very sweet of him to think of me under the circumstances, but he never gave me anything I wanted ——"

"Except himself," said Georgette coolly.

Vertilee said doggedly, tearing at an inner knot, "You don't know, Georgette, how horribly far apart we were before I left him."

"You have a good case, my child," said Georgette. "Get the gadget open and let's see if he's sent you a cake of soap. Just about the size, isn't it?"

With a vicious crackling sound the last sheath of paper parted, revealing a small and obviously aged book, bound in worn brown leather, tooled finely in faded gold.

"But you have a book, haven't you, dear?" inquired Georgette sweetly.

Vertilee didn't answer. She was turning stained, yellowed pages, closely covered in small, fine type, and along the cheek next Georgette presently a faint flush crept, deepening to a painful scarlet. Her mouth trembled and set itself.

"Vertilee!" said Georgette, suddenly uneasy.

Vertilee told her, in a voice that perceptibly shook: "It's too perfectly wonderful! Do you know what this is? It's the letters of Henri of Navarre and Gabrielle d' Estrées."

"No wonder you're moved," said Georgette.

"You don't know," said Vertilee—"you simply don't know! They're beautiful. They're so funny and sweet they just break your heart; and that isn't the only reason it's wonderful. I could look out of my window in Paris—we had a room on the *quai* near the Pont Neuf—and see Henri on his big bronze horse, looking up the river."

"Henri himself," said Georgette.

"They called him Le Vert Galant," sighed Vertilee.

"The green gallant, h'm? Something like Iris March?"

"Don't be funny, Georgette!" Vertilee's eyes were starry; she said raptly: "It means, 'the great lover.' And there was a little restaurant we used to go to, just a block along the *quai*—Auberge du Vert Galant—isn't that heavenly?—and it had tables on a terrace and a hedge between the tables and the open square in front of the Palais de Justice. Evenings, automobiles just squatted outside that hedge in throngs, and the sky was that queer dusty rose you never see anywhere except in Paris at sunset. The food—the food was unbelievable! And the head waiter used to bring me red roses as soon as we sat down."

"Stop, stop!" cried Georgette. "When were you last in Paris, Louise?"

"On my honeymoon," said Vertilee.

"Oh, Vertilee!" said Georgette, and laughed like a female Mephisto.

"I don't care," said Vertilee. She looked a trifle shamefaced, but she cuddled the little book in one hand while she turned its pages reverently. "I wouldn't take a million for this. It must have come from one of those bookstalls along the Seine; it's all weather-beaten. Look! Did you ever see anything so exquisitely old and so alive? You can almost feel it beat like a heart."

"Maybe you can, at that," said Georgette. "What's on the card?"

"'Happy Birthday, from Glenn,'" said Vertilee.

"He would," said Georgette, "wouldn't he?"

Vertilee drew a long breath. "Whatever he wrote on the card," she said, "this is just my book!"

"You passionate zany," said Georgette—deep amusement, not unmixed with envy.

"Henri was always just my man," said Vertilee. "Listen, Georgette—listen to this: 'My Beautiful Love: Two hours after the arrival of this messenger you will see a cavalier who loves you very much; they call him the King of France and of Navarre—an honorable title certainly, but very troublesome—that of your subject is much more delightful. The three together are good with any sauce, and I am resolved to give them up to no one ——' Imagine," marveled Vertilee, "getting that letter!"

"You have it in your hand," said Georgette.

Vertilee read farther: "'I shall not see you for ten days'—(that's another). 'It is enough to kill me. I will not tell you how much I mind; it would make you too vain.'"

"Doesn't say anything about three months, does it?" asked Georgette. She put out her hand and Vertilee surrendered the little book. Georgette looked it over at some length while her gray eyes narrowed and her wide mouth twitched. Eventually she put it back into the eager hand outstretched to receive it.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "The man who sent you that knows all there is to know of you. Maybe he can't tell it, but he knows."

"You think so, Georgette?" said Vertilee, wishful as a child.

Georgette said, "However, don't let that influence you. Take the book along to luncheon and get Julian to pass on it. He'll probably discover it's a fake. Somebody took the cigarettes out of it and inserted Henry's correspondence."

Vertilee did not answer. She turned toward her own room, Glenn's gift between her two hands like a missal.

"You are lunching with Julian, aren't you?" Georgette reminded her briskly.

"I told him to call me," admitted Vertilee.

She cried a little, briefly and unwillingly, when Georgette had gone out, over Henri and Gabrielle—or over Vertilee and Glenn? Birthdays were not so easy as Georgette supposed. Vertilee had waked that morning remembering Glenn's black hair falling into his eyes when he woke—his sleepy, laughing eyes. He was always so disgustingly cheerful of a morning, when Vertilee most wanted to sleep. He roared in his bath; he had even a tuneless *obbligato* for his shaving. Some of their rottenest rows had grown out of those maladjusted awakenings.

"Where hushed awakenings are dear"—just one more poet's lie.

She had waked remembering how his ardent full-lipped mouth could tighten itself into a sudden masterful line, harder for a woman to resist than he was himself aware. If that mouth had ever spoken to her inner self as Henri spoke to Gabrielle: "The fields are much sweeter than the town. . . . Good morning, my all! . . . You have much more reason to be afraid of my loving you too much than too little. That fault pleases you, and me, too, since you like it, my true heart."

Glenn hadn't felt the need of emotional dissections.

"Can't you ever forget the old soul?" he used to say to her. "You look like a French doll, but you act like some scrawny female in a high-hat show. Isn't this good enough?"

"This" being himself and herself and a world jointly owned. And it had not been good enough for Vertilee after the first mad months; after they had left the room on the *quai* like another sadder and wiser pair leaving a garden, and gone back to live—to try and live—in three rooms and a bath on the square. The room on the *quai* grew round about Vertilee, curled in a deep chair, mooning over that worn small volume of past ecstasies,

(Continued on Page 176)

"It's Very Sweet of Him to Think of Me Under the Circumstances, But He Never Gave Me Anything I Wanted ——" "Except Himself," Said Georgette Coolly

Complaint Against Critics

They Tell You What You Are and Where You Get Off

By GILBERT SELDES

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

THE trouble with the past, according to those people who know what was the trouble with the past, is that people, in those days, were told what to think and obediently thought it. The great advantage of the present is that you can think practically anything you like, right or wrong, and someone will obligingly give you a nice new name for your thoughts. If you go on reading the new books and remembering the new names, you will land in something like the following:

If you wear long bathing suits, you are a prude; if you wear short ones, you are an exhibitionist; and if you wear medium ones, you are frightfully middle class.

If you like your own country, you are a provincial; if you hate it, you are an inverted jingo; and if you love and hate it both, you get it from both sides.

If you scold your children, you give them the Œdipus complex; if you don't, you make them into nervous wrecks; and if you do and don't, they lose all respect for you.

If you like modern art, you are being browbeaten by the highbrows; if you dislike it, you are being a petrified conservative; and if you pick and choose, you always choose the wrong things.

If you like motoring, you are a slave of the machine age; if you hate it, you are afraid of the God of the Machine; and if you drift in between, you get run over.

Complex or Simple

IF YOU like wise-cracking, it's because you have a mean nature; if you hate it, it's because you have an inferiority complex; and if you judge a wise crack by its wisdom, instead of by its crack, you are lonely seven days a week.

If you are a radical, it is because your parents were reactionary; if you are a reactionary, it is because your parents were too radical; and if you are neither, you might as well be an orphan.

If you like money better than anything else in the world, you have a mean spirit; if you despise money, you haven't adjusted your psyche to actuality; and if you can take it or leave it alone, you'll be poor most of your days.

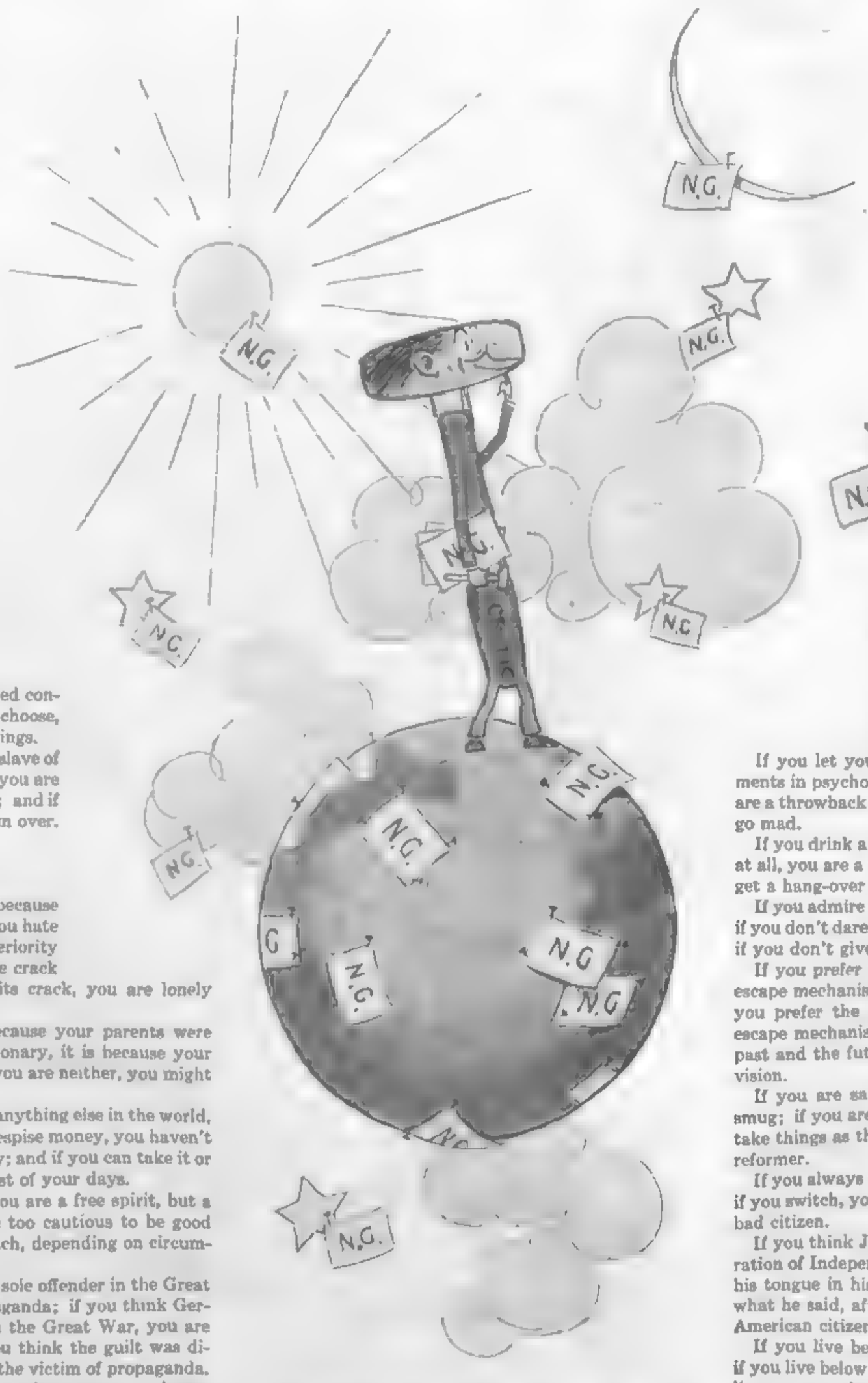
If you act before you think, you are a free spirit, but a fool; if you think first, you are too cautious to be good company; if you do a little of each, depending on circumstances, no one trusts you.

If you think Germany was the sole offender in the Great War, you are the victim of propaganda; if you think Germany was the single innocent in the Great War, you are the victim of propaganda; if you think the guilt was divided in the Great War, you are the victim of propaganda.

If you prefer symphonic music to jazz, you are a hypocrite, if you prefer jazz to symphonies, you are a hypocrite; if you like or dislike—them both, you are a hypocrite.

If you are a he man and never read a book, you are illiterate; if you read all the time, you lose all contact with real life; if you read in moderation and meet a few people once in a while, you are a suburbanite.

If you talk English in Paris, the shopkeepers rob you; if you talk French in Paris, the shopkeepers rob you; if you talk a mixture of both, the shopkeepers rob you; in all three cases they answer you in English.



If you like smoking-car stories, you are vulgar; if you dislike them, you are squeamish; if you like only the smoking-car stories that are funny, it's a long time between drinks.

If you approve of censorship of the stage, you are secretly a smut hound; if you disapprove, you are openly a smut hound; if you think that circumstances alter cases, you have no principles.

If you have good manners, you are superficial; if you have bad manners, you are rude; if you have a little of both, you have bad manners.

If you treat women with deference, you are a weakling; if you treat them rough, you are a brute; if you treat them like human beings, they don't like you, although they say they do.

If you treat men with respect, you are mid-Victorian; if you treat them with contempt, you are an unsexed woman; if you treat them as equals, they don't like you, although they say they do.

What to Do?

IF YOU think all Americans are Babbitts, you are an ignorant fool; if you think no Americans are Babbitts, you are an ignorant fool; if you think some Americans are Babbitts and some are not, you are a Babbitt.

If you think the next war is inevitable, you are helping to make it inevitable; if you think there will be no more wars, you are helping to make the next war more terrible; if you don't know, your mind is a chaos.

If you make sacrifices for your convictions, you are unbalanced; if you sacrifice your convictions, you are a time-server; if you have no convictions, you are not a proper man.

If you're afraid of the wide open spaces, you have agoraphobia; if you're afraid of small rooms, you have claustrophobia; if you dislike all fancy names for obscure ills, you can't face The Facts of Life.

If you let your life be ruled by all the latest developments in psychology, you are a faddist; if you refuse, you are a throwback; if you try to judge them for yourself, you go mad.

If you drink a lot, you're a nuisance; if you do not drink at all, you are a nuisance; if you drink in moderation, you get a hang-over anyhow.

If you admire yourself in the mirror, you are narcissistic; if you don't dare to look, you're afraid of your own shadow; if you don't give a darn, you're abnormal.

If you prefer the past to the present, you are using an escape mechanism to get away from your own failures; if you prefer the future to the present, you are using an escape mechanism; if you prefer the present to both the past and the future, you have no sense of history and no vision.

If you are satisfied with the way things are, you are smug; if you are dissatisfied, you are an anarchist; if you take things as they are and try to improve them, you're a reformer.

If you always vote the same ticket, you are a party man; if you switch, you are a traitor; if you don't vote, you're a bad citizen.

If you think Jefferson meant what he said in the Declaration of Independence, you are a sap; if you think he had his tongue in his cheek, you're a sap; if you don't know what he said, after the first few lines, you are an average American citizen.

If you live beyond your income, you get into trouble; if you live below your income, you miss a lot of fun; if you live on your income, you're exceptional.

If you understand Einstein's latest formulæ, you are one of twelve men in the world; if you do not understand them, you are one of several hundred million; if you don't care, you are one of several hundred million.

If you think furniture should be comfortable, you are bourgeois; if you think it should be artistic, you'll be bourgeois next year; if you think it should be comfortable, artistic and expensive, you are an interior decorator.

If you like whatever is ugly, you are a realist; if you like whatever is beautiful, you are an æsthete; if you don't know what you like, a lot of people are willing to tell you.

New York's Social Black List

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

LAST week two dinners were given in New York which were very typical of the big city's present social conditions and manners. The first was given by a mother for her twenty-three-year-old daughter, who had been out several seasons. The guests were made up of six of the girl's friends of her own age and of six older friends of the girl's mother. None of the latter was much more than forty, and all had acquired some distinction in literature, art or the drama. The mother had invited these celebrities on the optimistic theory that the younger guests would be interested in their achievements and personalities; and she had captured a world-famous violinist, a notably successful playwright and a distinguished visiting portrait painter.

The mother's optimism was hardly justified, for her daughter and the girl's friends had never shown special interest in any professional achievements save those of Charles Lindbergh and Gene Tunney. They would have been delighted to meet either hero at the dinner party because both were young, but older and minor celebrities had no lure for them. So they followed what the embarrassed hostess subsequently assured her guests was their usual procedure.

The dinner invitation was for eight o'clock and the half dozen older guests arrived on the minute, victims of the dying tradition that to keep a hostess and her dinner waiting is the unpardonable social crime. The daughter for whom the affair was given entered the drawing-room at twenty-five minutes past eight.

"Katherine is so forgetful," the hostess confided to one of her friends. "She went to a tea dance this afternoon and she hadn't got home when I came down to dinner."

Only One Hour Late for Dinner

NOT one of the daughter's six friends had yet come, so the hungry guests continued to sustain one another with sprightly conversation. At twenty minutes of nine the first member of the younger set arrived, followed within five minutes by two more. Of the remaining three, two youths came together at five minutes of nine, and the third—a girl—did not come at all.

The guests sat down to dinner at nine o'clock, exactly one hour after the older group had appeared. It was now realized that, counting the hostess and her daughter, there were thirteen at the table, and this vastly excited the five younger guests. The daughter left the table and hurried to the telephone, where she spent fifteen minutes, as she afterward explained, trying to get in touch with her missing friend, and failing in this, with someone else to fill her place. She finally found a girl who promised to come, and who arrived at quarter of ten.

Up till then the younger guests had ignored the older ones almost as completely as if the latter were invisible, had talked to one another of signs and portents, had told stories of instances in which one member of parties of thirteen at a luncheon or dinner had died within the year. When the filler-in arrived they greeted her robustly and repeated all the stories for her benefit, calling to one another across the table and exchanging personal pleasantries in voices each youngster tried to make louder than those of the rest.

They were charming young things to look at, and it was quite obvious that none of them was deliberately or consciously rude to the other guests. They were merely completely absorbed in their own interests and those of their pals. To each of them the dinner party consisted of their own group. If they thought of the older guests at all, they assumed that they would amuse themselves.

The older guests tried to do just this, but it was impossible. They were not segregated as they should have been. They were scattered, and their young companions talked across them and across the table in the shrill, high voices so popular this season. They talked constantly and they all talked at once, and after a few abortive efforts to make themselves heard above the clamor the older guests accepted the situation and smilingly looked and listened. Incidentally they pitied their flushed and unhappy hostess, who sat helpless at the head of her table vainly trying to catch the eye of her daughter and to recall that carefree social bud to a sense of her responsibilities.

Before the dinner was over, two of the younger guests left. They were the two who had arrived only forty-five minutes late, and they obviously felt that this justified them in hurrying away to meet another engagement. That left two vacant places at the table. It also left an occasional opening for the older guests, who, having got their second wind, as it were, now resolutely entered the conversation and remained there. But the memory of that dinner will linger, and so will the memory of two comments made before the guests parted.

"I had heard it was like this over here," the famous portrait painter told the violinist, "but I didn't believe it." Then he added reflectively: "No one I tell it to at home will believe it, either."

The second comment was made with exuberant cheerfulness by the daughter of the hostess.

"Well, anyway, only one girl fell out," she said. "That's a pretty good record, if you ask me. Why, at Carrie Parson's dinner of ten last week there were four that never showed up at all!"

The interest in the incident, if it has any, lies in the fact that all these young things are members of our so-called best families; that all have attended our so-called best schools and colleges; that all, from their birth, have had every advantage money, position and modern education could offer them.

Each one of them is familiar with every rule of the social game. Each one of them is theoretically equal to any situation that comes up in social life. All of them are enchanting to look at and would have been amusing and interesting to listen to, if they had made the slightest effort to be agreeable to their fellow guests.

Some of the Joys of Being a Hostess

OF COURSE it must be granted that the hostess had selected her party badly from the viewpoint of the younger guests, and that, therefore, she was responsible for its failure. But it is barely ten years since almost any dinner guest, young or old, feeling a dinner going wrong, would have rallied to the help of the hostess—would have tried, in the old vernacular, to "save the situation." But here was a situation that could not be saved. The mother should have confined her invitations to her daughter's friends and should have left them alone together to shriek happily at one another. Her older guests were sophisticated, tolerant men and women. They were used to the utter selfishness and bad manners of many members of the younger generation, but it is doubtful whether any of them had ever before witnessed such a crass exhibition of callous indifference to elemental standards of social life.

The second dinner was a smaller one. Here the host and hostess were informally entertaining half a dozen of their contemporaries when the waitress was summoned to the telephone. Returning to the dining room, she gave a message to her mistress.

"Mr. Ralph wants to know if he can bring three of his friends to dinner," she reported.

The hostess looked disturbed.

(Continued on Page 185)

The Only Cure There is for the Prevailing Bad Manners

MR. HANNA—By THOMAS BEER

POWER, OF A KIND

A Four-Horse-Power Supply Wagon Calls it a Day

TIMIDLY invading Washington at the end of March, 1897, Miss Edith Sims and her mother managed to find a correct church on the morning after they arrived at the capital, and sat observing this society. It seemed decorous. The handsome widow and her daughter had been to Constantinople, Abu Simbel down the Nile, and to Copenhagen. But they had never explored the United States. A trip to Syracuse in 1870 had shown Mrs. Sims that she was not likely to be comfortable far from New York. She came to Washington because her eldest daughter's husband had been transferred to duty at the War Department and she wanted to be in the capital when Marion and the babies got there from San Francisco; not having seen Marion in three years, it would be rather an occasion.

Miss Sims presently was watching a lady seated three pews away who looked back at her, or at her mother, with a familiar sort of smile. She was not young but she was handsome, erect and pleasantly plump in a somber dress. She had a little the look of those German great ladies one saw at Baden-Baden, surrounded by mussy, shy daughters and dogs. She smiled, though, in a special fashion. The girl knew, too, that her mother was watching the other lady's face. Kate Richardson and Lottie Rhodes hunted each other through the masks imposed by thirty-five years of living. When the choir boys and the pastor had taken themselves down the aisle, Mrs. Sims and Mrs. Marcus Alonzo Hanna met with the sentimental crash expected of such reunions in the latter nineteenth century. Miss Edith was duly kissed and was told—truthfully—that she looked like Mrs. Hanna's youngest. She is still sometimes asked on trains if she is not Mrs. Medill McCormick.

Senator Hanna was waiting for his wife at the hotel, with another white waistcoat and top hat beside his Sunday clothes. It was a thrill to meet Mr. John Hay, the new ambassador to England, and to be enveloped in his bantering conversation. Mrs. Sims had met him, somewhere in Europe, and he pretended with great skill to remember her.

Senator Hanna pretended nothing. He was utterly silent, with his cigar. But Mr. Hay babbled agreeably. He had been dancing in and out of Washington for two weeks, talking to Mr. McKinley "around senators and through office seekers," and now he must go to luncheon with John Sherman, Secretary of State, exalted into the cabinet from his worn, comfortable chair in the Senate. He said to Mrs. Hanna, "Smile at me, Mona Lisa, as I go to this ordeal."

"John Hay, if you call me that again I'll be sorry Mark didn't let them have Whitelaw Reid made ambassador to England instead of you."

Senator Hanna grunted. Mr. Hay's eyebrows twitched. Mrs. Hanna colored and then whispered that she didn't think anybody heard her. The diplomat said it didn't matter, and went away. When she had her newly found old playmate upstairs in her rooms, Mrs. Hanna chuckled. In Washington, she said, you had to pretend not to know what everybody knew, and, thank heaven, she was going home to Cleveland tonight for some days. Then—perhaps because she was a trifle shaken by meeting Kate Richardson again—she began to talk about things, and mostly about the senator.

"She was charming about him," says Miss Sims. "I wrote down some of her stories a few days later in an irregular diary I kept in those days. But she was so upset about his health. She asked us how we thought he looked. I am afraid we were not of much comfort to her, as we had never seen him before. She said candidly that she was afraid he would overwork himself trying to manage the Republican Party in Cleveland and do his work in the Senate. My mother knew absolutely nothing about politics, and neither did I. One of us innocently asked if Senator Foraker could not help Mr. Hanna in the Senate. Mrs. Hanna had to explain that Mr. Foraker and Mr. Hanna were hardly on speaking terms and that Ohio was divided between their two factions. But she spoke very decently of Mr. Foraker. She said that Mr. Hanna had been rather tactless toward him at the Republican National Convention"—of 1888—"where their quarrel began. Then she quite broke out in regard to some of the politicians in Ohio. I find in my diary: 'Mrs. Hanna said that she regarded many of Mr. H.'s associates in politics as not worth his attention. They fawn on him for campaign expenses and ask for favors while they envy him.' Interesting story: One of these politicians asked Mr. H to have a street in Cleveland paved past a certain point. Mr. H. refused. The man then said, 'I have helped to have you granted franchises for your street-car lines and now you will do nothing for me.' Mr. H. answered that it did not cost the city a penny to grant him a franchise, but that it would cost a hundred thousand dollars to pave this street, and that the man wanted it done to increase the value of some real estate. Mrs. H. said that this man had now turned into a bitter enemy of Mr. H. She does not believe he will be really happy in Washington, away from his friends in Cleveland. She told several other instances of these enmities that had come about through the senator's refusal of some political favor. I cannot pretend to recollect them. My mother asked her if Mr. Hanna had not great power over Mr. McKinley. Mrs. Hanna said that he had power, of a kind. I remember the qualifying phrase so distinctly. . . "

Fighting Joe Wheeler, Idol of the Boys in Blue

Next day Miss Sims was taking snapshots of the White House from its gateway when Senator Hanna bustled past her. He said, "I'm Eliza crossing the ice, and there come the bloodhounds." He fairly trotted up the drive. The girl saw some gentlemen hastening toward her and was alarmed, although they did nothing when they got to the gate. They settled into a watchful group, strolling to and fro on the sidewalk as they waited for Mr. Hanna's outcoming; she had her first chance of observing the office-seeker's prowl, that gait combining the hungry wolf's trot with the prouder pace of a righteous woman about to vindicate her right to a new frock.

Mr. Hanna had been wandering on cakes of ice ever since November 3, 1896. He appeared in New York just after McKinley was elected, and the bloodhounds instantly bayed. Distinguished gentlemen who, twenty days before, had been cursing Marcus Hanna for wasting the substance of the Republican Party on the Middle West when it was so important to get in the vote of the New England States, now treated the man from Ohio as a god of all the benevolences, and put in their claims. Mr. Hanna was civil and jolly at the big dinners given in his honor. But he said quietly to Asa Barnes, "All these men want is the earth, Barnes. They've got the major's cabinet all picked out for him "

He was talking to a man who really thought of Marcus Alonzo Hanna as a god. When Mr. Barnes was a red-headed child in 1863 he carried notes from Miss Charlotte Augusta Rhodes to Mr. M. A. Hanna. Later, Mr. Hanna saw this gardener's son working in one of the banks at Cleveland, gave him a better salary in the office of a coal mine, and then made him a sizable loan when the young fellow wanted to try New York. In January of 1894 the small tobacco company in which Mr. Barnes was a partner was about to collapse, when a check arrived from

Hanna & Co., unsolicited. There was nothing Mr. Barnes would not have done for Mr. Hanna, short of murder. He sat in the conqueror's rooms and listened to men of great consequence, as New York understands consequence, telling Mr. Hanna how hard they had worked for this victory. Mr. Hanna beamed, his eyes wide open, and enthusiastically nodded. "They treated him," says Mr. Barnes, "as if he had Mr. McKinley locked up in a cellar and could make him do just as he pleased. It seemed to amuse him. But I am not at all sure that it really flattered him. . . . It may be true that he would never have caused Mr. McKinley's election if his friend had not been so thoroughly interested in the protective tariff. Perhaps their relation would have been simply a warm friendship. But he was devotedly attached to Mr. McKinley. He told me that he had never heard such an agreeable speaking voice as McKinley's, except that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. 'I do not take any stock in orations,' he said, 'but I like listening to the major.' . . ."

Mr. Hanna's nonconformity to the ideals of political attitude worried the New Yorkers. A political type had developed in the metropolis during the grand period when Roscoe Conkling was the model to bright young lawyers and brokers who thought a Federal office would suit them. These gentlemen knew everything about everything; in September of 1896 they had known for a fact that John Altgeld was conspiring with German anarchists to assassinate McKinley in case he was elected and that Mr. Bryan had promised four places in his cabinet to Populists; they knew that Illinois, Ohio and Indiana were lost to the Republican Party and were certain that the Gold Democrats would not vote for Palmer and Buckner on Election Day, but would turn to Mr. Bryan. As they began to plan Mr. McKinley's cabinet for him, they naturally filled it with the right people, and when news of Mr. McKinley's actual selections came to them they were stupefied at such disregard of New York.

"This," said one of them, when a Gold Democrat was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, "will bring on a social revolution."

And all through Mr. McKinley's presidency a social revolution was impending. While rural editors dramatized Mr. Hanna as the ally of Wall Street, political Wall Street kept angrily asking anybody who knew Mr. Hanna what the infernal fool thought he was doing.

The trouble between Wall Street and Mr. Hanna was one of dramatizations. He had bounced between Cleveland and Chicago in the campaign, buoyant and cheerfully

A Typical Fever Camp During the Spanish-American War

active, using New York merely as a source of supplies. He had taken no stock in this social revolution led by Bryan and Altgeld. But Wall Street and its political appanages had dramatized itself as a conservative citadel about to be stormed by a real mob. Mr. George Walbridge Perkins made himself unpopular at Republican conferences by not seeing the danger as Wall Street saw it. After Mr. McKinley was elected, to be sure, it grew plain that there was no mob heading for New York and Washington. But it was still so important that the right people be chosen for the cabinet, and the right people were not chosen, save Cornelius Bliss. The Attorney Generalship went to a Californian, the Postmaster General was from Baltimore, the Secretary of State and his first assistant came from Ohio, and so it went on. The appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy meant nothing much; Mr. Roosevelt was still introduced to Westerners as T. D. Robinson's brother-in-law or, jocosely, as "our police commissioner." He was not in business; his father, one of New York's secondary magnates, had left him an income. And he wrote books, which was curious.

In 1897 Mr. McKinley behaved very properly. He got the protective tariff shaped conveniently for industries, and he sent off his useless commission to discuss bimetallism with the European powers, as he had promised. There was a trivial improvement of business at large, but no boom. The calamities of the panic in 1893 and the poisoning of confidence that followed were hard to forget. Eastern money moved slowly, and the Eastern financial politicians grumbled. So, in October of 1897, Mr. Asa Barnes, lunching with an important dealer in tobacco downtown, heard an important politician, Mr. Lauterbach, proclaim from a table near by that Mr. Hanna was to be dispensed with at once. It had been decided, between a boss here and a boss in Philadelphia, that Hanna was no good. He had not passed some bills in which some "big men" were interested. He was to be spanked and returned to his coal bins at Cleveland. The legislature of the state of Ohio would not elect him back to the Senate in January.

Mr. Barnes hurried off and found a telephone. Mr. Hanna was not to be caught either in Cleveland or Washington. He was on a train somewhere. Mr. Barnes got Mr. Leonard Hanna, though, and told his tale. The senator's youngest brother laughed, in the office of M. A. Hanna & Co., saying, "So we hear!" He was a good talker, he spoke of Wall Street busily for a moment. Mr. Barnes felt better for two months. Then, after New Year's Day, the newspapers flashed headings; revolt had broken forth at Columbus; state senators and assemblymen pledged to Mr. Hanna had fused with Democrats and Silver Republicans; the governor, the mayor of Cleveland and a follower of Mr. Hanna were the leaders in this combination. Mr. Barnes packed a suitcase and left for Columbus on the next train.

All the details of this row, but one, are to be found in the eighteenth chapter of Mr. Herbert Croly's book on Marcus Hanna. There are still five men living who argued, cursed and persuaded the wabbling assemblymen and state senators into sticking to their pledges. They acted either as loyal Republicans or as outraged friends of Mark Hanna. They used no money. Mr. Lee Durstine operated on the assemblyman from Union County by way of his son. Mr. Barnes cornered people in hotels and, as he recollects it, "behaved like a Comanche on the warpath." Mr. Walter Held was effective, as men with thunderous voices who stand six feet three are effective. But it was an awful fight, and through its crisis Mr. Barnes and Mr. Held observed that faces extremely well known to them in New York City were to be seen in bars and hotels. Perhaps these items of the Republican machinery in New York had simply been drawn to Columbus by the excitement of the battle. "But," says Mr. Barnes, "I was in Mr. Hanna's headquarters at the Neil House a dozen times and not one of them ever showed up there." On January eighth a New Yorker offered to bet Mr. Held one thousand dollars that the legislature would send Robert McKisson to the Senate.

(Continued on Page 137)

In Circle—Troop D of the Rough Riders Drawn Up for Inspection

An American Transport Departing for Cuba

Rough Riders at Ease in Camp

THE DAY OF DAZE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE trouble with white folks, reflected Willie Seep unhappily, was that they didn't have no consideration.

Take Mrs. Milton for instance; she was as nice a lady as a colored feller could chauffeur for, and yet here she was sending him downtown on a long and arduous errand when he was supposed to be off duty. It was on the tip of Willie's tongue to tell Mrs. Milton that in the neighborhood of Five Points three automobiles were waiting—a trio of cars filled with eager colored folk of both sexes who were picnic bent.

Willie sighed sadly. For seven years he had chauffed and butlled for the Miltons, and he knew better than to debate about orders. They were real swell folks, but they didn't take no arguments from nobody; least of all their colored help. And when Mr. Seep reflected that he received a nice, steam-heated room, three excellent meals per diem every diem, and a salary of eighteen dollars a week, he realized that it would be exceedingly bad policy to jeopardize his standing in the Milton ménage.

Therefore he finished drying the dishes and started toward Five Points, carrying on his arm the mink coat which Mrs. Milton wished to have placed in cold storage for the summer.

The day was gorgeous; spring, late in arriving, had burst into glorious being. The gardens along majestic Highland Avenue were radiant and the sides of Red Mountain were ablaze with roses and honeysuckle. The sun smiled warmly from the heavens and beckoned to the sportively inclined to seek a cool nook in the woods and a limpid pool for bathing.

But no, Willie had to go to the trysting spot and tell his friends to proceed without him. He had to journey downtown with that accursed mink coat. He knew from experience that there would be considerable delay while the proper person was summoned and the receipts made out. By that time it would be three o'clock and the picnic already in full and hilarious swing out in the country. Nothing for him to do then but hire a taxi from the Jasper de Void Taxicab Company and drive out in solitary splendor.

True, it wasn't much of a task with which he had been intrusted. It simply came at the wrong time. He reflected that they didn't have no right giving him no jobs of work on his afternoon off. And why couldn't that dawg-gone ol' coat wait until tomorrow anyway? He reckoned it wasn't gwine die of the heat in just one extra night. He strode miserably along the broad, tree-sentineled avenue, thinking plenty of thoughts which were not complimentary to his employer.

He came within sight of Five Points and there someone greeted him: A dapper, debonair little colored man, dressed in the latest and highest of fashion—light gray suit of summer weight, floppy panama hat, pale green shirt and silk scarf of a darker shade of emerald. This person waved a cheerful greeting.

"'Evenin', Willie."

Mr. Seep looked up dourly. "'Lo, Florian."

Mr. Slappey seemed inclined to converse. "How come you to look so peevish on a swelegant day like this?"

"Hmph! I got plenty reason, Florian. All my friends is waiting down the street fo' me to go picnicking with them, an' instead I got to tell 'em that I cain't do such until after I has been downtown an' put this coat in the icebox."

"What's wrong with that coat?"

"Ain't nothin' wrong with it, idjit, but white folks always keeps their furs cool in the summertime. Just a habit, I reckon."

Mr. Slappey delicately ignited a Turkish cigarette. "An' why does that keep you fum goin' on the picnic?"

"It don't. But it means I got to join them folks later an' spend all the money a taxi is gwine cost me, an' furthermo', I don't git the fun of drivin' out with them; which is sad, 'cause my gal is in the party an' she ain't never gwine forgive me; an' besides, it's my afternoon off an' Mis' Milton didn't have no right makin' me run this errand."

Mr. Slappey was deeply sympathetic. "Tha's tough luck sho nuff." Suddenly his eyes lighted. "Ise headed fo' downtown, Willie. Why coul'n't I take that coat fo' you?"

Mr. Seep's eyes popped open. "Would you, Florian?"

"Would I? Tha's the most thing I'd be fond of doin'. Always favor a friend, says I, an' what is you if you ain't my friend?"

"You mean you'll 'tend to ev'ything fo' me?"

"Sholy."

"Hot ziggity dam!" Willie suddenly became aware of the fact that the sun was shining. "There ain't nobody sweller than you, Florian. Gosh! I sure do depreciate what you is offerin' to do!" Then his face fell. "No, Ise much obliged, Florian, but I reckon it ain't possible."

"How come not?"

"'Cause I got to have that receipt in the mawnin'."

"Which receipt?"

"The one they give you when you hand 'em the coat."

Florian was in a mellow mood. "Don't you worry yo' haid 'bout that, Willie. What time does you return in from picnicking?"

"Not 'til about midnight."

"Then I'll meet you at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel fo' Colored, or either Bud Peaglar's place, an' give you the receipt."

"S-s-spose Ise late?"

"Then I waits fo' you. I never was crazy 'bout gittin' to bed early nohow."

Willie was almost moved to tears. In heartfelt manner he declared that Mr. Slappey was the ne plus ultra of friends, and the grandest guy ever.

Florian, basking in his friend's sincere enthusiasm, was glad indeed that he had proffered his services. He was in a generous and expansive mood. "You just gimme that coat an' run along, Willie. Have the best time in the world an' don't you worry 'bout nothin' "

Mr. Seep walked with him toward Five Points, explaining meanwhile just which department in which store was to receive the coat, whom Florian was to seek and what message he must give. "An' then, Florian, I meets you at Bud's place an' buys you all the barbecue you can eat."

"At-a-boy!" applauded Florian. "Now heah comes my car, stout boy. You just leave ev'ything to me."

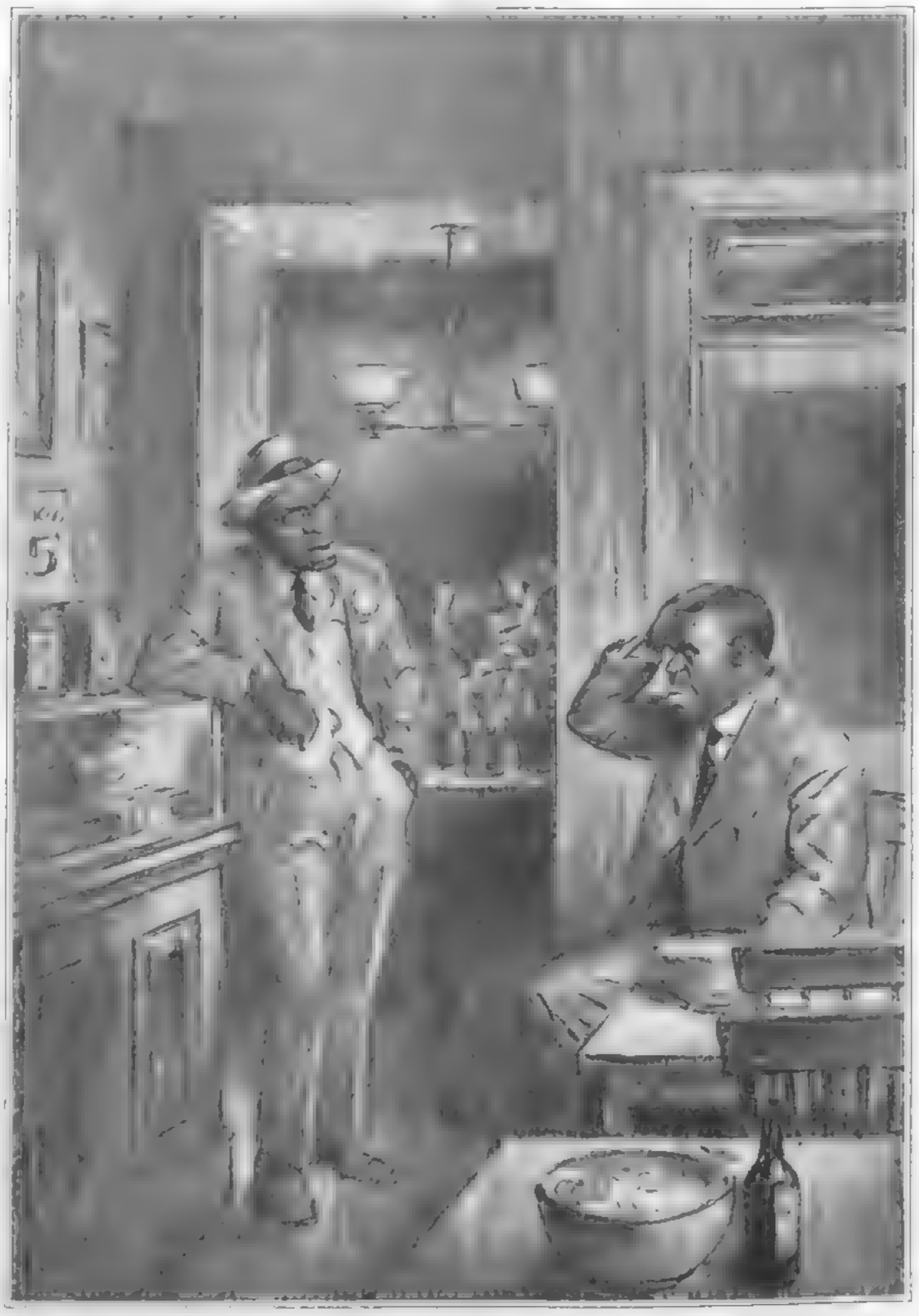
He waved a jovial, carefree hand and the grateful Willie stared after him. Gosh, he never knowed before what a grand feller Florian Slappey was. Folks was always knockin' him an' sayin' he was wuthless. Well, reflected Willie, he'd ruther be wuthless like Florian than wuthwhile like lots of other cullud folks he knowed.

Mr. Slappey mounted the northbound Acipco car and vanished inside. Then Willie Seep, relieved of his burden of mink and worry, sped light-heartedly toward the spot where three touring cars were impatiently awaiting his arrival. He leaped into one of the cars, grabbed his girl's hand and suggested that the driver commence. From that moment on, Mr. Seep completely and entirely rid his mind of Mrs. Milton's mink coat.

Meanwhile Florian, town-bound, was exceedingly well pleased with himself. He was doing a good deed, and he derived enormous satisfaction from applauding his own Samaritanism. After all, the world was a great ol' place, an' a feller was a fool to think he'd be happier anywhere else

He left the car at First Avenue and turned in the general direction of the white folks' shopping center. But near the corner of Nineteenth Street he met a very ebony little man in a shiny alpaca suit who seemed delighted to see him. In fact, he even mentioned that fact, which brought a laugh of derision to the lips of Mr. Slappey.

"You glad to see me? Semore Mashby, I ain't heard nothin' so funny since the last time I done you out of some money an' you squawked."



At First the Full Force of the Blow Did Not Strike Willie Seep. Then He Went Cold All Over. "Oh, Whoa is Me!" He Howled. "Oh, My Gosh!"

The little man, who was by profession a money lender and consequently was envied and hated by his colored brethren, scowled at Mr. Slappey.

"I didn't say I liked you, Florian. I just said I was glad to see you."

"Why?"

"Because," snapped Semore, "I think you is the best cullud bridge player in Bumminham!"

A close observer would have noticed an expansion of that portion of the pale green shirt which covered Florian's chest. A smile of modest and pardonable pride spread over his countenance and his attitude of antagonism toward Semore softened considerably.

"However come you to pay me compliments, Semore?"

"I ain't payin' you no compliments," answered Mr. Mashby sourly. "Ise just speakin' facks."

"Well, I ain't gwine argue with you. I think Ise pretty slick with the cards myse'f."

"You is, an' I know it. You is good with anything which don't take work, Florian. You play swell poker an' you shoot clever dice. Now, I has been watchin' your bridge game an' I think it's great. Honest, I never in all my life seen so many sixes an' sevens take tricks as you make 'em do."

Mr. Slappey was actually blushing. "You is awf'ly kind, Semore." Then Florian frowned. "But if you want to borrow money fum me ——"

"Hah-hah!" Semore imitated amusement. "Don't I know you ain't got a dime?"

"Oh, ain't I?" Mr. Slappey dived into a pocket and produced four ten-dollar bills and two fives. "Feast yo' opticals on them cash, Mistuh Mashby. An' then, if you can desist fum makin' any mo' dirty cracks, spose you esplain why you has suddenly become so intrusted in my bridge."

Mr. Mashby's teeth clicked together and he grew extremely militant.

"Because," he snapped, "I aim to have you as my partner in a game against them uppity bridge teachers that has been winnin' ev'ybody's money."

Florian's jaw dropped. "You—you mean you crave me an' you to play against Mistuh an' Mis' Trojan Watts?"

"That's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but." Semore grabbed the lapel of Florian's coat. "Now listen at me, Brother Slappey; them two folks has been gittin' away with murder; comin' into Bumminham an' high-hattin' all the cullud folks an' pretendin' like they is swell bridge players. Honest, I get sick when I think of all the money they has made teachin' the cullud folks to play that game, and I aim to have you an' me take some of it away fum them."

Mr. Slappey's eyes narrowed. "How much has they took you fo', Semore?"

"'Most a hund'ed dollars last night. But that was on'y because I had Eddie Fizz fo' a partner, an' what he don't know about bridge is ev'ything."

Florian expressed his opinion of Mr. Fizz's bridge. "An' besides," he finished, "I don't think them Wattses is so good bridge players anyway. They has just got ev'ybody buffaloed into thinkin' they is swell."

"Right you is, slim boy. An' I ask you: Is you willin' to partner with me against them?"

"When?"

"Right now. They is waiting in their room at the Cozy Home Hotel an' they say us can name the stakes."

"Hot dawg, Semore! Lead me to it!"

Florian's eyes were shining as they started down Eighteenth Street toward the scene of Hoyle hostilities. On his left arm was the mink coat, its cold-storage importance forgotten, or at least delayed. And en route to the contest Semore essayed a word of advice.

"There's on'y one trouble with yo' bridge game, Florian."

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Slappey, not particularly pleased.

"You plays too reckless."

"Shuh! Semore, a feller has to reckle a li'l' in bridge or he don't never git nowhere."

"I know, but if you take too many chances you most likely gits sunk."

"Not against players like the Wattses. All they know is rules, an' tha's how they win their money, 'cause they especk the folks they are playin' against to foller the rules they has taught an' at the same time Mistuh an' Mis' Watts don't pay no attention to same. Nos-suh, Semore, does you crave me fo' a partner I has got to play my own game."

Mr. Mashby sighed. "A'right, Florian. But I ask you one pretickeler, pussonal favor."

"What's that?"

"Please, suh, Brother Slappey, don't make no original bid less'n you has got two quick tricks in yo' hand."

Grudgingly Florian agreed. He was exceedingly proud of his bridge game and didn't relish conventional shackles, but that certainly was little enough for Semore to ask.

"An' how much does we play fo'?"

"One cent a point each; us against them."

Mr. Slappey was staggered. "Goll-lee! Them's heavy stakes."

"Not if we is winnin'. An' does we start to lose, Florian, I can always quit."

Florian became more intent than ever. He had played against the celebrated couple once and managed to win a trifle; wherefore he held their game in profound contempt. As a matter of fact, they weren't popular with him anyway.

Two months previously Mr. and Mrs. Trojan Watts had descended upon Birmingham and ensconced themselves in a corner suite at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. From somewhere they had obtained a list of those colored citizens of the Alabama metropolis who were devotees of bridge, and to each an announcement card had been sent:

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?.
IF SO—HOW ROTTEN?
Mr & Mrs Trojan Watts, Worlds Champeen
Colored Bridge Artists
Will Teach You How Not to Be
Foolish at Bridge Table
PUBLIC LESSONS—One Dollar Per Hour
PRIVATE LESSONS—Two Dollars per ditto
BE A SWELL BRIDGE PLAYER AND MAKE EASY MONEY
IF YOU CANT PLAY BRIDGE YOU AIN'T SOCIAL
We Will Teach You
MR TROJAN & MRS AZALEA WATTS
Bridge Experts

(Continued on Page 104)

"How Does You All Like My Coat?" She Inquired

A CROOK'S A CROOK

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE story never was known to more than half a dozen people, and of these, four were thieves. The other two were Ganvent himself and Dole, the keeper at the prison. Ganvent, of course, had little enough reason to tell it. Dole, due to his position, would have been foolish to talk, and the others—well, the others were thieves and no one would have believed them anyway.

It began one afternoon when Dolly Pitts decided to rob a house. Dolly prided himself no little upon the artistry he had cultured in the business of a prowl. It was a business with him and, when Dolly willed, business was apt to be good. He was a little fellow physically, but strong. At one time he had been urged to enter the profession of prize fighting. But, above all, Dolly was cute and shrewd, and after weighing the possibilities he could see nothing in the future of fighting.

"I'm too small," he decided. "The greatest lightweight alive won't draw half the crowd that any bum weighin' two hundred can pack in at top prices. Fans want to see the big guys that can murder each other with a punch. They don't go for the average light fighters. I'll never weigh over one-forty, no matter how much I train."

Having so decided, Dolly dismissed the matter and prospective managers reluctantly gave over their attempts to convert him. He was a terror, once he had made up his mind. But he certainly never had any intention of working for a living. His innate cupidity immediately flared against any thought of work. He had decided, as a child of the gutters, that only fools worked. A thousand cases were ready to hand to prove this to his personal satisfaction. There was old Miller who ran the store on the corner. From his earliest childhood, Dolly could remember the store. Never in his recollection had old Miller missed a day there or, for that matter, a night. The man had worked for twenty-five years to save a little hoard against his old age. And then, when he had the little hoard, it had been stolen from him in twenty minutes by a fellow too cute to slave behind a counter until he was too old to enjoy money if he did get it.

Of course, the fellow who stole it had gone to prison. But that was a vague procedure to Dolly. It seemed, in fact, to establish a man upon a higher plane down in the neighborhood where Dolly was raised, if he went away to prison. An aura surrounded him, and other kids whispered to Dolly of such men in awed tones.

So Dolly turned burglar. He never carried a gun because he never wanted to shoot anybody. There was a certain pride of workmanship in his methods and beliefs. He knew that if and when he was caught, he would go to prison. But the possibility seemed remote. He planned cagily and well his foraging. For instance, he never worked at night; never crept into houses where there were sleeping women who might be aroused to screaming, or colicky babies that would squall at just the wrong time. He avoided these obvious hazards.

He worked in broad daylight and always selected a place where the family was not at home. His best season was during the summer vacation months. June, July, August and September furnished a harvest which lasted him the year round. Like a squirrel, he worked feverishly while nuts were on the ground, and ate of his hoard when the nuts ran out.

So, this afternoon when the whole thing started with such dramatic results, Dolly set out for an apartment he knew to be temporarily untenanted. The family's name was Robbins and they had journeyed to their summer home at the beach. The apartment was on the first floor of a fashionable brick apartment house and there was no reason to think that Dolly's presence there need be noticed.

As He Balanced There, Ganvent Braced Himself in the Doorway and Aimed Again

He had looked over the ground several times, discovered that no milk was being left at the service door, no groceries being delivered during the day, and presumed that the electricity, gas and probably telephone as well, had been shut off for the season. Little danger of interruption. In any case, he knew, meters were read in the district about the tenth of the month, and this was the eighteenth. The place was equipped with electric refrigeration, which would require no attention from icemen; no servants had remained at the Robbins winter home and, all in all, the coast seemed clear.

It was shortly after four o'clock when he entered the apartment with a key he had made from a wax impression. He was confident that no one had noticed him particularly, and he planned upon two or three hours in which to ransack thoroughly the apartment, select what loot he wanted, and then depart with it after dark.

His first move upon gaining entry was to look carefully through each of the rooms and closets to be certain that no one was there. He looked in all the likely places to see whether any notes had been left, and then went to the rear and looked out across a court that served also as a yard. At the back of this space there was a rather high board fence. Dolly made note of these things and then unfastened a back door to offer an avenue of quick escape should unexpected emergency arise.

After that he looked over the bedrooms for jewelry and trinkets. He found a number of boxes that appeared to have value—several sterling cigarette vaults being among them—and other trinkets that, in the aggregate, promised to pay him for his time and trouble. But there was nothing of jewelry.

The linens had been removed from the beds, so Dolly took a pillow and cut one end of it with his knife, so allowing the stuffing to sprinkle over the mattress. He used the ticking as a sack and filled it with his loot. The dining room was his best source of profit. He found a good deal of excellent plate there and, after prying open a plush-lined box, added to his gathering two dozen knives, forks and spoons which were the real thing.

So he occupied the first hour. He was extremely critical of every object he touched and he wore light silk gloves, so that his finger prints might leave no telltale evidence. There was one serving tray which proved too big to be put into his sack. He tried diligently to bend this over his knee, but even his acknowledged strength proved unequal to the task. So he found the cellarway, and went below and propped the tray over a piece of firewood, and with his foot bent it to the required dimensions.

Then he returned to the dining room again, and that is where Ganvent entered upon the strange happenings of that summer afternoon. Dolly saw him standing in the center of the room looking down with high interest upon the loot gathered ready to be packed into the sack.

Ganvent was a uniformed sergeant of police.

"What's the big idea?" he asked Dolly. "Who're you?"

The sergeant was an imposing figure. He weighed nearly two hundred pounds and stood just over six feet in his regulation shoes. He looked the more menacing now by reason of the huge pistol which he held ready in his hand.

"Oh, hello, officer," Dolly laughed calmly. "How'd you get in here?"

"By the back door," Ganvent answered, his brows knitting and doubt filling his eyes. "I found it open when I tried it. . . . But who're you?"

"Robbins is my name," Dolly laughed, his mouth dry, but his manner calm and cool. His eyes remained fastened upon the heavy revolver the officer carried. "I live here."

It was a superb bit of acting, and Dolly knew that he had the sergeant in doubt. Finally he burst into genuine laughter and sank upon a dining-room chair, cleverly standing the battered tray against the baseboard as he did so.

"What's the big laugh?" Ganvent scowled.

"That gun!" Dolly went on. "Please forgive me, officer. I don't mean to laugh at you. But it's quite a start for a man to come into his own dining room and walk into - this!"

"So it is," Ganvent nodded, grinning vaguely. "So you're Robbins, eh?"

"One and the same," Dolly nodded. "The family's away, captain, and the missus asked me to stop in today and bring out a few things she needs down at the summer place. You know how women are. The truth is, she's been askin' me to do it for two weeks and told me last night when I left for town that if I came back without the stuff, I needn't bother coming back!"

"Yeah"—Ganvent nodded doubtfully "women are queer about them things."

"Ain't they?" Dolly agreed, fishing for a cigarette. "Smoke, captain? Yeah, they're certainly queer, all right. My wife told me she'd make up a list, but I told her she needn't bother. I said I'd remember everything. Now I can't think of half the stuff. There's junk around here I never even saw before, and everything looks alike." He laughed ruefully.

"Yeah, that's the way of it," Ganvent agreed understandingly. Dolly would have felt easier had the man stowed away his murderous pistol. "How come you to open the back door?" the police sergeant finished thoughtfully.

"I was plannin' to clean up the cellar a bit." Dolly grinned. "I was down there when you came in, captain."

"Yeah"—Ganvent nodded again—"yeah."

"Say"—Dolly laughed again, rising to drop the ashes of his cigarette behind a radiator—"you don't think I'm a burglar, do you?" His laugh was infectious and drew an answering smile from the officer

"We never can tell, Mr. Robbins," he answered. "You see, we got a request at the station house to watch this place while the owner—you were away "

"Of course; I made that request myself. I've certainly got to admit that the police are onto their jobs, all right," Dolly went on fulsomely. "Some service, I'll say! Makes a fellow feel easier in his mind."

"Thanks," Ganvent responded. Still, he held the heavy gun in his hand, and that bothered Dolly.

"I guess I might as well be packing up, captain," the burglar bluffed finally. "I've got to drive way down to the beach this evening."

"So?" Ganvent asked quietly. "Got your car here?"

"It's over at the garage," Dolly answered, angry with himself for the near slip he had made.

Ganvent

"Which garage?" Ganvent insisted.

"Downtown," Dolly said. "I came out here in a cab, so's I wouldn't have to park in front. There's an hour limit out there in front, you know."

"Yeah. Ain't you got a garage in connection with the house here?"

"Oh, yes. But I didn't want to bother openin' it. The doors work hard. Anyway, it's a tough drive out here through traffic, especially when I've got the drive to the beach ahead of me. It's easier to use a cab."

"Yeah, cabs are pretty cheap these days too." The sergeant nodded. "I don't see how they make a livin', do you?"

"I guess they get by." Dolly laughed. "Well, captain, I certainly take my hat off to you for service. I'm goin' to write a personal letter to the commissioner tomorrow. Do you mind if I get your name? I'd like to mention this business and give you credit for it."

"Ganvent," the sergeant replied—"Sergeant Ganvent, Station 11. I ain't a captain, Mr. Robbins."

"By gosh," Dolly avowed earnestly, "you ought to be! And you will be if there's any fairness in the Police Department!"

Ganvent laughed throatily. He made no effort to stow away the heavy gun. Instead, he walked across the room without so much as turning away from Dolly, or shifting his doubtful glance. As he passed close to the burglar he stopped short, struck by a sudden idea.

"By the way, Mr. Robbins," he said, "I'll have to turn in a report on this. Would you mind givin' me the number of the apartment here? It'll save me walkin' around front."

"Sure thing," Dolly smiled. "It's Apartment 1-B."

"I mean the street number, please, Mr. Robbins."

Dolly bit his lip. He did not know the number. But he had to bluff. "One-seventeen," he answered blithely.

A hoarse snarl came from Sergeant Ganvent. His heavy pistol came to level and his eyes blazed living fury

"You're a thievin' liar!" he bellowed. "Now stick up your hands or I'll blow you through an' question you afterward! I thought it funny a man would wear silk gloves handlin' his own silver!"

Dolly knew that the end had come. The sergeant finally had caught him. His mouth went dry and his palms wet, but he raised his hands and kept his head clear and cool.

"Awright, sarge," he grunted casually "Ain't there a chance fer us to do a little business together on this thing?"

"Not a chance, you thievin' little liar!" the officer snarled. "So you're Mr. Robbins, eh? An' don't know the number o' your own house! We'll give you a chance to tell it to the judge." He started toward Dolly and extended his huge, free hand. "No funny business, now," he warned. "I'm ready to blast you suddint an' proper if you try anythin'."

Small as he was, Dolly had no intention of surrendering to the hulking man before him. There was still a chance for him, he reasoned, if he could temporarily stun the officer and get to the back door. They two were alone there in the apartment.

The big hand gripped him by the left arm, and Dolly, desperate enough to chance anything, disregarded the pistol muzzle that was trained upon his body and jerked out the toe of his right foot so that it crashed hard against Ganvent's shin. The excruciating pain of the blow achieved Dolly's purpose. For a fleeting second the officer relaxed

Dolly shot his right fist, with all his weight and strength behind the blow, deep into the officer's stomach, then grabbed for the heavy gun. Ganvent had gone pale, but he jerked his gun hand away and Dolly's fingers served only to knock the gun free. It clattered onto the rug and lay there. There followed a mad struggle between the big man and the little one for its possession. It was a terrific struggle, but in the main a silent one. Once or twice Ganvent called for help, but the futility of the effort quickly became apparent to him. He settled into a struggle to pit his superior weight and size against the wiry strength of the burglar.

Dolly was fighting for his freedom and he expected and gave no quarter. He struck blindly upward, and his hard

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"Yeah, an' No Matter Where You Find 'Em, Mr. Commissioner, a Yellow Rat's a Yellow Rat!"

CAPTAIN DOLLAR—By Ernest Poole

ON THAT second trip to the Far East, in 1903, again he took his wife along, on the Arab, rechristened the Melville S. Dollar. Loaded with coal and lumber, she listed to starboard a bit at first, so they started shifting coal, but on the third night in a heavy sea she rolled till she seemed about to turn over. Then Captain Dollar went below; and a quick search with the chief engineer disclosed a leak in the engine-room tank which had already emptied half the water into her bilges. They set the pumps going, stopped the leak and succeeded in righting the ship before dawn. "But we felt like people who had been walking over a powder mine!" he said.

He took some of his lumber up to the Russians in Port Arthur on that trip; and going ahead of his vessel by train, he stopped off at Chinwangtao, looking for a lumberyard. "I consider this to be the key to Northern China," he wrote home. Others must have thought so, too, for French, German, Italian, Russian and Japanese troops, and two lonely British soldiers, were there, all staking out claims with the flags of their countries stuck high up on bamboo poles. "All this looked to me," he said, "like schoolboys playing soldiers!" He gave up his search for a lumberyard, for a Standard Oil Company agent there told him he had been trying for weeks to buy land for oil tanks, but he could not get a site without starting an international row. "Truly China is in a bad way," wrote the captain. "It looks as if the nations of Europe are going to gobble up the whole land."

This was only the year before the war between Russia and Japan, and he found Port Arthur filled with Russian soldiers building fortifications. "I have been in many tough places," he wrote, "but Port Arthur certainly beats them all for vice and iniquity of all kinds."

He found also plenty of government graft. "One reason they lost the war," he told me, "was that their navy ran short of coal, though they had paid for plenty, God knows. They were piling it up while I was there, and one of them asked me to estimate a great heap of it on a wharf. I figured it as barely half the amount recorded in their books; and how this happened I soon learned; for a vessel arrived with 6000 tons, and they tried to bribe the captain to double the figure in his receipt."

Somewhere in the Orient

ON HIS way back he found the American fleet at Chefoo, the British fleet at Wei-hai-wei and the German at Kiao-chau. "Poor China!" he wrote. Glad to get away from it all, he took his ship down to Java and toured the whole island with his wife. He got half a cargo of sugar down there, appointed an agent for future freights, and then went on up to Japan for railroad ties, which he brought home.

Shortly after this he formed the Robert Dollar Company, and took in as partners his three sons and Hugo Lorber. Lorber managed the lumber end and Melville operated the ships, while Stanley was running the office and developing such ability that his father, on future voyages, felt he could safely leave him in charge. Harold, only eighteen then, was being trained for the Orient. Meanwhile their coastwise lumber trade was reaching down into Mexico, and the trade with England had also increased, in chartered vessels, around the Horn. He chartered

The "Dunsyre," a Dollar Sailing Ship

ships for the Orient, too, and built the Stanley Dollar that year, a steamer of some 8000 tons.

But his plans for the Far East were sharply interrupted now; for the Russian-Japanese War had begun. In San Francisco he was approached by an agent of the Czar, who wanted to buy one of his ships; but when the foreigner offered him an extra $5000 if he would agree to double the price in the deed to be signed, the old Scotch Presbyterian refused in language far from mild. In that same year, however, another Russian agent came and succeeded at last in persuading him to charter the M. S. Dollar to Russia.

"We took a lump sum," he told me, "and they paid the high war-risk insurance."

She sailed from San Francisco heavily loaded with munitions for Port Arthur; and on a dark night her captain tried to run the Japanese blockade, through the Straits of Tsugaru. She slipped through unobserved at first, but then a searchlight found her out; she stopped in response to the boom of a gun, was boarded by Japanese marines and taken in to Kobe. Young Harold Dollar, then in the East, reached Kobe just after the ship came in, and was brought before the prize court.

The Japanese official said: "Mr. Dollar, you received a letter at the post office here last night. It was from San Francisco. I want to see it." It was produced. But when the judge read it, he chuckled and said: "Your father informs you that his ship is going to the Orient. The Orient is a very big place—and your father must be a very astute old gentleman. I should like very much to meet him."

A Prize Ship

ASTUTE and energetic too. And he needed all his energy; for at the moment when he learned of this disaster overseas, he was in the midst of small troubles at home.

"Down at San Pedro," said one of his captains, "the steam schooner we were loading needed a new propeller, so he wired up to Melville, his son, to arrange for a dry dock Saturday here; and if that were impossible, to have the new propeller ready, so that we could take it aboard and put it in up at Seattle. The captain was always for saving time. We were held back by head winds and didn't reach San Francisco till Saturday noon. Melville was waiting at the wharf.

"'Did you arrange it?' asked his father.

"'No, sir, I couldn't get a dock.'

"'Got the new propeller?'

"'Not yet, but I can get one soon.'

"'How about money to pay the crew?'

"'Sorry, father, I forgot it.' Just at that moment the captain caught sight of the Grace Dollar lying close by.

"'What's she doing here?' he asked.

"'Got boiler trouble,' said his son. Then the Old Man blew right up.

"'In the name of Job and Jehovah, tell me some good news!' he cried.

"'I'm sorry, father,' said the son, 'but we've just had a cable from Japan. The Japs have seized the M. S. Dollar.' The boy kind of brightened as he spoke, hoping to get the captain's mind a little farther off from home.

"'Never mind about her! She's insured!' he replied. 'We've got troubles enough right here on this dock!' He went into action then. And we found money for the crew and got a new propeller on board and were off for Seattle that same night, while he stayed back to cable Japan."

Over there, in the meantime, his ship captain had refused to talk, and faced a prison sentence. But Captain Dollar had never yet let a captain of his go to jail, so he cabled this one to confess his real destination to the court. Japan then confiscated the ship; but since the vessel was insured for $180,000 and he later bought her back for less than a third of that amount, he came out of it pretty well. Having bought her at Kobe in 1906, he started for Shanghai with a small crew, but while still off the coast of Japan, he came on a German passenger boat, wrecked upon a

"Arrived—All Well"

reef in a storm, and took all the passengers on board. They brought food and stewards from the wreck, but they found the big dismantled freighter bare and cold, and most of them had to sleep on the floor.

"They were packed in like sardines and in terrible discomfort," he told me. "So I ran for the nearest Japanese port." It was a port where neutrals were not allowed to land in the war.

"If you go ashore they'll arrest you," his captain said.

But ashore he went! He was promptly seized by two marines and taken to the local commandant, who demanded what he meant by coming ashore without permission.

"I appealed to him for the women and children, cold and wet, on board my ship. 'If you won't let me land them here,' I said, 'clear my vessel, so we can move on.' The only answer he made to that was: 'Take this man to the guardhouse!'

"But as they grabbed hold of me, I remarked that it was too bad and mentioned the names of two Japanese, both of them noblemen, on board. It worked like magic.

"'What's that?' he cried. And when I had repeated their names, he took me right out to my ship on a launch. I skipped up the ladder ahead and got a-hold of those two Japanese, with the result that our ship was cleared and we ran to a port near by, where I got rid of my passengers But those two Japanese gentlemen have been warm friends of mine ever since."

The "James Dollar"

More trouble arrived about this time. For his new steamer, the Stanley Dollar, was wrecked off the coast of Japan; his agent in Shanghai was doing badly, and meanwhile there had come at home the San Francisco earthquake and later the panic of 1907. But Captain Dollar weathered the storm and used the time of depression to reorganize his China trade. In 1906 he had sent Lorber over to Shanghai to finish with their agent there and open an office of their own. Young Harold Dollar now went out, and a year or two later was put in charge. On leaving home he was twenty years old and had only just been married, so the move was quite a break. But business came first in that family, so the young couple made Shanghai their home and Harold Dollar later became their head man in the Orient.

"Never Cheat a Chinaman"

"WE WERE up against all kinds of difficulties still out there," his father told me. "At that time there were no American banks; so if I sold a bill of goods and wanted to draw my profits, my bill of exchange had to go through a foreign bank. It told the banker the whole story—goods and prices all right there—and since blood is thicker than water, more than once he would tip off one of my foreign competitors."

He had trouble through his own countrymen too. Crowds of Yankee adventurers, having followed our flag to the Philippines, had moved on to Shanghai and Canton, where their activities had led one old merchant to remark.

"Dollar, if these are a sample of your Christianity, we Chinese want none of it here."

Some of our merchants at that time sent canned goods to China that had been far too long in the can; and a lumber merchant over here, having an order from China for 1,000,000 feet of T and G—tongue and groove—finished lumber, would ship less than half like that and all the rest of it in the rough. He had made the Chinese buyer first establish a credit on this side; so, upon shipping the lumber, he went to the bank with his bill of lading and got the cash before the Chinaman learned of the fraud.

"All this has been changed for the better since then," Captain Dollar told me, "but when I first went over there and they found I was a Yankee, I had to prove I wasn't a crook."

But with his own lumber he made good. If his mills could not supply it, he'd get it from others and prove it all first. "I even turned down some fine orders," he said, "when I found I couldn't fill them O. K. Never cheat a Chinaman It doesn't pay in the long run." Slowly he gained their confidence They would take only long timber at first, twelve by twelve and even larger, and from sixty to eighty feet long. It was hard to handle on his ships, so he started a long campaign of education to prove to them that shorter timber would do as well. But meanwhile he gave them what they wanted.

Sheng Kung Poa and, Above, Sheng Lung Ho, Chinese Merchant Friends of Robert Dollar

"The trouble with many American traders in those days," Captain Dollar remarked, "was that they felt they knew better what a foreign market needed than the market knew itself."

Like most American-owned ships in the Oriental trade, his deep-water vessels were nearly all run under the British flag at that time; for to get American register a ship must be built in one of our yards, where the cost was more than double, he told me, what it was upon the Clyde. He had already built two ships on the Clyde, and with one he had some trouble at first, for the English builders wrote him that the big lumber hatchways he'd planned were impracticable, would weaken the ship and so would never be passed by Lloyd's

"I persisted," Captain Dollar said, "and went over to England myself to see what could be done.

"'Go up to London and talk to Lloyd's,' said our builder on the Clyde.

"'How can I?' I asked. 'I'm no engineer or insurance expert, to talk to Lloyd's. It's a mighty technical job,' I said.

"'It's your only chance,' he answered.

"And then I had a little idea. I got a ship carpenter to make a small model of my ship and also little duplicates of those long sticks of timber for China. Armed with these, I went up to see Lloyd's

"'The hatchways you plan will weaken your ship and we will have nothing to do with it,' one of their great experts said.

"'Now wait a minute,' I answered. 'I can't talk your lingo, but look at my ship.'

"I brought out my model and showed him how we had planned to strengthen the vessel and so make those hatchways safe.

"'But why do you need such hatchways?' he asked.

"'Just a minute,' I answered, and I unwrapped my little sticks of timber. 'Here's the cargo for this ship,' I said. 'Every one of them is eighty feet long. The Chinese won't take them shorter than that. And the only way I can get 'em in is through these big hatchways.'

"'Hold on!' said the man. He called two assistants

"'You must not miss this, boys,' he said. 'It has never been seen at Lloyd's before! Now, Mr. Dollar, go on with your show.' So I went on and loaded my ship. 'Don't that beat the devil?' he asked. And when I got through he said, 'Mr. Dollar, you've persuaded me to do something we've never done before. We'll give you the rating you ask for, provided only that you agree to keep your ship in the lumber trade and strengthen her in the way you planned. Thanks for the show.'"

The Captain Turns Designer

SO CAPTAIN DOLLAR went on with his building. But on the long journey home he carefully studied all details of the specifications and plans, and thought of so many small improvements that, upon reaching San Francisco, he dictated a long letter back to the builder on the Clyde

"It took me a week to type it," said Tom Cokley, who is manager of the big Shanghai office now. "I was his stenographer then—only a kid just out of school—and the letter was packed with mechanical terms that went into minute details for changes in the engine room. He dictated it from little notebooks till I thought we'd never get through. But the vessel, when built, was a fine ship, and she proved that he knew what he was about. Those hatchways never caused any trouble and they saved a lot of time."

"He was a great man for saving time," said a ship painter by the name of Jim Botta. "He came to me first

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Captain Dollar and His Family About 1885

THE BLACK CAMEL

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Of Course it Isn't Just Honolulu I'm Selling. I'm Thrown In, You Know"

IX

NO ONE spoke. Outside, what Jimmy Bradshaw had called the silken surf broke once again on the coral sand. The crash died away, and inside that crowded room there was no sound save the ticking of a small clock on a mantel beneath which fires were rarely lighted. With a gesture of despair, Alan Jaynes stepped to a table and, striking a match, applied it to one of his small cigars. Charlie crossed over and laid his hand on Fyfe's shoulder.

"Why have you confessed to a deed you did not perform?" he asked. "That is something I warmly desire to know."

The actor made no answer, nor did he so much as look up. Charlie turned to face Tarneverro.

"So Shelah Fane was seen alive at twelve minutes past eight?" the fortune teller remarked suavely. "Would you mind telling me how long you have known that?"

Charlie smiled. "If only it happened you understood Chinese language," he replied. "I would not find it necessary to elucidate." He went to the door and called Jessop. When the butler appeared, Chan asked that he send in Wu Kno-ching at once. "I am doing something now for your benefit alone, Mr. Tarneverro," he added.

"You are a considerate man, inspector," the fortune teller answered.

The old Chinese shuffled into the room; he was, evidently, in a rather peevish frame of mind. His carefully prepared dinner had been ruined by the events of this tragic evening, and he was in no mood to accept the philosophy of the patient K'ung-fu-tze.

Chan talked with him for a moment, again in Cantonese, and then turned to Tarneverro. "I request that he verify story he told me in native language when I interrogated him in this room some while ago," he explained. "Wu, you have said you lingered in kitchen with Jessop and Anna when clock was speaking the hour of eight. You fretted because dinner was seemingly movable feast, and also because bootlegger of your choice had not shown up and was causing you to lose much face. Am I correct so far?"

"Bootleggah velly late," nodded Wu.

"But at ten minutes past hour, erring friend of yours making panting appearance with hotly desired liquids. While Jessop begins task of making this poison palatable, you wander away in search of mistress." Chan glanced at the fortune teller. "Wu informal type servant who pops up anywhere on place with great bland look. Characteristic of the race." He resumed his remarks to the Chinese. "You discover Miss Shelah Fane alone in pavilion. Vindicating your honor, you announce bootlegger friend has finally appeared. What did Missie say?"

"Missie look-see watch, say twelve minute aftah eight plitty muchee time bootleggah come. I say plitty muchee time dinnah gets on table. Mebbe that can happen now if not new cook needed heah wikiwiki."

"Yes. Then she ordered you to get out and not annoy her with your bothers. So you went back to kitchen. That's what you told me before, isn't it?"

"Yes, boss."

"All same true, eh, Wu?"

"Yes, boss. Wha' foah my tell lie to you?"

"All right. You can go now."

"My go, boss."

As the old man moved silently away on his velvet slippers, Charlie turned to meet the penetrating gaze of Tarneverro. "All of which is very interesting," the fortune teller said coldly. "I perceive that when I pointed out to you the matter of the watch, I was merely wasting my breath. You already knew that Shelah Fane had not been murdered at two minutes past eight."

Charlie laid a conciliatory hand on Tarneverro's arm. "Pray do not take offense. I knew Miss Fane had been seen at that later hour, yes, but I was still uncertain of how watch had been manipulated. I listened, curious and then entranced, to your logical explanation. Could I, at its finish, rudely cry thanks for nothing? A gentleman is always courteous. Much better I shower you with well-deserved words of praise, so you go forward with vigorous and triumphant mood of heart."

"Is that so?" remarked Tarneverro, moving off. Charlie stepped up to the beach comber. "Mr. Smith," he said.

"Right here, officer," Smith answered. "I was afraid you were going to forget me. What can I do for you now?"

"A moment ago you began interesting recital of conversation overheard between this gentleman with ribbon bedecked shirt front and lady he met in pavilion tonight. At crucial point you suffered very blunt interruption. I am most eager that you return to subject at once."

Fyfe rose to his feet and stared hard at the derelict in the velvet coat. Smith looked back at him, and a speculative, cunning look flashed into his pale gray eyes.

"Oh, yes," he said slowly. "I was interrupted, wasn't I? But I'm used to that. Sure—sure, I was telling you that I heard them talking together. Well, there's no need to go on with it now. I've nothing to add to what the gentleman has already told you." Fyfe turned away. "He was pleading with her to come back to him—said he loved her, and all that. And she wouldn't listen to him. I felt rather sorry for him—I've been in that position myself. I heard her say: 'Oh, Bob, what's the use?' He went on

insisting. Every now and then he looked at his watch. 'My time's up,' he said at last. 'I've got to go. We'll thrash this out later.' I heard the slam of the door ——"

"And the woman was alone in the room, alive and well. You are sure of that?"

"Yes, the curtain was flapping—I saw her after he left. She was there alone, moving about."

With a puzzled frown, Charlie glanced at Robert Fyfe. "You are not content with one alibi. You have now a second. I do not understand you, Mr. Fyfe."

The actor shrugged. "I find it hard to understand myself, inspector. A fit of temperament, perhaps. We stage people are inclined to be overly dramatic."

"Then you withdraw your confession?"

"What else can I do?" Chan did not overlook the glance that passed between the immaculate actor and the battered beach comber. "Others have withdrawn it for me. I did not kill Shelah—that's quite true. But I thought it would be better if – "

"If what?"

"Nothing."

"You thought it would be better if my investigation went no further."

"Oh, not at all."

"Something came out in that conversation with your ex-wife which you feared this man had overheard. Something you want suppressed."

"You have a keen imagination, inspector."

"Also, I have a custom to discover facts which some people want to hide. Your move has been to this moment successful, but you and I have not finished with each other, Mr. Fyfe."

"I am at your service at any time, sir."

"Thank you so much, but I hope the next time we meet your service will be of more value to my humble self" He looked at Smith. "As for you, though I am desolated by acute pain to make so rude a remark, I believe you mix plenty falsehood with your truth."

The beach comber shrugged. "There you go judging a man by his clothes again."

"Not by your clothes, which are silent, but by your tongue, which speaks," Charlie told him. "Mr. Spencer, will you kindly take this man to station house and make record of his finger prints?"

"So many attentions," Smith put in. "I only hope they don't turn my head."

"After which," Chan continued, "you may release him for time being."

"All right, Charlie," Spencer said.

"One other thing. Pause a moment while I introduce to you all people in this room." Gravely he went through that somewhat lengthy ceremony. "You have also seen butler and cook. There is in addition a maid, whom I ask that you pause and make note of on your way out. You will speed from station without delay to Pier Seven, from which the boat Oceanic sails for coast at midnight. No person you have seen in this house is to sail on that boat. You understand?"

"Sure, Charlie, I'll attend to it," Spencer nodded.

Jaynes stepped forward. "I'd like to remind you that my luggage is aboard that ship—some of it in the hold."

Charlie nodded. "How fortunate you spoke of that. Mr. Spencer, kindly see that all effects in stateroom belonging to Mr. Jaynes are put ashore in your care. Arrange for such as lie in hold to be guarded for the gentleman at San Francisco dock. Explain he is detained by important business and may be in Honolulu for some time. Is that satisfactory, Mr. Jaynes?"

"It's not satisfactory," the Britisher growled, "but I presume I shall have to make the best of it."

"All you can do," nodded Charlie. "Kashimo, you will accompany Mr. Spencer downtown. Your passionate labors in this house are ended for the night. You retire in glory, and if you come back through unexpected window, you retire forever. Keep same in mind."

The apprentice detective nodded and went out after Spencer and the beach comber.

Robert Fyfe stepped forward "Is there any necessity for my staying any longer?" he inqured.

Charlie studied him thoughtfully. "I think not. You may go along. You and I will talk together when I have more leisure."

"Any time, inspector." Fyfe went to the curtains and held them open. "I am stopping at the Waioli Hotel, on Fort Street," he added. "Drop in at your convenience, won't you? Good night." He went into the hall, where Spencer could be heard talking with the maid. The door slammed behind him and, a second later, the two policemen and Smith also departed.

Charlie stood regarding the tired group in the living room. "Accept my advice and take heart," he said. "We give Mr. Spencer generous handicap on journey to pier, and then I find great joy releasing this company at last While we are waiting, there are one or two matters. Since first I spoke with you, it has been found necessary to alter views. Then hour of tragedy was thought certain at two minutes past eight. Now we must advance and say, dreadful event happened sometime between twelve minutes past eight and the half hour. Eighteen minutes there—eighteen important minutes. Each of us must ask himself: 'What was I doing in those eighteen minutes?'"

He paused. His eyes were bright, his manner quite keen and alive—for him. The Chinese are at their best at night; it is their favorite time. But he was alone in his vigor, the others were exhausted and drooping, the makeup of the women stood out, unnatural and far from pleasing, against the pallor of their weariness.

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"I Won't Touch It!" He Cried Suddenly. "I'll Fight, and I'll Win! I Give You My Word of Honor as a Gentleman"

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Sob Brothers

A SURE method of dodging any serious problem these days is solemnly to remark that it is very complicated. By shrugging one's shoulders and referring to the many-sidedness of the question, it is easy to pass the buck. A problem may be complicated, but someone must face it for all that. This applies in a peculiar sense to the issue of law enforcement. The overwhelming majority of those who read these words, and of people in general, cannot establish an alibi because the criminologists have failed as yet to dig out all the roots of crime. Complicated as crime is, there is nothing especially intricate or involved in the simple fact that your duty and ours is to uphold the law.

Nor is this any empty generality. We are talking about a very specific thing—namely, the prevailing mushy-headedness and spinelessness, but not necessarily of the female portion of the population. Frankly, the country suffers from too many sob brothers; it has too many softies. A number of weeks have elapsed since President Hoover made his incisive address on law enforcement before the Associated Press, but his ringing words must long remain an inspiration to those who are not too flabby to meet the crisis. For the moment we confine our remarks to one sentence in the President's speech: "The sympathetic mind of the American people in its overconcern about those who are in difficulties has swung too far from the family of the murdered to the family of the murderer."

One way to stop crime is to stop hampering the police in the pursuit of duty. This is not the only step to be taken, but it is the first one. The President spoke of how the pendulum has swung in favor of the prisoner and far away from the protection of society. "Every student of law-enforcement machinery knows full well that its procedure unduly favors the criminal." It is heartening to decent men to have the President say these words. Crime will continue to increase until justice becomes more swift and sure. The first step to make it so is to give the police a real chance to batter down the enemies of society.

In saying this we hold no special brief for the police. No doubt many brutal and untruthful men find their way into police forces; a little authority puffs up small men and leads them into excess. But, after all, they are the sole protection that lies between society and its foes. You may not like the looks or roughness of the log-cabin wall, but if it is all that lies between you and ravening wolves or hostile Indians, how foolish to break down its timbers: You may not like the complexion of your health officer, but until you find a better do not hamper him in fighting bubonic plague or yellow fever.

The police themselves are shot down in cold blood by criminals time and again, and we hear no loud protests from the sob brothers. When policemen are killed in cold blood by bandits, how many high-priced criminal lawyers express the fervent hope that the district attorney will be able to convict? Criminals daily employ smoke screens, machine guns and other instruments of warfare without causing any particular comment. But if a policeman in a rare instance shoots, except in cases of actual self-defense where he must shoot it out or die, he is loudly condemned. Bandits and bootleggers refuse to stop when challenged, use smoke screens, drive at excessive speeds and defy the law at every point. Yet if one is shot in the attempt to apprehend him a great outcry is heard.

Anything like real vigor or astuteness on the part of the police seems to be regarded as "unfair" by the mushy-headed or selfish elements of the population. There is even objection at times to the use of plain-clothes traffic police. This is said to be "unfair." Just what adjective should be applied to a motorist who through recklessness kills another motorist or pedestrian seems to interest no one. But, coming back to the criminal aspects of the subject, there is constant criticism of the use of "under cover" methods by police and enforcement officers, although the most underhanded efforts of authorities to apprehend criminals cannot possibly equal the clandestine and underground methods of the offenders themselves.

The President suggests that officers of the law should be invested with some of the romance and glamour which now go to the criminal. We think those who take a sentimental attitude toward the criminal are themselves close to degeneracy. Perhaps your bank bandit or rum runner did not get enough Grade A milk when he was a baby. Very well, let's try to furnish the present generation of babies with good milk. But as for the criminal, he is nothing but a dose of bubonic plague or yellow fever, and needs to be held at bay just as the health officer seeks to curb the plague.

Every citizen, the President insists, has a personal duty in law enforcement. He does not do enough when he hires a policeman to enforce the law for him. But we think the situation is worse than mere inactivity. The citizen hires a policeman and then complains if the officer shows any energy. No society has the saving cement of self-preservation if its members are milksops. We need some of the iron of our forefathers. If we can produce it again, the foundations of our institutions will be found to be sound. But if we remain chronically afraid of a little firmness we might as well count the days before self-government feebly gives way to some form of absolutism.

The Key of the Universe

MATHEMATICS, if we are not greatly mistaken, is presently destined to play a much larger part in our general scheme of education than it ever has in the past. One is forced to this conclusion not by the insistent demands of students but by the consideration that the tools and the methods offered by this science have been so largely responsible for the extraordinary advances in other sciences which the past generation has witnessed. The more mathematics contributes to the development of other sciences the more dependent upon it they become.

This state of affairs has come to such a pass that already the layman who wishes to keep up with modern thought is restricted to the use of the most elementary books, for if he goes to the more advanced works, the sources of really sound and substantial information, he at once finds his progress barred by an entanglement of calculus and other branches of higher mathematics which he either has not studied or has completely forgotten.

In electricity, physics, chemistry and astronomy the educated reader might expect to encounter this difficulty, but he may be surprised to find that he will be no better off if he attacks biology, physiology or any serious discussion of the structure of matter, of the nature of the atom, or of modern conceptions of time, space and what we call the universe. It is as if a new and untranslatable language had suddenly come into common use among our real intellectuals and we must forever remain cut off from knowledge of the amazing and thrilling doings in the learned world about us, simply because they can only be described in that language—a strange tongue which it would take half a lifetime to master and which no man can render into plain understandable English.

We hark back to the sixteenth century as having been one of the most colorful in all history, because all the Old World was agog with the discovery of the New. For a hundred years the wild tales and rumors which drifted eastward across the Atlantic and were talked over and retold by round-eyed burghers in every inn and alehouse made high and low feel that they were living in a continuous fairy tale full of wonders, monsters and strange happenings. It was, in truth, a mighty century; and yet there are those who, without belittling the achievements of the early voyagers, will declare that the discovery of the land beyond the sea was as nothing when set alongside certain recent explorations of our boundless but finite universe and the discovery of the countless little universes which are as numerous as the atoms themselves. One difference is that though we laymen suspect that something of supreme importance has been going on around us, and epoch-making discoveries have been made, our Columbuses and Einsteins have not brought back from the jumping-off places of the universe any golden nuggets or aromatic spices or exotic living creatures as understandable trophies of their voyages. About all we can learn from the lofty and slippery wall of ignorance which confronts us is the conviction that we know little or nothing about time or space or even the electricity which we buy so freely at a few cents a kilowatt hour.

There is, of course, a practical answer which should perhaps silence these lamentations of ignorance. We shall be told that if our modest intellectual equipment causes us to funk these higher jumps which Mr. Einstein and other scientists have set for us, there are plenty of others within our powers. There is always bridge or contract or even chess; and every newspaper has its syndicated crossword puzzles and so-called brain teasers.

This vigorous snub should perhaps put in their places those humble learners who want to learn for the sheer thrill and pleasure of learning and knowing; but it does not answer those practical souls who are beginning to realize the extent to which mathematics is invading every field of everyday life. It does not answer the youngster who wants to build bridges or skyscrapers and knows that he must mix higher mathematics with his mortar, build it into his foundations, and use it to test every I beam and angle iron that goes into his work. It does not answer the young research physician or biologist or chemist or industrial engineer who knows that he cannot reach the top of his profession owing to his lack of advanced mathematical knowledge. It does not answer him who has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, that higher mathematics is the master key of the universe.

There are still those who suppose that this untranslatable language we call mathematics is as dead as classical Latin or Sanskrit. They have no one to tell them that it is as truly a living science as physics or chemistry; that new and startling advances in it are still being made every few years, and that with every day that passes it becomes more and more interwoven with our daily lives and with familiar things of which we make daily use. Industry recognizes, in a measure, its debt to this science. Our larger electrical and telephone companies have fostered it consistently, and in recent years farsighted insurance companies have thought it worth their while to support mathematical research.

Every circumstance points to the belief that if we are to keep up with the procession of human progress our schools and colleges will have to devote more time to this subject, offer more advanced courses and stress their importance to every student who hopes to make any real progress in the physical sciences.

The Machinery of Foreign Affairs

As Described in Conversations With Frank B. Kellogg, Former Secretary of State

By DREW PEARSON

PROBABLY nothing in the history of the administration of the United States Government has changed so remarkably as the machinery which conducts our foreign affairs.

When Benjamin Franklin negotiated with France the first treaty which the United States signed with any country, it was necessary for him to spend thirteen months in Paris in close contact with the government of Louis XVI. The negotiation was largely a personal one. Franklin could not communicate with the Continental Congress except by mail, which was exceedingly slow. One month elapsed after the treaty was signed before even the news of its conclusion reached the struggling colonies and turned the revolutionary tide in their direction.

On February 26, 1928—exactly 150 years later—the United States and France signed another treaty. This was the first of the new arbitration treaties which have since been signed with most of the nations of Europe. But this treaty was concluded in an entirely different manner. The negotiations lasted about one month. During this time Monsieur Briand and the Secretary of State were in almost daily communication with each other by cable. It was almost as if they were holding personal conversations together.

When the first treaty was signed in Paris on February 6, 1778, the United States was represented by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, of Connecticut, and Arthur Lee, dressed for the occasion in powdered wigs and knee breeches. At the conclusion of the ceremony they drank a toast in champagne to the new alliance between France and the United States.

But when France and the United States signed their new arbitration treaty on February 26, 1928, Ambassador Claudel and Undersecretary of State Olds were clad in prosaic and formal cutaway coats, and instead of concluding the ceremony with a toast, the signers submitted to a deluge of commands and a barrage of nauseating flash-light smoke from a battery of photographers.

In the Files

EVEN more in contrast is the change which has come about in the vast and intricate foreign-affairs machine which we call the State Department. When Thomas Jefferson became the first Secretary of State, in Philadelphia, his entire staff consisted of four clerks and one French interpreter. His diplomatic corps totaled three American ministers. Only sixteen American consuls were stationed abroad to protect American trade and shipping.

Today the staff of the State Department in Washington alone has grown to about 600 officers and clerks. We have established fifty-one embassies and legations in the capitals of practically all the countries of the world, the latest legation established being in Abyssinia. Our commerce, shipping and the rights of our citizens are protected through 372 consular offices. Our total personnel resident in foreign countries is 3806.

In its early days the Department of State occupied two rooms, one of which was the office of the secretary, the other that of his deputy and clerks. The letters to ministers and consuls abroad were laboriously copied longhand into a journal called the Book of Foreign Letters. Domestic correspondence was entered in the American Letter Book, while the secretary's reports to Congress were transcribed in the Book of Reports. There was also a book in which were recorded the passports issued to vessels, one of Foreign Commissions, and a Book of Accounts, besides one containing the acts of Congress relative to the department.

Today our methods of handling correspondence have changed to a degree of which Thomas Jefferson could have had no conception. The department handled, in 1928, 1,229,105 diplomatic notes and dispatches to and from its representatives abroad. The telegraph and cable bill alone totaled about $200,000. These dispatches obviously cannot be copied or even typed in record books, as in the old days, so we employ the most up-to-date filing system, which the foreign offices of ten countries have sent representatives to study and which the Peruvian and Japanese foreign offices have adopted *in toto*.

The work of immediately receiving and handling the great volume of letters and telegrams which pour in upon us daily from all corners of the world is rather a fascinating one and occupies an expert section of the State Department called the Bureau of Indexes and Archives.

Telegrams and cables are received in the State Department's own telegraph office by its own telegraph operators, where they are immediately decoded or translated, and copied for circulation to the interested divisions. Unless the cable is in code or in a foreign language, only about fifteen minutes is required after the message is received before it is on the secretary's desk and, simultaneously, on the desk of every division chief concerned. If the telegram, for example, is from Morocco, it is sent to the Western European Division, which handles French affairs; to the Near Eastern Division, which has an advisory interest in North Africa; and if the telegram deals with an economic or financial question in Morocco, it goes also to the Economic Adviser. Finally it goes to the Chief of the Division of Current Information, who, if the question is not of a confidential nature, makes it available to the press.

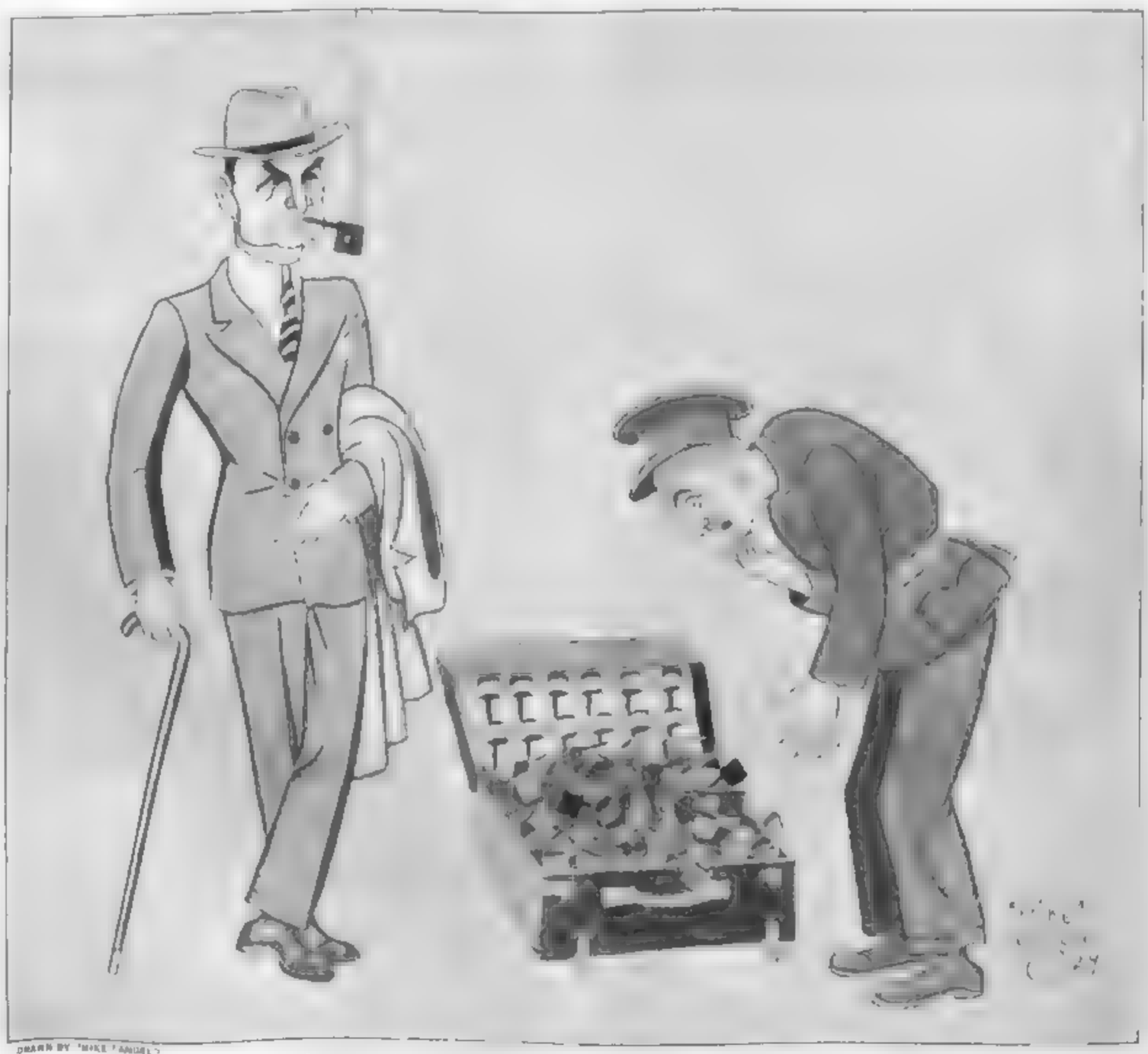
Twenty-Minute Messenger Service

HOWEVER, most of the dispatches are not in the form of telegrams, but arrive by steamer in diplomatic pouches. In order to handle these, the State Department maintains an office in New York and one of its representatives meets every mail ship arriving in New York Harbor to see that the diplomatic pouches are unloaded while the vessel is still in quarantine. The pouches are carried to the Pennsylvania Station long before the steamer docks, and usually reach Washington twenty-four hours before the ordinary mail. About fifty diplomatic pouches are handled by the State Department every day.

The problem of keeping track of all these dispatches is tremendous and would swamp any organization which was not prepared to handle so large a volume of important correspondence. In order to keep them moving a messenger service operates through every room in the department every twenty minutes. Each document is indexed and a route card kept to show who has it. In this way it can be called into the secretary's office on a moment's notice. The Bureau of Indexes and Archives also keeps a special searching force to collect material from the files in a hurry. Usually it is a matter of a few minutes to get a document from the files, despite the fact that millions of important dispatches are filed there.

In order to safeguard important dispatches, they are sent in secret code and are decoded or coded by two or three trusted experts who sit in a room by themselves.

When the Department of State was only two or three years old, and especially during the Revolutionary War, one of its greatest troubles was to keep its dispatches from falling into the hands of



The British Customs Inspector Examines the Baggage of Ambassador Dawes

(Continued on Page 98)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Eloper: "Good Heavens! I'm at the Wrong House!"

Then bear me, old bus, to some trail that is fairer;
I'm fed up with roads
where the landscape peaks through
The big wooden bill-
boards, the skyscraper
billboards,
The ad-covered bill-
boards that ruin the
view! —C. R. S.

Too Risky

BANDIT LEADER: Now, when we holds up dis bank, Pop-eye tackles de guards, see? Soapy, you and your gang cover de tellers and de customers. Baldy, you watch de president, an' Frisky, wit de rest of de bunch, will take care of de vice presidents.

FRISKY: Nix; it can't be done. Why, dat only leaves six of us to handle de vice presidents.

Obscurantistic

OH, SOMETHING'S gone blooey with scenes of my childhood
That recently gladdened the motorist's eyes,
For streamlet and mountain and valley and wildwood
Are hidden by ads of preposterous size;

Loving Couple

The Cough

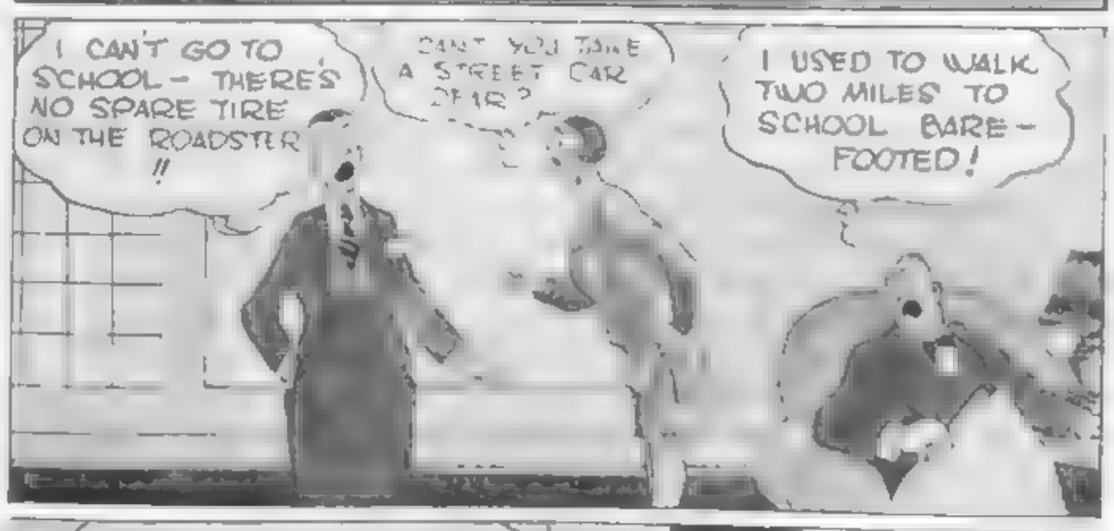
SHE: Darling!

HE: *(Reads his newspaper.)*

SHE: Darling!

HE: Huh?

SHE: Are you reading the paper?


I CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL - THERE'S NO SPARE TIRE ON THE ROADSTER !!
CANT YOU TAKE A STREET CAR DEAR?
I USED TO WALK TWO MILES TO SCHOOL BARE-FOOTED!

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO TAKE OFF FOR SCHOOL WITH A BROKEN PROPELLER?
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I WENT TO SCHOOL IN AN ORDINARY, COMMON, EVERYDAY AUTOMOBILE !!

Three Generations

HE: No—I'm climbing Pike's Peak on a tricycle.

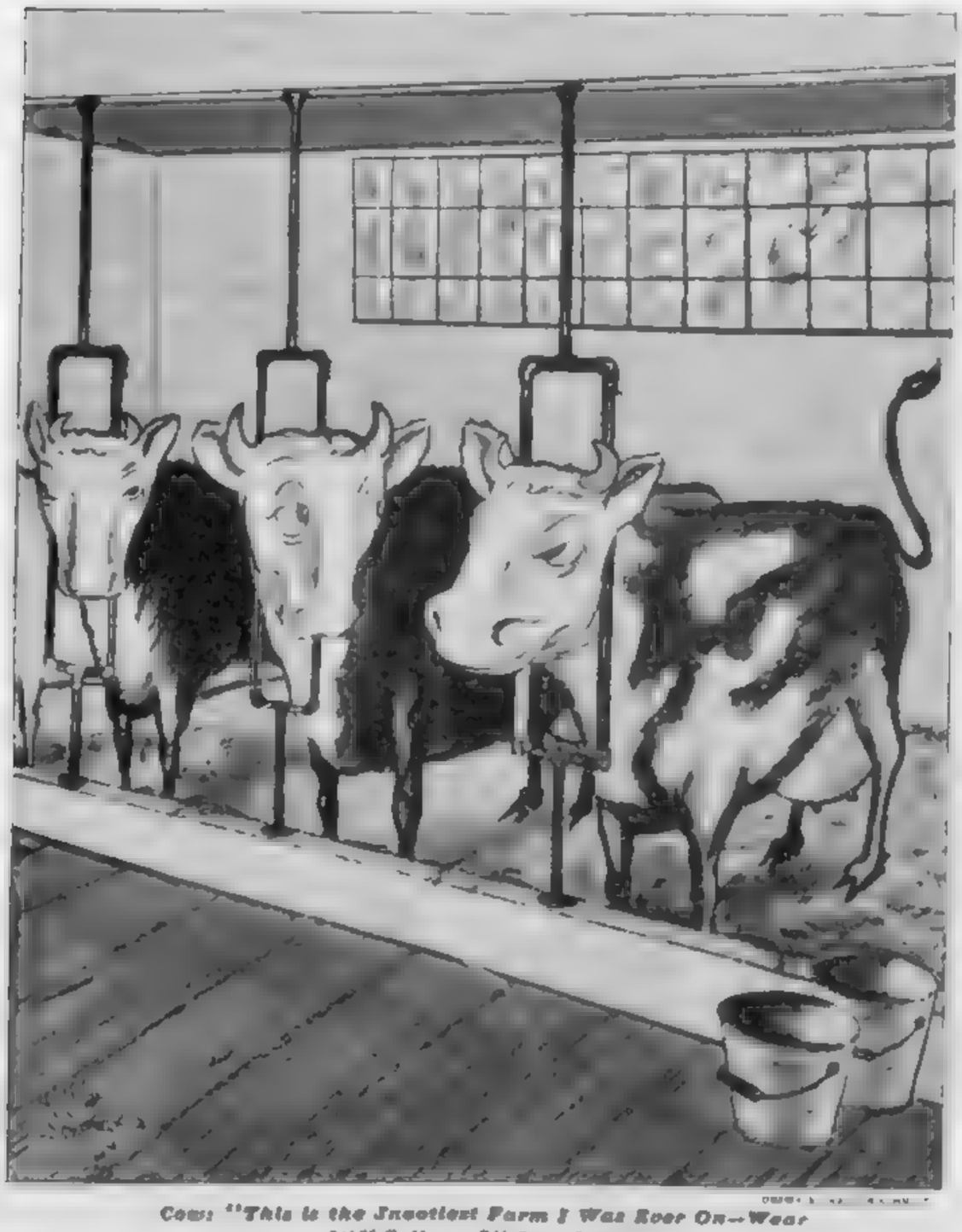
SHE: Hearty laughter. I just wanted to ask if that window behind you isn't open.

HE: No.

SHE: Yes it is. I can see it. You must be getting a terrible draft on the back of your head.

HE: No it isn't.

(Continued on Page 117)



Cow: "This is the Sneetiest Farm I Was Ever On—Wear Stiff Collars All Day Long"

"Mother, Give That Poor Man a Penny. I Heard Him Say He Hadn't Had a Thing to Eat for Three Days"

Just the kind of convenient luncheon you so often want!

BUSY all morning, and so anxious to get an early start for that afternoon away from the house . . . No wonder you don't feel like spending much time in the kitchen over the luncheon things . . . Yet you simply must have substantial food . . . In a few minutes time, no more, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is all ready for the table . . . And you sit down to a luncheon of 15 different vegetables. How you do enjoy it. . . . 12 cents a can.

Although I am sick,
There's one thing I know:
My hunger for Campbell's
Seems only to grow!

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I Gave Them What They Wanted

"Look Here, You Crooks, How About This Levy on Gross Revenue? What Would That Do to Your Net?"

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

MY CAMPAIGN for a strategic position close to the governor and on the right legislative committees was greatly facilitated by the militant course of the antiprohibitionist bloc. They maintained that the governor had been elected solely to carry out his program for the regulation and higher taxation of corporations, and not to make the state dry, although he had declared for both propositions in all his speeches. Seeing that they could not defeat state-wide prohibition if he insisted upon it, they decided on a filibuster. Our legislative rules made it possible for the antis to break a quorum even though they couldn't defeat the bill. If all of them absented themselves from the chamber immediately after the session was organized there would remain four members less than a quorum and no legislation could be passed. Of course, the remaining members could send sergeants at arms after the missing members, but the latter could hide indefinitely. Here was a prospect to shake the resolution of any governor, and more especially a new one pledged to an extremely important program of legislation. I attended the anti caucus at which this scheme was decided upon; then I asked for an interview with the governor and told him about it. He immediately sent for Rothwell, who was slated for Speaker of the House, and asked him what he thought should be done. Rothwell was helpless. There was nothing he could do. I then told them that I would undertake to split the antis if Rothwell would give me the committee appointments I had had in the preceding session—judiciary and appropriations. Before agreeing, the governor wanted to know what my attitude would be toward his other legislative measures. I assured him that I was friendly, and that settled everything. We struck our bargain.

As I have explained before, I always played fast and loose with the prohibition issue or any other major issue that was too big for me to manipulate; I had no objection whatever to selling out either the wets or the drys in order to strengthen my power over appropriations. The governor was puzzled by my willingness to break up the threatened filibuster, in view of the fact that I represented a city constituency that had always voted wet by about five to one, but I assured him that nothing would induce me to dodge defeat by running away; the drys had won and were entitled to their victory. With the agreement made, I went back to the anti leaders and told them that I could not jeopardize my prospective influence on powerful committees; they should excuse me from the filibuster, since I was not absolutely necessary to its success. Thus they would have one friend in power after the filibuster had succeeded. Plainly, this was sound practical politics, and they agreed. Next I approached three wet members whose interest in the coming appropriation bill was greater than their loyalty to the wet cause. I suggested that they should start on the filibuster along with the others, but fail to get away. They could do this without being suspected of treachery, and in return I would help their pet measures through the appropriations committee.

On the appointed day the new session opened, Rothwell was elected speaker, and during the noon recess all the wets except myself disappeared. My three confederates departed in an aged automobile which one of them owned. Ten miles south of the capital they stopped and set fire to this wheezing vehicle. Two hours later a sergeant at arms brought them back. They restored the quorum and the filibuster had failed. As soon as the newspapers announced this fact, the other runaways straggled back to the capital to take their medicine.

Now, for the first time, I was willing to make a speech on the prohibition issue. As long as the wets had been in the majority I avoided it, but now that they were scheduled to experience defeat and formally to pass into the minority I very much desired to affiliate myself with them more openly. In politics there is closer cohesion among the members of a stubborn minority often defeated than there is on the victorious side. Years ago, when the prohibition issue was young and prohibitionists were always defeated, we really had many fanatical drys. Nowadays, if you will observe closely, you will find far more fanatical wets than drys. I could see that this change would be inevitable, in view of the temper of the wets, and I wanted to use it.

My course completely puzzled the antis, and none more than the weak-kneed among them who were quitting the ship, or trying to. The appearance of heroic sincerity was exactly what I wanted. Both sides agreed that there should be no limit to debate on the prohibition bill, and every dry member in the house asked for time to speak in order to place himself on record with the victors. When the leader of the wets brought forward his list of speakers, it comprised only eight names. Even the most militant were beginning to hedge. My willingness to be one of the eight was greatly appreciated in my own camp and not resented in the other, since they knew that they would win anyway and that my constituents were overwhelmingly wet. Thus I again succeeded in crossing the most difficult line of demarcation between hostile camps and garnering strength on both sides.

When the appropriations committee organized for work I decided not to wait for the governor to send for me, as I had done during the preceding session. I went to him and told him that I would undertake to look after all of the items, such as traveling expenses, secretaries, office supplies, miscellaneous funds, and so on, directly affecting his office. He thanked me and we drew up that part of the bill together. I decided not to sound him out on the matter of pardons until I had set at rest any fears he might have as

(Continued on Page 36)

Creamed Eggs on toast, prepared with Libby's double rich Evaporated Milk

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Evaporated Milk, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon

Libby's Evaporated Milk
—for every milk and cream use

Unusual recipes in a novel file case. A new, convenient kind of file case—indexed folders in a blue book cover. Each recipe on a card. Dishes that are "different" and easy to make, from appetizers to dessert. To get recipe cards and case, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-30, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Write us for FREE recipe leaflet, "Hot Weather Treats."

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

to my attitude toward his corporation laws, but it was obvious early in the session that we were rapidly moving in the direction of a working alliance.

The judiciary committee proved to be a hornets' nest. Rothwell, the speaker, did not really understand what the governor wanted in the way of corporation control, and so he let his loyalty run away with his common sense and packed the judiciary committee with corporation baiters, all of them noisily loyal to the governor's program without understanding what it was. The governor himself was not a corporation baiter, but for political purposes he sometimes had to remain silent when supporters necessary to his plans assumed that he was, and this complicated the situation for everyone concerned. It was up to me to struggle through this tangle and bring out of the committee room legislation that the governor could approve without retarding the industrial development of the state. He knew the danger, better than anyone else, that his whole program might fail because of excessive, misguided and uninformed enthusiasm. If the bills went too far they would either wreck business or be held unconstitutional by the higher courts. Failure in either case would end his political career. He would have been alarmed if he had known that I was in close touch with the executive heads of the businesses about to be regulated; therefore I explained my solicitude for his pet measures as loyalty to his administration.

"But why should you be loyal to my administration?" he once asked me. "You fought me in the campaign."

"That isn't quite correct, governor," I answered. "What I really did was to support Darling. And to put the matter still more accurately, I was trying to make a governor. I didn't succeed that time. But I am a practical politician, so I go right on trying to make a governor. This time you are the governor I am trying to make; you will want a second term. Perhaps after that you will wish to go to the United States Senate. Common sense dictates that I should ally myself with your ambitions. I have absolutely nothing to gain by opposing them."

"I wish more of my friends explained themselves in such terms," the governor remarked. "You make me feel safer. And more optimistic, too, about that infernal judiciary committee. Rothwell appointed some lunatics."

There were fifteen members of this committee besides myself, and eight of them viewed me with suspicion; some because of my affiliation with Mike Callaghan's machine, others because I had not supported the governor, and nearly all of them because I was a wet. Of the seven who were not hostile, five were very friendly and two open to conviction on any point in question. Before the major bills should be considered I wanted to break into that phalanx of eight. The opportunity came when one of them introduced a bill providing that no one who had served as attorney for a corporation within five years should be qualified for public office. It was an amazing proposal that would have banished virtually all lawyers from the state government, but campaigns such as the one that had just closed never fail to bring out similar freak bills.

The author was a young man who had graduated from college only two years before his election. His father, a wholesale grocer and staunch Democrat, had assumed that his son would be an ornament to the party and spent considerable money getting him elected. Oddly enough, the son also thought of himself as a staunch Democrat. In reality he was a half-baked Socialist. Not having a truly national radical party in this country, we are pestered with a left wing in both the Republican and Democratic camps. Evidently it had not occurred to this boy that the vast majority of our corporations were so small that control of the judiciary and political power would have been a burden to them. He thought that his bill was aimed directly at me and incidentally at other political bosses, that we were the tools of corporations and served them best by getting their lawyers appointed to the bench. When he read his bill the other members of the committee guffawed. I managed to keep a straight face.

"Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the committee," I said, "I move that the bill be reported to the house with the recommendation of this committee that it pass." They stared at me, wondering if I had gone crazy. Three members jumped to their feet, demanding recognition in order to express opposition. I signaled a friend to second my motion, and he did so. Still holding the floor, I continued: "It is evident that this bill is about to precipitate heated discussion. That is not entirely fortunate, in view of the fact that the author of it is a member of this committee and that we are all going to work together throughout the session. I suggest that he be permitted to speak for his bill and then that we go into executive session to consider it, barring him from our councils. I also suggest that he agree to this as a matter of courtesy and without standing on his rights. I am eager to speak for this bill myself, and I assure you in advance that when you have heard me you will vote for my motion." Again they laughed, but less heartily. We heard the author of the bill for half an hour. You can imagine about what he would say in behalf of such a measure; there is no use repeating it. When the committee went into executive session I was again granted the floor.

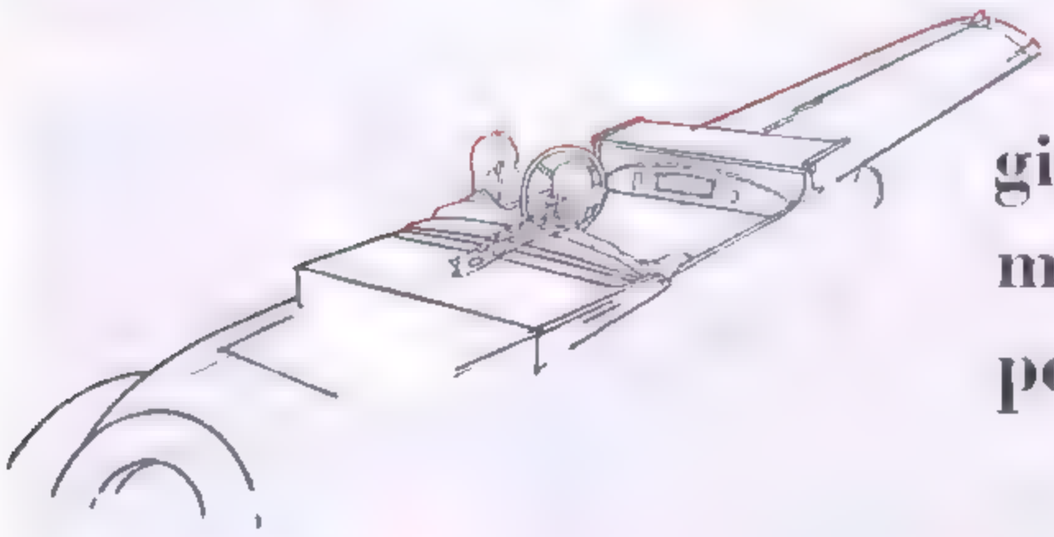
"Gentlemen," I said, "this is the first bill introduced by a new member, who is twenty-five years of age. There can be no doubt of his honesty or his patriotism. Neither have we found occasion to complain of his diligence. In a legislative body we ought to have the benefit of the wisdom and experience of men of ripe years, but you know and I know that every legislative body in this country is a training school rather than a council of the elders. Election to membership in this house is one of the least of our political honors, not the highest. In my county the most desirable office is that of sheriff; the least sought after is the office I hold. We have no right to be impatient with this young man. He is not a fool and not a knave; the worst anyone can say of him is that he is simply inexperienced in statecraft. The choice is before us now either to humiliate him or to give him a good-natured pat on the back.

"This is his first bill; as far as I know, it is his only bill thus far. He made speeches in behalf of this measure during his campaign. Let's give him, just as a matter of

(Continued on Page 131)

"Now That," He Said, After Affixing His Signature Three Times, "Is the End of That Business as Long as I'm in Office"

the New Mobiloil



gives you approximately 20% more oil mileage, and a definite new surge of power. These are reasons why Mobiloil

will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	...	...	A	Arc.	A	A	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" Imperial	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc						
De Soto	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc				
" Model T			...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	...	.	...	.	...		A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	..	.	.	.
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72 90 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc						
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stearns Knight, 6-60	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	.	.	.	.
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Velie, 8-cyl	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	.	.	.	.
" 6-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc

IF the above figures make you skeptical—if they cause you to say: "No oil could do that"—please be assured that the records on which they are based are even *more startling!*

A few months ago, we engaged the Atlantic City Speedway to conduct final tests for the New Mobiloil. Special instruments were fitted to the cowls and floor-boards of stock cars, and thousands of high-speed miles were run.

These tests, conducted with other high-grade oils in competition, actually bettered the figures quoted in our opening statement above. That is why we are willing to definitely offer you 20% more oil mileage, and more power than you can expect from oils generally specified for your car.

Even when we say that the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles, we are well within the facts established by our tests—for Mobiloil has actually preserved the first-year feel in many test engines for more than twice this distance.

Try the New Mobiloil in your engine. It is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

GARGOYLE

This model grocery store was planned by Francis H. Leggett & Company, packers and distributors of Premier Foods, directly for the benefit of the retail grocers of America. The floor that was selected as most practical from every standpoint is Armstrong's Linoleum in a Marble Inlaid (Design No. 90).

All merchants interested in modern store equipment and display are cordially invited to visit this store. The address is 27th Street and Hudson River, New York City. Any grocers who haven't already received the book, "How to Sell More Groceries," which describes the store, may have a copy by writing direct to Francis H. Leggett & Co.

"Sawdust habits hinder sales"

. . . says Francis H. Leggett & Company, whose model store demonstrates how Armstrong Floors put showmanship in selling

"BOY, spread some more sawdust!" Yes, it's still being done. In fact, many merchants don't even go to that much bother about their floors.

Yet—money goes to market on foot. And the public shops with its eyes wide open to surroundings as well as to merchandise.

Business, if it's wise, dresses up these days. Showmanship replaces sawdust habits. The most neglected part of the old-time corner store becomes the eye-compelling foundation for the whole sales scene.

Witness this model grocery store of Francis H. Leggett & Company. No sawdust habits here! Instead, the Armstrong's Linoleum Floor invites shoppers to come right in, to stay awhile . . . to buy. It helps send them away with a favorable answer to that sales-stopping question—"What kind of place have they?"

The story that the Leggett Company tells to its retailers is one that will interest everyone who has a product or service to sell. "Armstrong's Linoleum Floors certainly help to create a sales-attracting atmosphere. In actual tests they also cut down operating expense. Their Accolac-Processed surface doesn't spot and stain. A quick damp-mopping cleans it. All the maintenance called for is an occasional coating with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Lacquer should not be applied over wax.)

S. D. Warren Company, manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, chose this Armstrong Floor in ceramic tile effect (Embossed Inlaid No. 6006) for their New York sales office. Textured. Colors go through to the burlap back.

"You'll find them warm, quiet, and foot-comforting to both customers and clerks. And they don't even cost as much in the long run as the old-fashioned dressing down with sawdust!"

If you would like to see just how these modern business floors will look in your own office, store, or shop, telephone a local linoleum, furniture, or department store. Samples will be shown you in contrast with your present floors. You'll be told the exact cost and how little time it actually takes to install your permanent Armstrong Floors. (The work can be done overnight, if you wish.)

Or write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." This color-illustrated book brings you all the sales-making facts about modern business floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. Sent without charge. (In Canada, 25c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 318 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN INLAID EMBOSSED INLAID ARABESQUE PRINTED ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM RUGS

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

"When Adam Delved and Evë Span"

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS early October of the fourth year of the boy-king Richard the Second after the Conquest, son of the Black Prince and, magniloquently, "by the Grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland," Anno Domini 1380. The sun was almost at noon height in a blue sky, brightly vivifying the autumnal golden-browns of the adjacent Essex woodland. On the great common field, from time immemorial divided by turfy balks into a multiplicity of parallel narrow half-acre strips, each a furlong in length and two rods wide, the manorial plow teams were plowing into the fallow the wheat sown in front of them by the peasant, scattering it from his neck-slung cloth. The majority of those narrow strips formed the lord's demesne. The rest were in the hereditary ownership of his villeins, some owning a full virgate or yardland of thirty acres made up of half-acre strips scattered arbitrarily far and wide over this and the other two common fields cooperatively cultivated in a three-year rotation of crops; more holding only a half virgate; the most—mere wretched cottiers—having only a few strips and even half strips here and there.

With a Fearsome Exultant Clamor They Burst Into Manor House After Manor House, Where Terrified and Trembling Lords Humbly Yielded All That These Wild Rebels Demanded

John Boteler, the plowman, guiding with strong and dexterous arm the single stilt of the heavily clumsy instrument dragged by eight oxen yoked four abreast, his clod stick in his free hand, was of the first category. From generation to generation, since before the Normans came, his forbears had possessed that envied full yardland of widely dispersed strips, primitively held on a servile tenure of three days' work a week due to the lord, the provision of two oxen for the plow team, and a variety of other redevances, petty and great, precisely and minutely detailed in the manorial rolls. At his decease, and after the lord had taken the heriot of his best beast, and the parson had taken the mortuary of his second-best beast, his twenty-year-old son Dickon—now skillfully goading forward in a straight furrow the eight plodding oxen of the plow team—would inherit it in his turn.

Serfs though, of course, they were, in common with more than half the English population, denied more than a quasi-bestial status by the arrogantly fortunate lords and burgesses who lived by their humble toil, the Botelers were people of comparative consequence on the manor. Even the bailiff would speak pleasantly to John Boteler when arranging with him to plow the lord's demesne for twelve pence an acre in the new wages system, now since many years progressively displacing the sullen and inefficient forced labor of earlier times, coincident with the commutation of the weekly three-days' service for an agreed money rent payable by the tenant. Particularly since the terrible Black Death of 1349, which had left the population permanently reduced by half, had this tenure become more and more common throughout the realm: to the scandalized dismay of conservatively old-fashioned landlords, more and more at their wits' end to get their estates tilled and reaped, more and more exasperated that mere villeins—*adscripti glebæ*, contemptibly tied to the soil whereof their cloddish baseborn natures participated—should become men of substance, obstinately stickling for every jot of the rights newly snatched from the embarrassment of their lawful lords.

Gnarled and bent, but still strong as an oak for all that his best years were past, clad in a tattered, coarse homespun tunic hooded at the back, shod with oxhide footgear thonged up to the knee of his woolen hose, the plowman cried "*Hue!*" and "*Hail!*" to the oxen; cried monosyllabic instructions to his son in the uncouth peasant dialect incomprehensible to any stranger. Dickon acknowledged them with similar semiarticulate ejaculations, goaded and tugged at the stubborn team in this all-important task of efficiently plowing the land on which their existence depended; the land which was almost sacred to them in their perpetual close struggle with it, their perpetually laborious forcing of its bounty.

There was a shout down the field, a thudding of hoof beats. Attended by their huntsmen and falconers, followed by a pack of hounds, the lord and lady of the manor came galloping across the fallow, pursuing the chase which was at once the absorbing passion and the strict monopoly of the gently born. Splendidly attired in the grotesquely extravagant fashion of the age was the burly Sir Hugo de Montfitchett, the huge sleeves of his furred cote-hardie elaborately dagged; his tapering, immensely long shoe points protruding far through his stirrups. Not less richly dressed was his lady in her long green gown trimmed with vair. Galloping just behind them in bold horsemanship, rode their daughter, the haughtily fair Demoiselle Blanche, whose glove or scarf was already proudly worn by many a lance-splintering knight in the chivalrous tournaments of East Anglia. They headed in front of the plow team, making for the woodland, where even the rabbits that were a devastating plague might not be touched by any serf, and whose numerous wild boars might not be hurt but only driven back with sticks no thicker than a man's thumb from the crops they ravaged. Dickon checked the heavily plodding oxen, glanced up to see the fair Demoiselle Blanche almost riding him down.

"Out of my path, serf!" she cried, struck him across the face with her whip, sent him headlong.

When he picked himself up from the furrow the hunt was entering the green ride of the woodland. He turned and shook his fist at them.

"God's curse upon ye all!" he cried furiously. "An I might get my hands on ye, 'ud I learn ye to ride over honest folk at toil!"

Old John, his father, looked at him resignedly.

"Bate thy words, Dickon," he said. "Small avail is there in cursing great folk, and like enough 'tis that mischief comes of it. Talebearers there be in plenty. Thank God, 'tis but fallow and not crops they ride over—to them 'twere all one."

He made no comment on the injury done to his son. All his life had he seen the lords of the earth strike their villeins with the impunity of beings of another and mystically superior world.

A horn sounded in the field. It was noontide, the hour for the midday meal. Abandoning the plow teams, leaving their various tasks in the many subdivisions of the great field, the peasants congregated on one of the turfy balks to drink from their jars of ale not yet brewed with hops, to eat the coarse bread and onions which were their main subsistence.

Dickon still brooded over that blow.

"May the foul fiend fetch that proud maid!" he said. "Yet smarts the hurt she gave me. Like dogs they use us, as though we were not men even as they! Natheless, if parson speak true, did God make men all alike, and Christ bring to all His ransom."

(Continued on Page 43)

More than a quarter

of a million users

and
they haven't spent
a single dollar for service

TWO years ago this month the General Electric Refrigerator was first publicly announced. And what a sensation it created! Everywhere you heard it said that General Electric had completely revolutionized the art of refrigeration. They had indeed.

This new refrigerator was the climax of fifteen years of labor on the part of the engineers and scientists in the General Electric Research Laboratories. It was the nineteenth model which these experts had built, tested and improved, in their quest for a thoroughly efficient and practical refrigerator—one worthy of the name it was to bear. It was not just "*another*" electric refrigerator these men worked to produce . . . they could have built "*another*" refrigerator ten years before. What they were working for was a refrigeration service better by far than anything which had ever been offered the American home. In this they succeeded.

Fifteen years of research and development has produced a refrigerator with an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top . . . a refrigerator with an improved type of cabinet, mounted on legs . . . one with an accessible temperature control . . . that established a new standard of quiet operation . . . that required no oiling . . . that dispensed with all troublesome machinery . . . that banished installation problems . . . that eliminated all radio interference . . . that provided greater food storage . . . that lowered operating costs . . . that carried an unqualified two-year service guarantee.

Today more than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the exclusive innovations which only the General Electric Refrigerator offers. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for repairs or service . . . that was our guarantee to them!

There has been no fundamental change in the original design of the General Electric Refrigerator. But a radical improvement has been made in the cabinet! It is now all-steel! It cannot warp. It's strong as a safe. This remarkable cabinet and the hermetically sealed mechanism which has so definitely proved its superiority, combine to make what we believe to be the most perfect refrigerator that has ever been built . . . the greatest value you can buy.

Address Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, for descriptive booklet S-6A.

This small-family model sells at the factory for . . . $215

GENERAL ELECTRIC

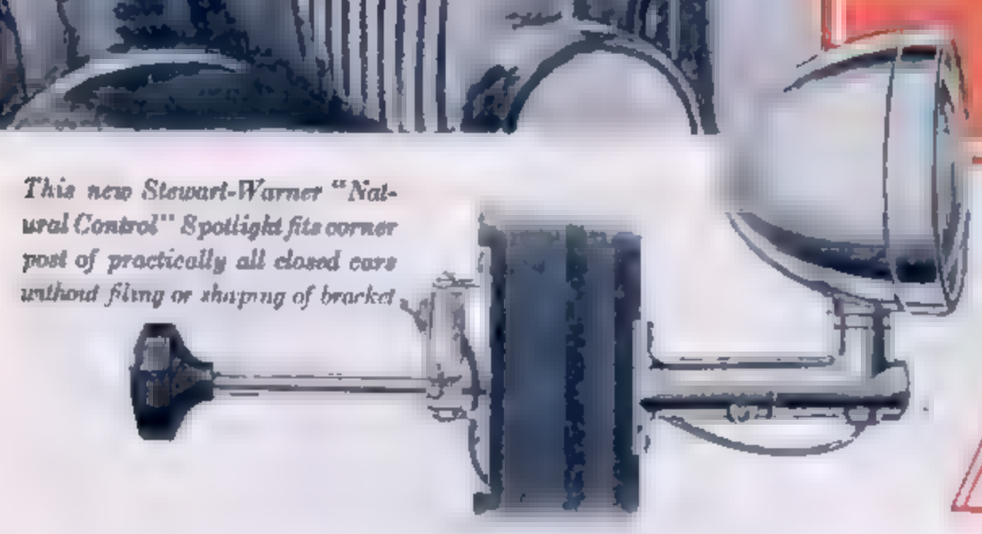
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

new "Natural Control" Spotlight

Now Stewart-Warner brings forward the long-desired "natural," inside control Spotlight for closed cars. *Natural*, effortless movement of the wrist swings the light beam to right or left. Equally *natural* and easy, the soft backward pull and turn of the control knob, directing the light up or down—270 degree arc—three-quarters of a complete circle.

A *natural* downward touch of the "thumb tip switch" lights the Spotlight—an upward flip switches it off. *Handily* mounted on the inside shaft bracket, it is instantly ready at the end of your thumb, yet *out of the way* of possible accidental switching on or off.

Sure aim, *natural* ease, good looks, readily accessible *unit* interior, water-tight, dust-proof—these factors of superiority make this the desirable, modern Spotlight. $13.00 at your dealer's. ($13.25 west of 100° meridian.)

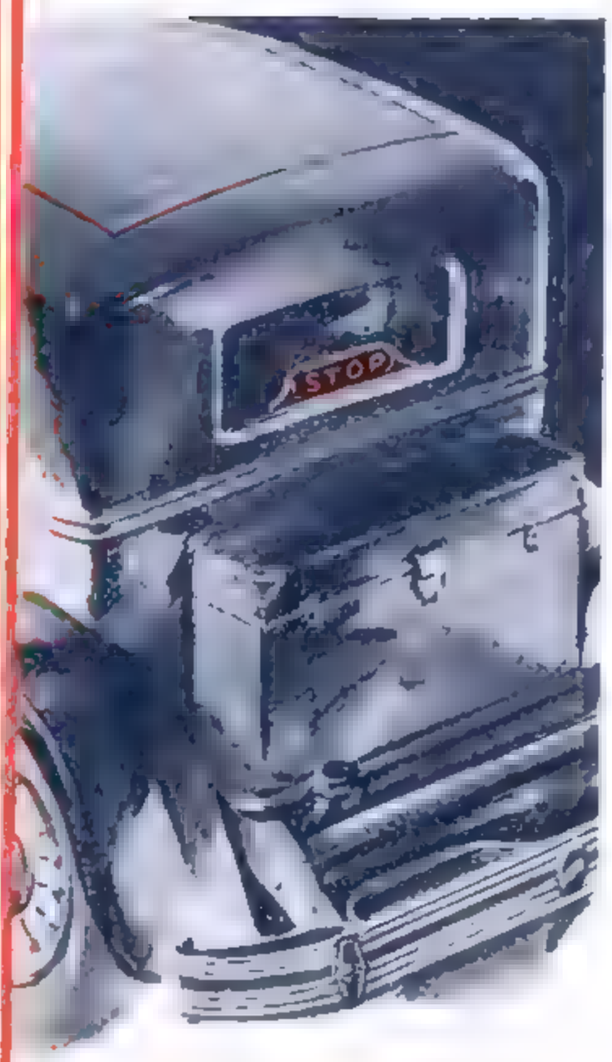


This new Stewart-Warner "Natural Control" Spotlight fits corner post of practically all closed cars without filing or shaping of bracket

Here's good news for our 23 million users:

Two New Lights by STEWART-WARNER

Hear the new STEWART-WARNER RADIO at Dealers' Everywhere



New *Neon tube* Stoplight

"STOP!"—this brilliant *neon red ray* shouts it as no Stoplight ever did before—clear, sharp—penetrating fog, smoke, storm and darkness—like the big, brilliant neon tube signs you see everywhere.

An instant signal to the car behind, set at eye-level on the inside rear window sill of your car, where it smites oncoming drivers square in the eyes—a new safety factor for this swift-moving, four-wheel-brake age. You shouldn't drive without this smart, modern life-preserver another day. $7.50 at your dealer's. ($7.75 west of 100° meridian.)

The new Stewart-Warner Neon Tube Stoplight. Black bakelite, chromium trim, measures 8¾" x 2" x ½"

STEWART-WARNER Corporation
Diversey Parkway, Chicago

STEWART-WARNER

TRAFFIC-TESTED PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 39

Another plowman, one of the nomad free laborers hired by the bailiff, nodded sapiently. Like many others, he had acquired a precarious freedom by escaping from his lord in a desperate renunciation of his own little holding, to roam from manor to manor in defiance of the harshly penal Statute of Laborers, selling his labor for the often extortionate wages obtainable in the permanent deficiency of local hands left by the Black Death and its subsequent recurrences.

"So a while back heard I preach a mad priest who gathered the folk to him as they came out of church," he remarked. "John Ball was his name, a priest of York, and for a score of years hath he fared far and near over the realm, men say. God made all men equal, quoth he, gentlefolk and simple, noble and baseborn, and all things should they have in common. A rime he had that yet dingeth in my ears:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

"Many were the folk that listened and marveled at him."

"A friar he was, I warrant," said one of the villeins. "One such came to our village not long since, and railed at all alike—lords and bishops. A nimble tongue he had, and made all laugh. Yet was he like the others, and came round for his pence when all was said. By the same token, Alan the miller caught him with his wife, and trounced him soundly."

There was a laugh at this. Equally hated were the swarming mendicant friars and the miller who held a generally dishonestly exploited monopoly of the lord's mill, to which every serf must bring his grain. Misfortune to either was ever welcome.

Old John Boteler spoke reprovingly. "The wise man meddleth not with such talk," he said, his mouth full of bread and onion. "Evil hap it brings. Lords there be, and simple folk. So was it ever, as my father told me, and worse in the old time before the great murrain. Then sikerly were his days bitter to the poor man who must work his lord's land before his own, and get but blows in the doing. Now, gramercy, doth a man pay but his pence for his acres and may till them for his profit as he will. Content let him be, say I."

One of the journeymen answered him vehemently: "Well comes such talk from thee who hast a full yardland and a good lord that keepeth his bargain with his serfs! Not so are they all. Why am I here, a landless man, thinkstow? Good moneys paid my father for freedom from the old customs and to give pence in stead of labor for our half acres, even as did all our villeins after the murrain. But two year back did my lord repent of that bargain his father made, saying that not now were the rents we gave him enough for the wages he must pay his laborers, and forthwith he showed his parchments—God's murrain be upon the lawyer that wrote them!—and forced us all again to the custom of our fathers, a hundred and fifty days' work i' the year, and no mo to be said—for what villein may plead in the king's court against his lord?"

The others listened sympathetically, with murmurs of interest. Many such stories had they heard of late.

"Ill work, i' sooth, was that!" said one of them. "Perish all lawyers say I!"

"Ne was that all," continued the journeyman. "Myself was a wifeless man, for my Meg died with her first babe and the babe with her. My lord bade me know that I must wed one whom he chose for me, that his serfs be not without their brood. But no mind had I thereto. By stealth, I left my land to him who would have it and fled to the town, where I lay hid for a year and a day, and none claimed me, though they sought, so that now free am I and fear neither sheriff nor bailiff, but earn my wages like a true man. Yet not so happy were others of my manor who fled likewise, for that they could not bear once more to toil for no wages. Brought back and branded were some, and others roam yet the woods as outlaws whom any may kill, with no trade but that of thieves and robbers. When such things be, thinkstow a man should sit content with his lot, plowman?"

Old John frowned. "Nay, friend. When such things be, then may a man well forsake both land and lord. So might I do or worse, God wot—an our lord so forswore himself and broke faith with us, making us hold our lands ayen by wageless toil for him."

"What then wouldstow do, plowman?" queried a lank sour-visaged man—a stranger also. "For all that more than most thou hast corn in grange and pence in purse, a villein thou art, as be ye all save we journeymen here-and what may a man do against his lord? Methinks the time is at hand," he added cryptically, "when there shall be no mo lords ne villeins, but to all men alike shall be made open the king's justice." He wagged his head, in a manner that hinted at dark secrets not to be communicated to all men. "Many things learn we who wend much from place to place. All over the realm do the lords take counsel together and forswear their pledges, saying that a serf must yield to the will of his lord and go back to the bondage of old times; for that now great wealth has he, the while his lord is straitened. Ne may the villein say nay, when he stands alone, none helping against the might of his lord. Only when many stand together in one-hood, all the villeins of the realm together, may they make an end of villenage and be free men even as God made them."

Dickon looked up. "Sooth sestow, journeyman. And of such a one-hood would I be with my heart's blood. Ne more should any man be held a villein—to wed at his lord's will, or not, if his lord denieth, forbid to wed the maid of his choice, if so be she be of another manor and the two lords agree not about the division of his brood!"

He spoke hotly in a personal indignation. The others of his village winked to one another. All knew that Dickon had wished to wed Alys Robinsdoughter, the serf of a neighboring manor owned by a distant monastery, and that he had been prevented because the monks would agree to no fair partition, claiming the service of all his future offspring, to the damage of his own lord.

His friend, Will Gervase, put down the jar from which he had been drinking.

"Ne mo should a lord take merchet when a man weds as Holy Church commandeth!" he exclaimed, in a grievance

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"An Thou Wouldst be of That One-Hood, Fellow," He Said, "Speak Wi' Me After the Plowing"

BIRDS IN THE HAND

As Told to Mara Evans

WHEN, twenty-five years ago, an old aunt I would have forgotten I owned if it had not been for the annual Christmas and birthday presents we sent out to her Middle Western home, died and willed us that very property, I felt as though someone had tethered a sacred white elephant on our doorstep. Valuable, probably; but what to do with it? There were, I remembered, about 200 acres, of which only some twenty had been cultivated. The rest was good land, though unbroken, with dry, gravelly soil, a profusion of berries of all kinds, and plenty of rolling, wooded slopes. There were, besides the really fine old house, quite a supply of chickens, one mournful cow and a sleepy old mare. I had, for ten years now, been a captured and confirmed city man, an inhabitant of one of those old-fashioned Harlem cliff dwellings whose little shoebox compartments were so sociably connected by the dumb-waiter. I was afraid to try to make our living rurally and yet I longed to. During all those urban years I had waited for the time when we should have saved enough to buy our own little place in the suburbs, near enough to the city to go on working there.

We had managed to save a little—about $1200 and the idea, which persisted in presenting itself, of throwing up all city connections and trying to make a go of the run-to-seed farm out in the Middle West struck me as about the same as rehearsing the swan dive from the Woolworth Building. I couldn't afford to hire anyone to run the chicken end of it for me—which was, my aunt's lawyer told me, bringing in a small, steady profit—and unless we went out immediately and took charge, that, too, would run to seed. How I was tempted to go! Not even the miraculous new underground artery of transportation—the Subway—that opened that very year four blocks away from us, made it desirable to stay in the city; and the feverish racial competition beginning even then to overwhelm pleasant old Harlem, and the dirt and noise and hurry made it seem very desirable to get out. Temptation may knock only once, and it was a shame to turn her down. While I was still much puzzled and bemused I asked the advice of a friend who dropped in one night. It was warm early-summer dusk, and we sat together at an open window, looking—in my case—with considerable longing at the maple trees lining both sides of the street, and at the pleasant green gardens and graciously lighted French windows of the famous row of Astor houses that dignified Harlem's block beautiful. My friend, a Welshman like my own father, happened to be only a short while from England; he was staying in the city hoping to find a position as manager of some rich man's Long Island or Westchester estate. I asked him what he thought of the chance of my making a living, with three youngsters, of the farm life I'd by this time grown so far away from. He sucked his pipe tenderly.

A Pheasant for a Guinea

"I DO believe," he said cautiously, "that I might take a chance myself. There's your small profit on the poultry that's sure, whatever. And, look here, there's going to be—you mark my words—a big demand for game birds in this country in another bunch of years. We came to it in England, and you'll come to it here in America. We raise them on preserves—that's what I'm going to do here if I get the chance—but I heard in England that one or two people over here were going in for it commercially. It sounds to me as though this land of yours could be made fine for raising them."

"You mean," I asked, surprised, for I'd never thought of such a thing before, "raising wild birds on a farm, like chickens, to buy and sell?"

"It's not quite the same as raising chickens," he said, "but it's not much harder, once you get the hang. I can help you, you know, all you want. The question is whether the market is going to open up soon enough to make money for you. It may, and it may wait twenty years. But if you want so much to get out into the country I do believe I'd risk it."

"Do you think money can be made on them?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "'There's an old saying in England: 'When a pheasant rises to a sportsman's gun, up goes a guinea, bang goes three ha'pence, and down comes half a crown,' but it doesn't take five dollars to raise a pheasant, and they're worth more alive than they are dead."

The upshot of it all was that we trekked out to the Middle West, with our hearts jumping back and forth from our mouths to our pocketbooks and acting like a pendulum that has got St. Vitus' dance and rheumatism at one and the same time. We were not expected. We reached the farm at nine one night, after a good, hearty, hope-you-drown electric storm had been in progress just long enough to sink our spirits as far below sea level as the bottom of the Dead Sea, and about as full of life and energy. We had no kerosene for the lamp, and that was, on the whole, just as well, for the only lamp in the house was broken. The kindling wood was too wet to burn, and that, too, made no difference, for the only matches we had were in my pocket, wetter still. The hired man, who had left some days before, had, except for the broken lamp, done his best for us, and there were beds to sleep in. We munched four miserable crackers apiece, exchanged as little comment as possible, and succumbed to the night.

Wild Turkey on a 60,000-Acre Hunting Preserve, Sea Island Beach, Georgia

A Call for Ringnecks

THE next day, being fine, brought a complete change of spirits. It was too late to enter the boys in school, and that in itself made life gay for them. They, in turn, made life considerably fuller of more or less pleasurable activity for the horse and cow. Summer was already upon us, and we all worked hard at the poultry end of the business, setting a few more tardy hens, counting chicks, now and then taking a minute to bask in the sun. The end of the year saw my profits $400 from the 200 chickens for the busiest months I'd known for many a year. We had been able to take, on an average, three people to board, and that lasted until after Labor Day and gave my wife about $150 of her own for the summer.

All this time the suggestion of my Welsh friend was purring just below the surface of my mind, and when, in late August, I received an unusual request by mail it burst again into full activity. I had advertised my poultry farm a little and, my name being similar to that of one of the foremost game-bird breeders in this country, a sportsman's club had mistaken me for him and written asking for several dozen Chinese ringnecks. According to their letter they were willing to pay good prices for them too. With some difficulty I found out who the man was that they really wanted and forwarded the letter. Then, a couple of months or so later, when things quieted down and my activities were largely confined to strategic maneuvers dedicated to persuading as many as possible of my hens to produce the reluctant winter egg that sends a poultryman's profits up, I had time to look into the subject of pheasants and the status of game-bird raising in the United States. I knew there'd be as much difference between raising domesticated Rhode Island Reds and raising wild ring-necked pheasants as there would have been between hitching our old mare, LackaDaisy, to the buggy and saddling Pegasus, the winged palfrey. Wild birds, like pheasants, even though raised in pens and restricted ranges, would, I knew, have to remain wild enough to be watchful of enemies when they were liberated in coverts. It was hard enough to make an ordinary chicken's cackle play dollar notes, but pheasants would mean entirely new problems—studying the birds as carefully as orchids, learning their habits and needs and peculiarities, finding or fostering a market for them. Still, curious though it seems, once you call any piece of good, hard, sweat-of-the-brow work your Duty every bit of the thrill melts away from it like snow in the sun; keep it apart from your daily job and call it Recreation and, though it exacts as much or more time and toil, you get a kick out of it. That was the way this project of rearing wild birds by hand looked to me; it was an adventure.

During that winter I looked into the matter of pheasants quite thoroughly. My Welsh friend, who had found an excellent post in Dutchess County, New York State, kept in touch with me by mail and gave me good advice.

Pheasants, I knew, were old enough to take part in legend. Stories that antedate Homer take us all the way back to that ancient Asian country, Colchis, east of the Black Sea, for the origin of the

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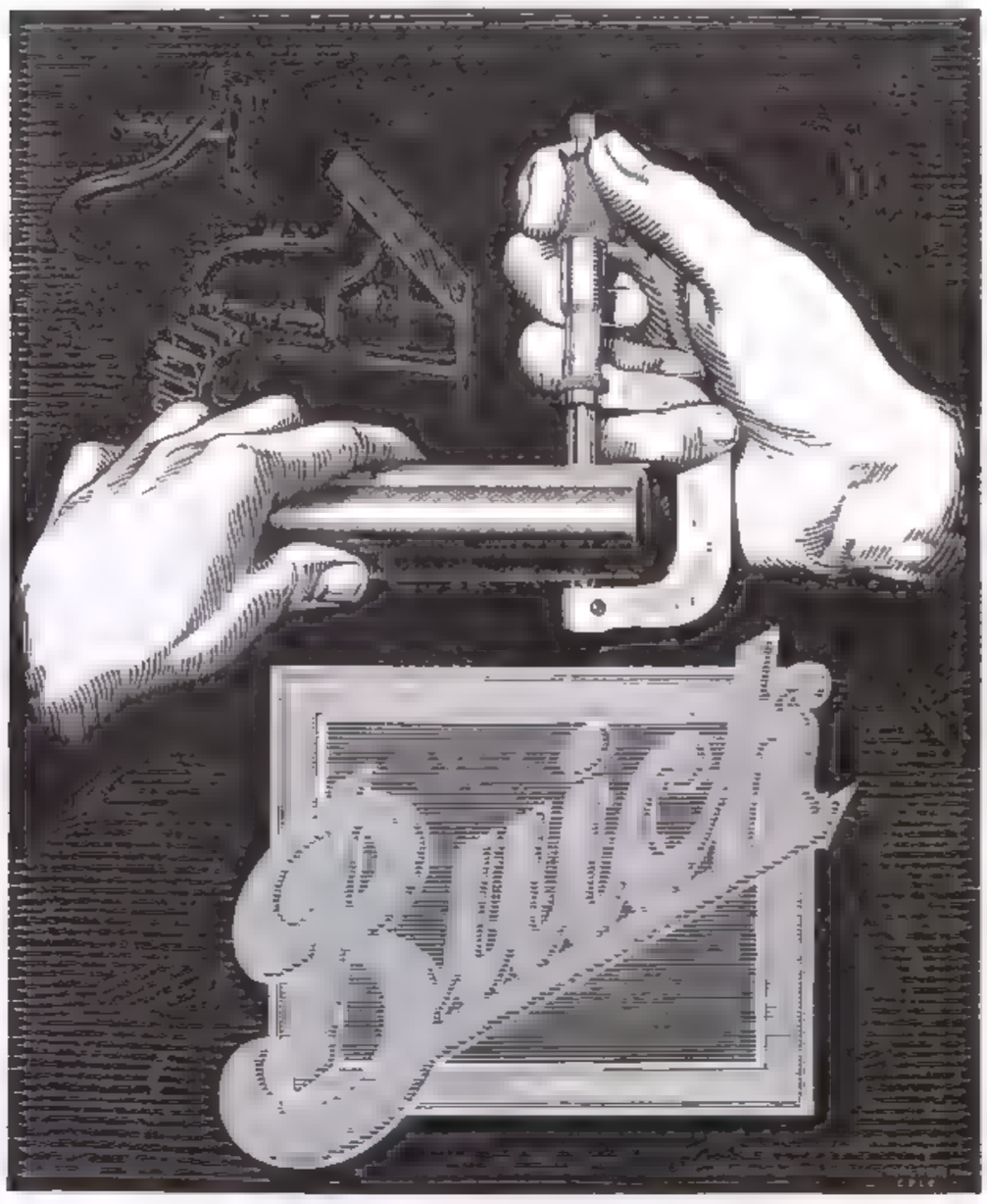
Prairie Chickens in Canada



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Builders of
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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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bird. There it was the Phasian bird, so called from the Phasis River that flowed through Colchis. When Jason, the famous Argonaut, sailed from Thessaly with his little band of fifty men, in the S. S. Argo, and cornered the first cotton market by looting a sacred Colchian grove of the Golden Fleece, the Argonauts, it is believed, Noah's-arked a few dozen of the lovely Phasian birds back home with them. From the Caspian Sea the gorgeously colored, long-tailed birds spread through Southeastern Europe, and northward, developing into numerous species that shaded, often almost indistinguishably, into one another until there were thirty-five or more forms of the true pheasant—that copper, green and purple bird, its exquisitely colored feathers metallically burnished, its face usually red-cheeked, its ear tufts as feathery as its deadly spurs were sharp.

Part of the lure of the pheasant lay in the marvel and mystery of the camouflage that permitted even a brilliantly colored cock pheasant to become an indistinguishable part of the landscape, its brown and yellow corresponding to blades of grass straw, its red repeated in the stalks and ground leaves, its green concealed against evergreens, and its dark blues and blacks finding counterparts in the deep shadows under broad leaves.

The pheasant learned or acquired other protective measures. Every second or so, as he fed, his bright rounded head flashed up to bring ears and eyes into play to watch for enemies, and his sight was so perfect that he was very seldom fooled by hunters who stalked him, dressed in white, when fields were covered with snow. His legs carried him swiftly—exasperatingly to his hunters—over the ground, and he could swim strongly if water lay in his path of flight. He knew how to distinguish between harmless coolies working in the fields, and hunters waiting to snap short his almost vertical rise. In spite of these protective defenses he was hunted so ruthlessly and successfully in his native haunts that there are today more Chinese pheasants in America and England than there are in Asia. In England this pheasant came to be called the common, or English, ringneck.

Over the Fence and Out of Our Life

HERE in the United States, although the ruffed grouse went often by the name of pheasant, and although we ourselves possessed that largest form of pheasant, the wild turkey, the colorful pheasants of the Orient that were so successfully introduced into England were for many years little known; and the story of their introduction, acclimatization and propagation in America is an interesting one, hampered as it was by laws restricting the importation of foreign birds and their eggs, by the pleas of farmers who feared damage to crops, and by a somewhat confused psychological inhibition, based on the widespread popular conviction that it was not "American" to harbor such birds as pheasants. Many people believed that only the aristocracy shot pheasants; and pheasants themselves became tinged with an accusation of aristocracy that overshadowed the appeal of their great beauty. America being for Americans, the importation of such birds was long discountenanced by the common people.

Looked at coolly and commercially, to go into pheasant-raising would certainly be a risk, and I dared not sink more than seven or eight hundred dollars in it. But risk, taken temperately, was always as heady as wine to me; it keeps your blood young and turns your hair gray at one and the same time, and to live entirely without it is to eat the egg without salt.

Quail by a Nestful of Young

Live pheasants for breeding, at that time, cost anywhere from $6 to $100 a pair, the commoner variety bringing the lower prices, while the rare aviary specimens rose all the way from $25 to $100 a pair.

The second autumn we were on our new property I was ready to start in with a few birds. They were cheapest and most plentiful then. I planned to winter them unrestricted on parts of my land that were wooded but had sheltered openings here and there and, if the birds were wing-clipped, wouldn't need fencing. There was plentiful ground feeding and sumac bushes, and a tiny stream ran across one corner of the section. I cut down three trees before their leaves had fallen, to provide the seclusion pheasants crave, as well as shelter from their enemies. Then, from the breeder to whom I had forwarded that letter the preceding year, I ordered a dozen hen and three cock Mongolian ringnecks that came to a total of sixty dollars. After a letter had carefully warned me in advance of their coming they arrived safely in a fourteen-inch-high crate labeled Live Birds Rush! The three copper and purple, orange and green and bronze males were gaudy fashion plates beside their wives, who were dressed in brown as demure as the dress my little Shaker grandmother's beliefs had made her wear. They were all young, but mature stock, about two years old.

My son Conrad and I went out and stood and looked at the pheasants the day they came, before we uncrated them. We didn't say a word. Everything was all ready for the new venture, but we felt quite strange about it—somewhat as though we'd caught a tempest in a teapot and planned to brew a few little showers from it.

As soon as we got the crates opened I prepared to trim the flight feathers of their wings before we liberated the birds. Conrad was only thirteen and very eager to help. Before I could explain properly he seized one of the birds and carefully and evenly trimmed both wings. Then he freed the pheasant—and stood looking, entirely dumfounded and horrified, as the delighted bird sailed easily over the fence! We never saw him again. Hastily I explained to Conrad that the idea was to produce uneven balance, and that, therefore, only one wing was trimmed. I showed him with one of the hens, freed her and clapped my hands sharply. She rose to fly, but the trimmed wing forced her into a sort of tail spin that brought her finally to the ground.

A Worthy Foe for Horse or Hawk

WE LOST only that one bird out of the first lot we bought, but a few inevitably escaped every year. One of my hen birds—or the descendant of one—that escaped and raised a brood of five in woods about a mile from the farm was nearly the cause of a bad tragedy. A workman, hauling cement to a near-by reservoir one day, was hardly able to see what the cause of the disturbance was when his great horse, usually stolid, suddenly reared and struck out with its forefeet as if it had gone mad. Then the driver made out a bird—a pheasant—clinging to the horse's head and viciously pecking at its eyes. Doubtless it feared attack on its brood, hidden in the shrubbery. Nothing the man could do, in the brief moment he had to try, would quiet the terrified horse, and, just as he leaped to the road himself, the whole business—heavy wagon, horse and load—backed in a crash down the steep grade at the left side of the road, taking the fence with them.

Another of our birds that escaped one year—a cock, this was—flew back, right into a pen of Rhode Island Reds, gave an astonished Rhode Island cock one insulting look and staged one of the most sensational battles we ever saw. In most cases, I believe, when entirely wild animals fight, the loser will take to flight rather than be killed by his opponent, but in this case the unfortunate Rhode Island couldn't escape, and the pheasant, having the upper hand, so to speak, wouldn't. Presently the Rhode Island gave up the ghost with a sigh, and the victorious pheasant promptly flew away from there and, as far as I knew, never came back. That encounter was to me the more remarkable because as I went on working with pheasants they came to seem to me a not especially brave bird. The bravest thing, I think, that I ever saw a pheasant do occurred when a hen pheasant had stolen a nest in the woods and brought up a brood of four youngsters. One day a hawk swooped down on the little buff-colored chicks, and without a minute's hesitation the hen pheasant made for the hawk as viciously as a mother after a kidnaper.

(Continued on Page 201)

Ring-Necked Pheasants in Their Pen

Delco Battery

ANOTHER DELCO-REMY PRODUCT!

The Delco-Remy Corporation, foremost manufacturer of starting, lighting and ignition equipment, announces the new Delco Battery. ◆◆ In every detail of its construction, this newest Delco-Remy product meets the demand for a battery conforming to the high standards for which every Delco-Remy product is famous the world over. ◆◆ In view of its enthusiastic reception by car owners everywhere, we are sure that the Delco Battery will enjoy the same measure of recognition accorded to every other product bearing the Delco-Remy name. ◆◆ Sold and serviced through the nationwide organization of United Motors.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

HEAR and SEE the world's greatest entertainment in PARAMOUNT TALKING—SINGING SHORT FEATURES

A new day in screen entertainment has dawned! No longer must you visit New York to hear and see Broadway's greatest entertainers. A "ringside" seat at Ziegfeld's famous Midnight Frolic starring Eddie Cantor is yours if you like, and *carte blanche* to the most famous revues, musical comedies and variety shows. ¶ Paramount brings them to your own theatre in one and two reel talking Short Features of the same high quality as all Paramount Pictures. Stars of the legitimate, musical comedy and variety stage in talking and singing acts—high-spots of dazzling Broadway revues—all yours to enjoy without going farther than the nearest theatre to you that is sound equipped. ¶ Famous playlets you hear and see enacted on the screen by stars of the legitimate stage produced by the famous Christie Studios in the Paramount quality manner. ¶ There are Screen Songs with novelty arrangements of the words and music of popular hits. You hear great orchestras playing the immortal works of Famous Composers. ¶ Little gems of entertainment they are, that enable your Theatre Manager to present the *whole show on the screen* with a greater variety of talent than would be otherwise possible. Speak to him now and ask him to open this great new world of entertainment to you.

In Talking Short Features, as in Talking Features—

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One and two reel flashes of famous singers, humorists, monologists. Novelty sketches; playlets; famous bands and instrumentalists.

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HEAR *and* SEE *these Famous* BROADWAY STARS *in Paramount Talking Short Features!*

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

"Junior Dear, I'm Sure You're Old Enough for Me to be Perfectly Frank With You, and the Fact is I'm Afraid Miss Vincent is—is a Little Jealous of Me"

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THEY arrived in Fountain at night. And his first day in the hotel passed before Junior got down to the lobby. He had a tendency to asthma and he had caught a slight cold on the train. So his mother had kept him in their room, or rather had left him there for thorough convalescence and uninterrupted perusal of his new book.

After glancing tolerantly at its high spots, he secreted it in the bottom of the trunk so that he might share it with Luke Taylor when they got home. Junior's every thought in life put out a tendril to include Luke Taylor. Each night, unfailingly, he prayed God to make his mother love Luke Taylor. He and Luke Taylor were united in a mighty sympathy—they both understood his mother and loved her just the same.

He started a letter to Luke Taylor that first day—he was to get ten dollars if he wrote Luke Taylor two letters a week—but there was so much noise downstairs in the courtyard of propped-up transplanted palms that he spent most of the day sitting outside on the fire escape, listening and looking. None of the men wore coats, lots of them didn't even wear hats; porters ran around perspiringly with telegrams and cold drinks; women drank and smoked at little round red iron tables and laughed all the time; two parrots swore occasionally; everybody carried papers of some kind; most of them looked like blue maps. Crowds of people kept leaving, but crowds more kept coming.

Altogether Junior had a very good day. His eyes strained with watching the women. But he was lying down when his mother came in breathlessly at dark.

"Oh, Junior dear, I've been just miserable thinking of you here alone." She always mugged up his glasses when she kissed him, but nothing that his mother did ever annoyed him. "Junior dear," she called from the bathroom, "did you read your book?"

"Yes, ma'am mother," he hastily corrected. Recently his mother had discovered in a new etiquette book that children should always say, "Yes, mother," or "Yes, Luke," or "Yes, Mrs. So-and-So." She had discovered a great many things that had to be remembered on this southern trip.

"Was there anything in the book you didn't understand, dear?"

"No, mother," he said, patient with her endearing inadequacy.

"I hope you didn't read it too fast, Junior dear."

"Aw, I understand it all right. Did you see the fountain? The colored fella told me it's right close."

"Say 'porter,' Junior dear. . . . Yes, it's only about two blocks. We'll go the first thing in the morning. I'm so thankful your cold's well. You see, it's paid you not to get in a draft."

To avoid thinking of the windy invigorating fire escape, he asked quickly, "Are there really crocodiles in the fountain?"

"Say 'alligators,' Junior dear. Yes, indeed, there are—lots of them. And beautiful great big lilies and ferns. It's like a real jungle. And in one part lots of white long-legged birds."

"Cranes, I guess, or herons," he said. "Where else you been all day?"

She sat on the edge of the bed with her arm around him. She had been driving all over in a great big bus with a lot of other people. It hadn't cost anything. It was a courtesy of the hotel. But it had been a little bit tiresome, because she wasn't very much interested in the country surrounding the city of Fountain, which was being developed for orange groves and truck farms.

"Did they let you pick oranges?" he wanted to know.

She thought that was very funny and hugged him tightly. His glasses almost fell off. It seemed there weren't any oranges yet. There were just going to be oranges, and she had seen one or two places where little bits of trees with only a few leaves had already been planted. But the weather was certainly wonderful for January. And there were lots of nice people in the hotel. They might stay quite a while—if Junior liked it. Everybody was making lots of money. One old lady on the bus had bought a truck farm last week for five thousand dollars and had sold it yesterday for fifty thousand dollars, because they'd extended the city limits and turned her property into town lots.

"What city?" he asked. For he had been depressingly unimpressed with what he could see of the city of Fountain. He had expected it to compare favorably with Chicago, where he and his mother went for three days every year. Fountain did not compare with Chicago. He could see the not-distant end of all the wide new streets which the hotel window commanded. What houses there were, all of bright-colored plaster—stucco, he must remember to say—were not yet finished. From what he could see of it, Fountain seemed to be a place of furious building activity and gigantic earthworks in process of upheaval. And he knew from the maps that Fountain was not near any other big city.

"What city," he asked, "did the old lady sell to?"

His mother explained that it was Fountain. A city did not need houses to make it very big. So many, many people were buying lots here and going to build houses that Fountain would soon be larger than Los Angeles or Miami. There wasn't any earthly reason why it shouldn't be. And Junior would just love the hotel. She was going to take a swimming lesson in the morning, in the hotel pool. He could too. The next day they would both try the ocean. Junior shivered and asked if there was a good library in Fountain.

"Oh, you belovedest bookworm!" she said. She kissed the back of his long pale neck and the end of his long freckled nose. There wasn't any library—yet.

She danced to the bureau. "Junior dear, will you be too lonesome if I go to a party tonight?" Junior cleaned his glasses and readjusted them.

"Who with?" he said, going cold. "You don't know anybody. And you said you'd play checkers with me if I'd stay in all day."

"Yes, I did, you poor darling, and I will too." She sat down at the telephone table. "I didn't think you'd finish your book, but I can go some other evening just as well. They have dances every night. There was a very nice man on the bus, a real-estate broker named Mr. Morgan, who's been polite to me all day, and he thought I would be interested in meeting people, that's all. I'll telephone him I can't go." She reached for the receiver.

"Aw, go on," he said. "I'd just as soon stay here if you'll get me some magazines. But how did you get introduced?"

The hostess of the hotel had introduced everyone who went on the bus. She was a lovely woman, and when she had introduced Mr. Morgan she had said, "Now I want you to meet one of the very nicest young men in Fountain."

Junior swallowed hard. But he remembered Luke Taylor's grim-eyed admonition: "Now, kid, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. And don't forget your mother's flirted with a lot of men who didn't get her. The last thing you ever want to do with your mother is to disagree with her."

"It will be better then for you to go with him before he sees me," Junior said, amiably philosophical. "In all probability he won't invite you to parties after he does."

"Oh, Junior dear, you are a scream—a scream!" His mother ran to embrace him, and in spite of himself, he liked it. He even kissed, very quickly, her bare shoulder as she hugged him to her.

"What is a real-estate broker?" he inquired, when he was again released and his glasses again adjusted.

"A real-estate man, just like Luke Taylor."

Luke Taylor insured people's houses and automobiles and lives, and in the summer sold pieces of the old Taylor farm around the lake to rich men from Chicago.

Junior inquired more minutely about Mr. Morgan. His mother said Mr. Morgan was very handsome and very polite and a graduate of Columbia University; that he didn't look at all like Luke Taylor—more like one of the Chicago men who came to Lakeview in summer—and that she knew Junior would like him immensely.

"Did he go to war like my father?" Junior asked.

His mother stopped the brisk brushing of her curly bobbed hair. She always answered anything about his father very thoughtfully.

"No, dearest. Mr. Morgan was—he must have been very young then. He was a freshman in college, I think he said, and he went to a training school. I told him your father was lost in the war."

"What did he say?" Junior asked. "My father wasn't old, either, was he?"

"Oh, dearest, I don't know. Let's not talk about it. You choose which of my new dresses I'll wear to the dance."

He chose the white one with red flowers in it, and sat staring at her while she wiggled it over her head. She had never before failed to answer anything at all he asked about his father.

The telephone rang before she was quite ready. She answered it in a voice that grew goose flesh all over him:

"Oh, hello there. . . . Now aren't you just the worst flatterer? . . . Oh, I can't think of having dinner with you. . . . No, really and truly I must have dinner here with my little boy. . . . Oh, you're awful! . . . Well, if I mean so much to you, just think what I mean to my little boy. . . . No, really; I've ordered the trays sent up, but I'll meet you at the elevator at eight o'clock, unless you're going to be cross."

The porter came in with the trays while she was talking.

His mother pinned a towel about her neck so she wouldn't spot her new dress. She was prettier than he had ever seen her, her brown eyes glowing, her fair skin flushed, her golden hair—darkening to bronze here and there—in a fluffy mass of soft short curls. She had five new bracelets that jingled up and down her pretty arm.

"Mr. Morgan has some important people he wanted me to meet at dinner," she chatted happily, "but I'm not going to neglect my poor little invalid for anybody—no, indeedy. Eat lots of these new peas, dear, they're good for you."

The new peas were tasteless pebbles in his mouth and difficult to swallow.

"I bet," he said—"I bet already you like this guy better'n Luke Taylor."

She bubbled her lips at Junior and wrinkled her eyes.

"Old owl! Funny old owl, looking at me just like grandpa. You'll like him too. Just wait."

"Not better than Luke Taylor. I'd rather have Luke Taylor for your husband than anybody—even a millionaire. And Jimmy told me the day before we left that his mother said you couldn't do better than to marry Luke, no matter where you gallivanted to, hunting a husband."

"Oh, Junior!" She Whispered. It Was Pure Terror

He had made a mistake. His mother leaned back in the small rocking-chair, one green pea extended in midair on her forgotten fork, her prettiest face in the world aggrieved and hurt, but, as always, not at him.

"Honestly, Junior, I've a great mind never to go back to that gossipy horrid little town. As if anyone in Lakeview could be mean enough to make a remark like that, after the years I've spent slaving for your stingy old grandpa, and to think you'd listen to such ——"

"I knocked Jimmy down," he said loudly, not looking at her.

She sprang to embrace him protectingly and he worshiped her for believing the untruth—worshiped her so abjectly that he was proud of the lie. The thrill of her admiration begot a furious resolve in him that he would in reality knock Jimmy Smith down the first day he got home. Junior was not pugilistically inclined; the mere thought of physical encounter weakened his knees and turned him groggy. But Jimmy Smith must suffer.

"Aw," he said to his mother's concerned murmurings, "'twasn't worth telling you about. I took my glasses off before I—I went after him. Luke Taylor said Jimmy's mother only said it because she was jealous of you because Jimmy's sister was a washout."

While his mother finished powdering her face and using her lipstick she said some very nice neighborly things about Luke Taylor; but he wasn't the type of man she would ever marry, if she ever married, which she didn't ever expect to.

(Continued on Page 56)

"But Listen, Nita, You Frozen Poppy! Listen!"

Four Door Sport Sedan
130" wheelbase
125 horsepower
$1795

The Leader Among Straight Eights

If you were among the first who foresaw the inevitable supremacy of the Straight Eight Auburn motor cars, you are being rewarded by seeing your own judgment abundantly vindicated. As this issue of the Saturday Evening Post goes to press Auburn sales are more than fifty percent greater than for the corresponding period of last year. And this increase is made in the face of the most strenuously competitive period the industry has ever known.

The reasons for the rapidly increasing number of Auburn owners are all to be found BUILT into the CAR ITSELF; in its long wheelbase, its strongest of frames, its abnormal structural strength, its rare ease of handling, its amazing roadability, its smooth flexible performance, its low body coupled with exceptional roominess and comfort and in its demonstrated superiority under all driving conditions. Add to those desirable advantages its proven dependability, long life and low initial and upkeep cost, and the buyer who carefully compares values has little or no option.

Auburn meets this unprecedented public confidence and acceptance with a determination to deserve it by making of every new Auburn owner a permanent Auburn enthusiast.

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Sedan $1595, 120 Sedan $1895, 120 Sport Sedan $1795, 120 Speedster $1895, 120 Cabriolet $1895, 120 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. *Equipment* [illegible]

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of Aviation is vital to American progress.

ART AND ARTFUL ART

As Told to Edward H. Smith

WHEN I was young and my peccabilities began, no one wanted anything but French and English stuff. To some extent this predilection persists, but the vogue of the day is for early American furniture of every kind. I say vogue when I mean passion, frenzy and madness. The collectomania that has afflicted our people in the last half dozen years exhibits more than one symptom of psychiatrical interest.

For one who has been in touch with the trends of the collecting mind for more than a few seasons, it is to laugh. I remember—not without wistfulness—the day when the finest pieces of old American stuff went begging, when anything but mahogany was despised, and the very chairs and tables that now command fortunes and preen themselves in galleries, found shelter only in the studios of impecunious Greenwich Village artists, who selected them from double motivation—10 per cent beauty and 90 per cent economy.

There are the numberless pieces of old pine and maple that seemed once too common to be worth moving from the farmhouses of their youth. Such furniture romances, painful to all of us who didn't think the stuff worth paying storage on ten years ago, are as familiar today as war stories. Only a bore repeats them any more, especially if they appertain to his own possessions.

The rage for the early American is, like most tendencies in collecting, founded upon both snobbery and good taste. Unquestionably there is a very real chastity and puritanic beauty about our old household pieces. It is also true that good old American stuff fits into the modern apartment, with its smaller rooms and severer modes of decoration, far better than anything else. Finally, these examples of the cabinetmaker's art embody in themselves the very *sine qua non* of exclusiveness and aristocracy—austere simplicity plus fabulous costliness.

Albeit the work of American joiners was considered far too crude and primitive for export in the days when it was made, and much as everything belonging to the Colonials was contemned, it suddenly develops that England imported the furniture of our cabins and farmhouses in quantities. At any rate, it is coming back.

The best of this English stuff is, to the unpracticed eye, fairly similar to authentic American cabinetwork. As soon as the demand for and prices of the latter mounted, English furniture was gleaned from all its hiding places and dumped into the American market as the work of Duncan Phyfe and other native joiners.

A Fine Macaroni Patina

MUCH of the poorer kind of English stuff is just out-and-out fake. It is made up in various factories, scorched, battered, coated with discolored varnish, resurfaced, artificially aged and shipped across to us.

It is perhaps not generally understood that preferences in regard to furniture vary according to the sections of the country. In the East and Southeast the early American holds autocratic sway, for these are the Colonial regions and here such furniture has the advantage of fitness and credibility. To be sure, migrant families may have carried collections of household goods with them from the hills of Massachusetts to the prairies of Kansas. Spanish stuff naturally blends well in California and Florida. In Louisiana, on the other hand, there is a great vogue of what is called French creole furniture, reflecting the ornateness of Louis XIV and Louis XV things.

To judge by the installment furniture houses and the windows of shops dealing in factory products, there must be a nether vogue of the Italian Renaissance all about the country. Indeed, I see the examples of it in many houses and apartments I am called to inspect and refurbish; outrageously bad reproductions of doubtful Italian pieces, most garishly upholstered in colors utterly foreign to the Renaissance palette, fairly screaming with newness. Such truck has, to be sure, no relationship to art or to respectable fakes.

There has, of course, been for some years a cult of Italian interiors, and many most beautiful pieces have been imported and sold, the dispersal of the notable collections from the Davazanti palace standing as an instance. The artistic merits of authentic Italian fourteenth, fifteenth and later century pieces are beyond debate, yet these goods will always lack historic connection in America, and thus fit somewhat awkwardly into our *milieu*. Rich men with large houses may have rooms specially designed to fit real Italian or Gothic furniture. In such cases most dignified, colorful and convincing effects can be got, but otherwise the Latin pieces, designed as they were for the great florid rooms of palaces and vast houses, fit badly into our interiors. They are totally unsuited to apartments and they are therefore of limited adaptability. Odd pieces—like refectory tables and their benches, old carved chests, faldstools and occasional mantels—are naturally attractive and usable. The antique Italian is, of course, most ingeniously faked in Italy and more recently in New York. The buyer must be wary.

Fine refectory tables, which seem to be the most popular of all Italian pieces, are rarely to be had. Good copies, beautifully aged and looking every bit as venerable as the originals, can be had if one cares to pay the price. A client of mine recently wanted one of large size, and had to be suited. Being at least cautious, I told her that what she would get would be a reconstruction out of old woods and parts. She was satisfied, and I shortly imported the huge walnut top of the common table which had been used for thirty or forty years in a Neapolitan macaroni factory, where the constant rubbing in of the flour paste had given it a most magnificent surface, at least as good as any table gets in four hundred years of ordinary use, and a generation in a workshop had imparted to it all the necessary wounds and scars. This top was soon fitted to a carved base of similar material, and it now stands in my customer's fine house, one of the most admired of all her relics.

Getting back to early American things, it is astonishing if not appalling to see what prices our people are willing to pay for the visible evidences of Pilgrim ancestry. The extremes to which their enthusiasm will carry them has been brought out at some of the recent New York auction sales.

In sharp contrast to its former low estate, maple is now enjoying a vogue, and good specimens of cabinetwork in this wood bring high prices. Only a few years ago I knew an old fellow in Connecticut who had religiously collected maple tables for thirty or forty years. Those who sold him the old things for two to five dollars apiece laughed at him for a fool, and his wife railed and complained because he was crowding the cellar and the garret with his surplus. In the end he had between twenty and thirty genuine old pieces in his home.

All along this man insisted that these tables would some day be worth money. He waited and hoped and was laughed at. Toward the end of his life he got to need cash and brought twenty of his tables to New York, where he tried in vain to dispose of them for twenty-five dollars each. Finally he unloaded the whole assortment on some fortunate dealer, who probably considered he was doing the old man a charity. Alas, the patient collector died before his time. Within two years after he'd been called to repose, his tables were worth several hundred dollars each. The brevity of life had robbed him of a fortune.

There is hardly an item of old furniture that has not been faked. Again, as with other artistic objects, there are many grades and stages of faking. There is the crude work done for the tyro in furniture, and there is the work of art that makes the most expert connoisseur wonder and hesitate. Then there are the infinitely varied classes of restoration, of remodeling and of substitution.

The noblest grade of fakes in American and all other old furniture is made up of composites or *pasticci*, pieces put together from the parts of two or more originals. For instance, it is common to find the legs and seat of a good Windsor chair bereft of their back or wings. What simpler than to wait till a suitable back turns up sans legs and seat? Two parts become one whole and we have a period piece! Better still, one finds himself possessed of a whole litter of old pieces—legs, arms, rungs, seats, spokes, bows, rockers, pads, what not? Most of them have to be returned and harmonized, some parts have to be supplied entire. What matter? An expert joiner takes the job and turns out a fine nest of good old chairs. If the work is skillfully done such evidences of tinkering as may appear will readily pass for restoring.

What applies to chairs is equally true of tables, cupboards, cabinets, desks, beds, chests and all furniture. How easy to take the wrecks of several cabinets, save the best from each, and put the salvage together into a triumph of beauty from the Thule of the past. Better yet, one finds an old carcass somewhere that will not stand restoration. Time has done for it. Even still it is a treasure, for it may be used to line a most convincing fake. If it is a cabinet or cupboard its sides, top and bottom will be used to line the new piece, and the wood from the drawers, if they are too far gone to stand up alone, will serve a similar end. The new outer shell is aged by artificial means, rubbed to show wear and smeared to simulate the grime of the decades. Along comes Mr. Wise Buyer. The first thing he does is to pull open their drawers and shed the light of a cynical eye into their depths. But lo, here is the genuine old lining with the authenticity of an honest past upon its dishonest present.

Masterpieces of Master Fakers

THE question arises of the expert's ability to tell a fine fake from an original. A British court virtually decided in one case that the critical specialist was not to be trusted in his judgments and that most of the things he condemned with such ardor were probably all right. This is in line with the usual legal or jury tendency to reject expert testimony—a proud justification of ignorance, since it amounts to the pronouncement that the man who knows a subject is not so trustworthy as one who doesn't. Nevertheless, I am inclined to agree with the court to the extent of repeating that there are fakes which will probably defy any expert. Most of my colleagues will disagree, but I am an obdurate fellow.

The average furniture fake, of course, fools no one but the verdant buyer. But there are, once more, the products of knowledge, patience and devotion. What is to prevent a master faker from studying an old piece with scientific care and then setting out to reproduce it in minute detail? It is done.

It is often easy enough to tell new wood from old, even in instances where the fake stuff has been treated for aging, patiently rubbed and otherwise artfully prepared. Again, one of the common ways to tell a restored cabinet or similar

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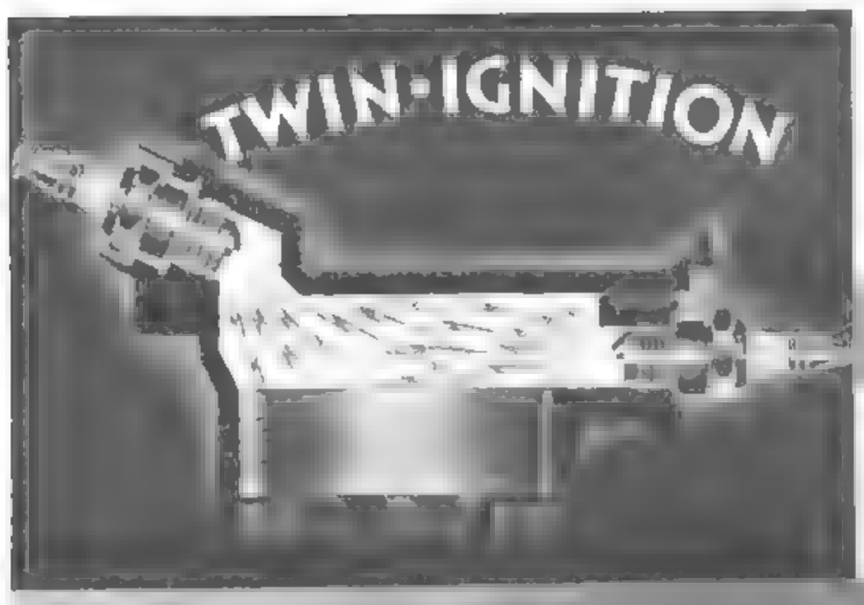

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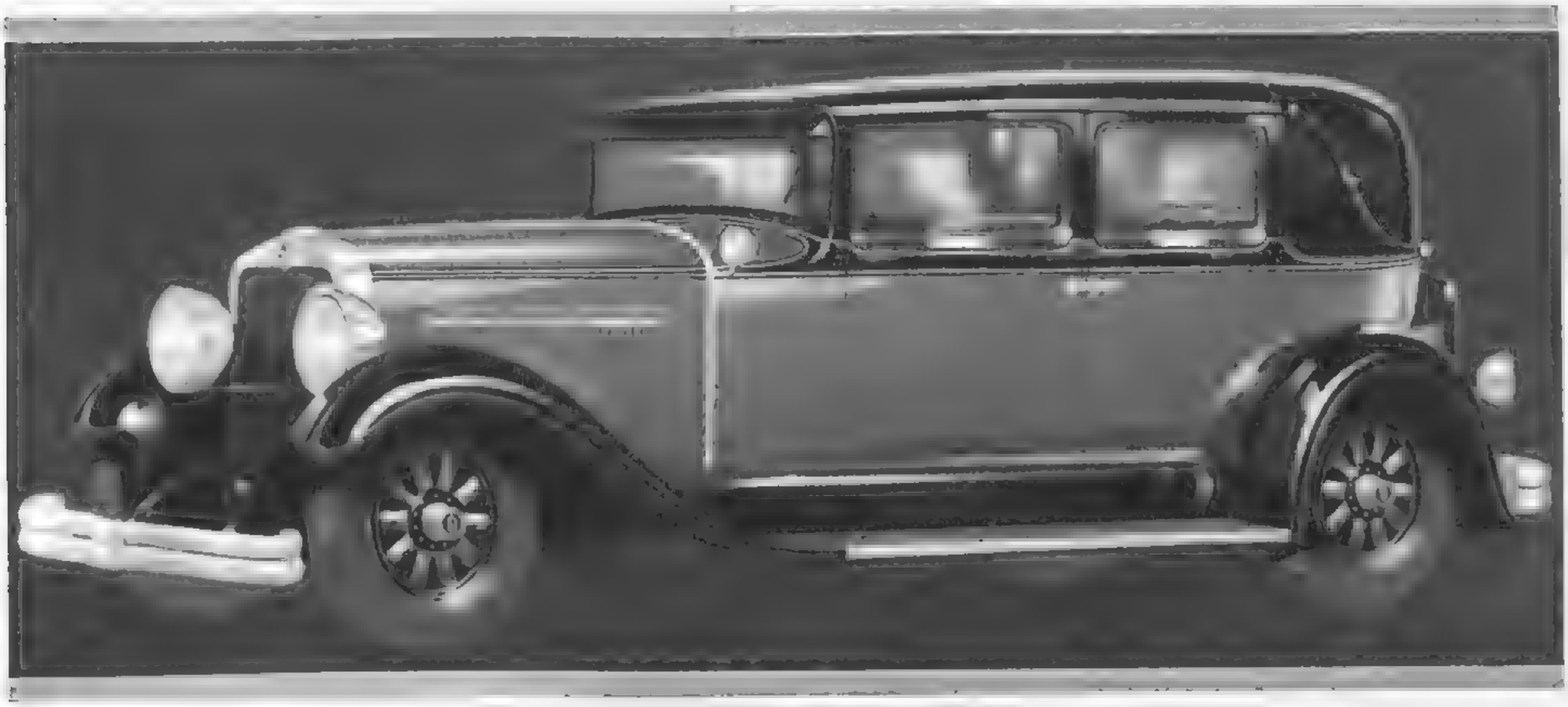

UNTIL you have driven the new Nash "400," powered by the Twin-Ignition motor, you can have no adequate idea of how much pleasure this newest achievement of Nash engineering has added to motoring.

Here are some very interesting facts and figures about Twin Ignition performance. Our purpose in presenting them is to convince you that you owe yourself a ride in the new Twin-Ignition-Motored Nash.

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(Continued from Page 52)

piece is to look for the old hardware marks and holes. The knobs, handles, pulls and other utile or ornamental bits of hardware are often missing from really old pieces. The restorer is therefore faced with the alternative of using modern reproductions of old hardware, which can almost always be recognized at a glance, or fitting the piece with genuine old hardware taken from other antique specimens which may have fallen into complete decay otherwise. In the latter case, the fittings will seldom correspond to the old marks or holes, and an attempt must be made to hide these scars. This is, in almost every case, a most difficult if not impossible feat. All the simpler methods are readily visible and the more elaborate precautions of the restorer not always successful. One way to accomplish the desired end is to put on bigger hardware which will cover the old scars, but the expert or initiate collector will surely have the wit to take off the handles and make an inspection.

Pre-Revolutionary Made to Order

While we are on this subject it may be just as well to say something about the outworn question of wormholes. One reads in the manuals of people who know nothing about it, that such holes are made with a shotgun loaded with fine birdshot, the shot being left in their holes by the cruder fellows and picked out by more careful impostors. Well, maybe so, but in my long and troublesome career I have never seen any furniture with such wormholes and I have reason to believe that no faker worthy of the name ever did the trick in this silly way. Wormholes are bored into wood with fine flexible drills which permit the curving of the hole. But even this is cheap stuff. If one wants to make fakes showing wormholes, why not get old joists and timbers which have both the holes and the worms in abundance? Contrary to the convictions of the simpletons who have roamed the earth for generations, poking fatuous pins into the borings of perfectly self-respecting worms, the real antique faker has more trouble with the extirpation of these pests and the preservation of his old wood than with any faking of holes.

But worms play a very small rôle in the faking of such furniture as brings prices worthy of the artful artist's talent. As a matter of fact, no one today wants to buy pieces which are not in a good state of preservation, especially where furniture is concerned. Nowadays we spend our time on turning out graceful and alluring pieces of the right period with enough show of antiquity about them to pass muster. For instance, recently a gentleman came to me and wanted a maple bedstead of the 1750 period to match some odds and ends of the same character he had assembled.

"Such things are not to be had for the wishing," said I.

"I hadn't mentioned any lack of money," he responded with the tartness of fresh prosperity.

"That wasn't what I meant, sir," I began to apologize with a smile that concealed a rising determination to have my revenge. "I was trying to say the pre-Revolutionary maple bedsteads of the pattern you want have been very popular and it may be some time before another will turn up."

"Nonsense!" snorted my client. "If you will look I'm sure you can get what I need. I'll pay the full expenses and a fair price. I'm not looking for something for nothing."

I bowed my most courtly acquiescence.

The same afternoon I began to do a little prowling in the old curiosity shops and lairs of secondhand furniture dealers which dot New York like flyspecks on an August windowpane. At last I found what was needed, a monstrous maple four-poster of the incredible sort turned out in vast quantities between 1850 and 1870. The thing was conspicuous for big ugly head and foot pieces and great elephant leg posts. The wood in the thing was about seventy years old, which was quite enough. I intended to add only another century.

My task was easy. I took down one of the well-known manuals of antique furniture, found a photograph of one of these Colonial beds to refresh my excellent memory, made a few hasty sketches and went off to see my wood turner. He completed the specifications and went to work. The old head and foot pieces were cut down, and matched with my design. The great old posts were re-turned into something gracefully slender. At the bottom they were cut off and rid of their caster holes, to make room for fittings of the eighteenth-century kind. The new bed was then artificially aged by the simple processes I have already described. After all, ten or many rubbings with various cloths will impart the same effect to a piece of wood whether they are applied over a period of a hundred and fifty years or within two weeks. Finally, the thing was provided with a canopy. Behold, a piece from the best pre-Revolutionary period, fit to beguile a master. Total investment, less than one hundred and fifty dollars.

After the bed had stood about my place for a little while, I thought better of the matter and had it taken to the home of a gentleman who occupied an old house in the suburbs. Thither I shortly conducted my client, and led him, with sundry whisperings of awe and rapture, into the presence of the bed.

The collector stepped into the room, ran up the shades, caught his breath and stood transfixed in the presence of the wonderful antique. I could see his eyes light with pleasure and knew he was sniffing the perfume of dead flowers in the gardens of the bygone. Also, he was enjoying the anticipations of a little triumph over his less fortunate friends, you may be sure. Why prolong the agony? He paid me a high price plus some trifling expenses, which represented a case of Havanas for the gentleman of the old house. The collector was happy and I so much the richer, in money and sweet experience. Why complain?

Fakes of American antiques are also copiously provided for the everlasting bargain hunter and the man who seeks and picks up his treasures in out-of-the-way places, loving the quest and the discovery more than the article itself, and the feel of a bargain more than either.

As every initiate person knows, there are one or two firms operating which make absolutely faithful reproductions of early American furnishings of many kinds. They use the proper woods, the correct models, the right finishes and make some slight concession to the cult of the old by giving their products a bit of patina and rubbing. This is not done to deceive, for the pieces are sold for what they are and for prices commensurate with the facts.

Collecting in Wholesale Lots

Several years ago I had displayed in my emporium quite a little of this excellent ware, having had a number of calls. It never occurred to me to offer it as anything except reproduced stuff. Surely, I reasoned, everyone who paid prices for furniture was aware of its existence and character. Sometimes I think I am as big a sucker as the next man. I constantly overrate human intelligence.

One day a young woman came into the place, looked over a set of Windsor chairs, asked what they were, got a list of prices and went her way. The following afternoon she returned with a friend and went over the chairs again. I did not misrepresent in the least and told only one lie—namely, that the pieces were specially made for me from my designs. I should not have indulged even this flight of fancy if the young client hadn't been a bit too anxious to find out the source of the goods. Naturally, I wanted her to buy from me and to believe that she couldn't get the things from others!

She bought six chairs at first. In a month she was back and bought two more. Then she came for a second half dozen. Next she wanted twelve, but of a somewhat different model. I took her ideas to the manufacturer and shortly supplied what was wanted. Later, this excellent client began to buy tables, stools, benches, cupboards and other items too numerous to mention. In six months she spent four or five thousand dollars with me and carted away a perfect collection of very nice reproductions.

I wondered, but asked no questions. Finally I moved my place of business and the young woman came no more. Still she clung in my memory with a provocative tenacity.

Last summer I took a vacation. Three of us motored up to Boston and had started from there through New England, following the roads in a leisurely way, stopping to visit the usual spots of historic interest. One particularly hot and sandy afternoon in August we stopped for water at a farmhouse which sat crowded to the main-traveled automobile road—just where, I decline to say, for fear of injuring my client. It was a fine old house, just sufficiently restored to make it appealing and just enough neglected to show its age.

Made From the Family Tree

A most hospitable countrywoman in neat gingham met us at the stile, invited us in, took us around the corner to an old well and bade us wait a moment. In thirty seconds she was back with two copper dippers with long iron handles—just old things that had been in the family for generations, she said. Well, I looked this gift drink in the teeth. While I was pouring the clear water down my hot gullet my eyes were on the iron handle, and when my companions had finished drinking I asked to look at the dippers. Alas, they were not very good reproductions. But never a word said I.

We gave our thanks and had started to leave when the guileless farm woman edged over to me, suggested that the day was very hot, and invited us to sit on her porch a while and cool off. I wanted to be polite, the shade was inviting, and curiosity had me by the coat tails. We climbed up three or four shaky old steps to the veranda in front of the house and—there were five beautiful, weather and time beaten Windsor chairs! We sat down and I began to talk chairs. The one I sat in was very beautiful. How long had the lady owned it? Come down from her great-great-grandfather, eh? Wasn't that wonderful? Had she ever thought of selling them? Didn't she know they were worth money? Did she mind if I examined?

In spite of the incident of the copper dippers I went at the chairs without much suspicion. They looked too genuine. One could see at a glance that they had suffered all the slings and arrows of the centuries. Vandals and small boys had kicked and scuffed and cut them. Sacrilegists had let them stand out in the rains and snows. Bunglers had tried to polish their wounded surfaces. All this I noted with pleasant emotions. The joinery, however, struck me as a bit too firm for such old furniture. Still, they did things well in the old days. It might be all right. Then I turned my chair upside down and caught my breath.

Without moving an eyelash I set the chair back down and settled myself into it like one who is enjoying the contact with anciency.

"Very beautiful!" I murmured like a devotee.

"The city folks all seem to think so," came the studied antiphon.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to part with them," said I, as deprecation.

"I've been offered a good price," she chanted in response.

How often I had been through the litany before. Still I went ahead, impelled by the imps of laughter: "How much would you consider for the five?"

"They tell me old chairs like this bring big prices in those swell New York auctions."

"I'm afraid they're beyond my means."

"Oh, I don't want no fancy prices," said she with protesting grimaces. "I don't know jest what I do want. I guess mebbe I'd take a hundred fer mine. I ain't anxious to sell. They're old heirlooms. I'm kinda fond of them. I'd just have to go and buy new stuff that's hard to get used to."

"A hundred dollars each?"

"I expect that's about right."

"Madam," said I, "may I have your name and address, so that I can write?"

She gave it, and I started.

"Have you a daughter?" I queried.

"You mean Minnie?" the woman questioned. "You know her?"

"Know her, madam?" I repeated, bowing my way down the steps. "I sold her these chairs three years ago."

This planting of reproductions is a good deal commoner than most people think. The homes of recently wealthy people are full of such discoveries.

If anyone has concluded from what I've written that American furniture is the most dangerous kind, we'd better call a halt and begin on other varieties. As a matter of fact, there is more English furniture sold to our collectors than of any other variety, and the ratio of fakes in it runs at least as high. We buy more old English furniture because there is more on the market, and we absorb more fakes of the same for the parallel reason. Examples of William and Mary, Queen Anne and Georgian furniture appear in every shop and auction, and hold the lead for popularity with most collectors. Ergo, they have been imitated for many years and the world is crowded with fakes.

All kinds of old needlework furniture have also been popular for several years, but the vogue seems to be subsiding. In this kind of goods high-class faking plays little part. Old French, Italian, German, Flemish and even English needlework is not to be imitated successfully. The results seldom look like the old things; it is very hard to give them the appearance of age, and modern wages are so high that fine reproductions cost outlandishly. There are, to be sure, many coarse and common fakes on the market and factory pieces which bear as much relationship to old needlework furniture as I do to a saint.

If You Believe in Statistics

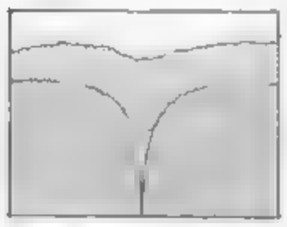
What has just been written about English furniture applies with equal force to French. The rage for the ornate stuff of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been enormous for many years. Let us consider some amusing facts. In the days when the all-desired Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze things were made, France was, after all, a comparatively small country. The masses were very poor, the middle class little better off, and wealth concentrated into the hands of a limited number of nobles. It happens that the qualities which specially distinguish the furniture of these times were elaborateness and expensiveness. Consequently, there were not a great many people in France who could afford such luxuries, and the export business was then still limited. Again, in the rack and ruin of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty years, much of the stuff then made must have perished. Ten per cent would probably be a very high estimate for the survivals. If we now deduct the old pieces which have been taken over by French and other European museums, placed permanently in the palaces and reliquaries of the French Government, held by old families in their many chateaux and city houses or sold to collectors and social pretenders before the Americans came on the scene, we must conclude that not a great deal of genuine fine stuff can have been on the market at any time within fifty years or so.

The passion for such art objects is easily understood, for the French carried the making of decorative furniture, especially of the rococo and baroque styles, much further than any other people. A mere glance at the woods they employed, to say nothing of other materials, gives some idea. The earlier and simpler things were made of oak

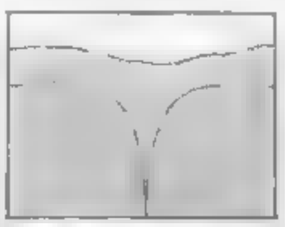
(Continued on Page 206)

How this penetrating foam CLEANS TEETH BETTER

Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high surface tension) fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low surface tension) penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

. . . and only 25¢ The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

It not only polishes the outer surfaces ...but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power than any other leading dentifrice.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't . . . to a degree not found in ordinary toothpastes.

Remember, too, that Colgate's, being the world's largest selling toothpaste, is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

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Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

Name _____

Address _____

EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

(Continued from Page 50)

"I must send him a postal tomorrow," she said.

He stood in the hall in his new corduroy bath robe and watched her until she stepped into the elevator. It was the first time in all his ten years and more that she had ever left him at night, all alone. Always, at home when she went to parties, there was his grandfather to stay with. A surprising grief for his recently departed grandfather made him feel sick when he stepped back into the garish hotel room. It was the first time he had missed the crabbed old gentleman. They had been so busy ever since he died getting ready to take this trip on his money.

The sudden grief for his grandfather brought a few slow hot tears, so that when the porter came bringing him three magazines he was obliged to forgo the pleasure of any conversation and stay in the bathroom.

Then he wrote, with a pen, to Luke Taylor:

Dear Luke: Well, we got here last nite but I haven't been outside of this dog-gone hotel yet because Iv'e caught a dog-gone cold. However, this place don't look like much to me. I don't think it would look like much to you either. What do you think? All those pictures in those catalogues of Fountain were faked. They are how Fountain is supposed to be going to look about a hundred thousand years from now, I guess. Nevertheless they are building an awful lot of buildings here. Out of my window it looks like a big kicked-up sand pile. There are so many men working at everything they look just like ants running around. And lots of mules. But I bet you wouldn't think this place is half as good as Lakeview. However, the climate is good. But I am like you, I don't mind a little snow for a change. Nevertheless it is nice and warm here and we will like to go swimming, I guess. Mother says the fountain is just like the picture of it in the catalogue, with real alligators in it. I will write you about it later.

I guess this is enugh about Fountain. Now I will tell you about mother. She didn't talk to any men except one old one on the train at all. But I am afraid nevertheless you are right about her intentions on this trip. She bought seven new dresses in Chicago. Most of them are party dresses—that is, four are. And rite now she has gone to a party with one of them on which cost thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents, with a fellow named Mr. Morgan.

This hotel has got a hostess who is like a lady you are visiting. She introduces folks and she introduced mother to him. He invited her to go to dinner, too, but she didn't. Nevertheless I think she wanted to, only her duty to me made her eat up here with me. I haven't seen the fellow yet, but when I do I will rite you. He didn't go to war like you and my father, but he quit college and went to a camp, which mother seems to think is brave enugh. She said of course she didn't like him better than she liked you, but he was fassinating and the tipe of man she enjoyed. I will mail this letter very secretly and keep you informed to the best of my ability. We being such good friends and everything, I will never fail you.

Affectionately and respectively,

JUNIOR ATTERBURY.

In the morning, early, Junior got to the lobby. His mother was so soundly asleep that he did not waken her. It was easily the most impressive of any lobby in his career. Even the lobby of the ten-dollars-a-day hotel in Chicago couldn't compare with it in any respect.

Already coatless men were congregated in gesturing groups. But Junior made a thorough and uninterrupted tour of exploration. Several people jostled against him, but no one noticed him. The fountain motif was highly developed. There was the largest one he had ever seen in the center of the room, spouting almost to the vaulted ceiling and falling into an oval lake through a sylvan mass of palms and tropical ferns and flowers. Goldfish of enormous proportions raced through the lake. Canaries sang from swaying cages and parrots of every description eyed him sleepily from their perches. Each corner of the lobby had its own fountain, falling over colored lights into triangular pools. One of these pools was wired across the top and held an actual alligator. At this, Junior's conscience pricked him mightily for his pessimistic report to Luke Taylor. He decided to counteract it with postal cards after breakfast.

And fireplaces—there were more fireplaces than fountains, all filled with greenery and hibiscus blossoms. And there were dozens of divans, great tufted ones covered with gorgeous chintz. His mother had a very elegant divan; it had taken three of his father's life-insurance payments, and never once had his grandfather sat his withered limbs upon it because of its sinful extravagance. But every one of these divans was greater far. Most of them flanked the fireplaces, face to face; but some of them sat out in the room, back to back, like Siamese twins. It was while testing the comfort of one of these that he became suddenly more interested in humanity than in its picturesque manifestations.

For behind him a man's voice said, "Hello, Morgan. Say, can you herd my fem prospect around this morning?"

"Not much. I couldn't sell a lot in paradise to that Amazon you picked. Big women give me an inferiority complex. Where were you last night? Doesn't it dance?"

"No. She's a beach walker. We strolled in the moonlight till midnight, gathering lovely little shells."

"That's a bad sign, Jack. These shell fanatics never fail. Remember those two women from Idaho last month? I wore my finger nails to the quick picking up shells for 'em. All they bought was postal cards."

"Well, I think this old girl is pretty well heeled and not exactly invulnerable. But I've got a heavy prospect on my hands this morning—hard-boiled oil farmer from Oklahoma. Can't you take my fem on for me today?"

"Percentage basis?"

"Oh, sure. . . . Come on, let's have breakfast. There's Martin's latest prospect. He sure likes to earn his money."

A stout, visibly corseted woman was passing. But Junior saw nothing prospective about her. He stood up and stared at the departing Mr. Morgan and his friend Jack. He could not but agree with what his mother had said. Mr. Morgan was handsome and fascinating, and his boyish grin of white teeth was a beguiling thing. He was not so tall as his friend, and very slender. He had black hair; his friend's was red. He wore a silk soft-collared shirt open at the throat, and linen knickerbockers.

While Junior stood there gazing, a fat coatless man dropped down on the divan, swung enormous spectacles on his nose, opened a large blue print across his knees and lost himself in absorbed contemplation of it. He looked kindly, approachable, like most of the men in Lakeview.

"Mister," said Junior—"mister, please excuse me; but can you tell me what a prospect is?"

"Hunh? Wha-at? Why?" said the fat gentleman with accelerating interest, as Junior's individuality gradually made itself felt.

"I heard two gentlemen talking about prospects. But I was unable to understand their meaning," he explained with his famed and best rhetorical ability. "They seemed to be talking about ladies and men."

"Well, son, maybe they were—men, women and children. The minute you get here you're a prospect. You might be a prospect yourself now."

"I do not think so," he said. "I am here because my mother hopes the climate may overcome my tendency to asthma. And a prospect has something to do with mines, hasn't it? Or—what you see."

"'What you see?'" The fat pleasant man was somewhat puzzled, but undoubtedly interested and desirous of being helpful. Junior liked him.

"Well, I know in a hymn my mother plays in church there are some words that say, 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' And there, I believe, 'prospect' means that what you see pleases you."

"Exactly," the fat man exploded with a puffy guffaw. "Exactly, son. Well, now down here, everybody we see is a prospect that pleases us real-estate men. We hope we can sell them something."

"Oh! Are you a real-estate man?"

"That's what I am, son. That's what everybody is except the elevator boys—and some of them are. Been here long?"

"We just came night before last. My mother likes it here very much."

"Don't your father like it too?"

"My father," said Junior, "lies in a hero's grave in France."

The fat gentleman's head dropped. He coughed, and found, with difficulty, a large handkerchief to muffle his coughs. Then he took off his glasses and looked at Junior as one might who sees wine where was water.

"Well, son, you've got reason to be mighty proud. Sit down a while, won't you? My name's Mr. Henry Morgan. What's yours, son?"

"Clarence Atterbury, Junior. I'm named after my father, who died for his country before I ever saw him. . . . Mr. Morgan, are you any relation to a Mr. Morgan here in Fountain that graduated from Columbia University and was introduced to my mother by the hostess of this hotel?"

Mr. Morgan's face wrestled with another shock. This time he put his glasses back on to look at Junior.

"Shouldn't wonder if I'm his father, son. But, my goodness, surely that pretty little woman —— Mrs. Atterbury—yes, yes—surely she hasn't got a great big boy like you."

Junior's thin chest expanded almost painfully under his checked suit with the heart-warming pleasure of Mr. Morgan's adjectives.

"Yes, sir, yes, Mr. Morgan, she has. And I reach more than to her shoulder. In all probability I'd be strong, too, like my father was, if I could get over this tendency to asthma. Luke Taylor says the only reason I have this tendency to asthma is because I've grown too fast. He is a friend of mine who in all probability my mother will marry. Mr. Morgan, do you think the reason that your son, the other Mr. Morgan, took my mother to a dance is because she is his prospect? The red-headed gentleman went walking on a beach with his and picked shells up for her."

"Oh, no, Clarence, not at all—not at all. I met your mother myself last night and I remember hearing her say she didn't come here to invest, but only for the trip. So she's not a prospect at all, for anybody."

"Please call me Junior, Mr. Morgan. My mother doesn't like people to call me Clarence, because the only Clarence there can ever be for her was my father. But I thought you said prospects were everybody, Mr. Morgan. You said 'men, women and children,' didn't you, Mr. Morgan?"

"No, Junior." Mr. Morgan's voice had regained its surety. "No, Junior, I said everybody was a prospect that we expected to sell something to. But we don't expect to sell your mother anything, because she doesn't intend to invest."

"No," said Junior, vastly relieved. "Luke Taylor told my mother over and over not to let anybody know she had a cent."

Something about the expression of Mr. Morgan's fat fluent face made Junior recall hotly another thing that Luke Taylor had said: "Now, kid, remember—keep your ears and eyes open and your mouth shut. When strangers get inquisitive, no matter how nice they are, it's time to act foxy and talk politics."

And here he was, revealing their newly important affairs to the first man he had talked to. He went sick and cold with shame of it. But he mended matters with a masterly nonchalance:

"But that doesn't count now, because she's spent it all on our railroad tickets."

This left Mr. Morgan convincingly deceived. "Yes, trips certainly cost a lot of money these days, Junior. But your friend Mr. Taylor sounds like a pretty sensible man. What's his business?"

"He's got a real-estate office and insures things."

Junior was becoming fascinated by Mr. Morgan's increasing likeness to a balloon that must surely soon burst. He made him think of the clown in Chicago who tottered miraculously on the edge of the stage without falling into the orchestra. But on learning Luke Taylor's vocation, Mr. Morgan's laughter finally materialized in rippling chuckles and overlapping facial convolutions. He thumped Junior's shoulder fraternally.

"When you write to your friend Mr. Taylor —— Ever write to him?"

"Twice a week without fail," said Junior. "We've got an agreement. But I just mailed him a letter, so I won't write again till Saturday."

"When you write him," Mr. Morgan chucklingly admonished, "you tell him you've met another good old-fashioned real-estate agent who—who understands how he feels."

"I'll be pleased to," said Junior, not quite clear what the feeling was which Mr. Morgan understood, but reminded by seeing a passing man look at his watch that he was hungry and that his mother was probably waiting for him. They parted with assurance of seeing each other often.

To his horror, he found Molly Atterbury far from a well woman. She was not even dressed yet. Her curls were moist around her precious pain-drawn face, which was as colorless as his grandfather's. With her new pink silk kimono pinned tight about her throat, as if she were cold, she sat on the steamer trunk and stared at him stupidly with dazed brown eyes. She seemed to have dropped by the wayside en route from the bed to the disheveled bureau. He could not move. He could not speak.

"Oh, Junior dear, get me that soda, darling. The porter put it on the bureau there. Fix a spoonful of it in a glass of water. Don't be frightened, poor precious. I'm—all right. Just something—something I've eaten."

At her assuring glimmer of a smile, his agonized knees wabbled to do her bidding. After the soda, she lay down again. She could talk weakly, but she didn't seem to hear anything that he asked her. Finally she was rackingly ill. He stood outside the closed bathroom door and suffered with her, covered with cold sweat. After that she was better. The porter brought up breakfast trays and Junior, solemnly consequential, bestowed a quarter on him. Luke Taylor had said 10 per cent, but his mother never deviated from the quarter. In his anguished concern for his mother he forgot how intensely he had wanted to go to the dining room. All his mother had for breakfast was coffee—both potfuls. Then he discovered a frightful thing. She still wore—she must have slept in—the new white dress with the red flowers in it. It was under her kimono. He had not seen it when he got up in the morning, because the sheet was pulled close round her neck. Her stockings were on, too. All she had taken off was her slippers.

Upon his aghast discovery she was not even startled.

"Oh, I know, Junior dear, I know. Thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents doesn't matter, poor precious, when you're nearly dead. I—I felt this attack coming on and I didn't want to be sick then and wake you up. I knew if I was sick it would spoil your sleep, and you needed your sleep to get over your cold."

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SOUTHERN COOKING

Batter cakes drenched in syrup. Hot corn bread. Fried chicken! (always cooked in crisp jackets of flour.) Creole rice and succotash. . . . How long ago was it that you used to bring back hungry memories from any trip below the Maryland line!

But the South was generous and has shared with the whole country the secrets of her art. Cherished recipes have been published far and wide. Food advertising, literally, has swept away the old geographical boundaries of diet. Preferences have been exchanged, menus have broadened, appetites have become national, until through the power of the printed page there has been developed a nation-wide food market with an amazing variety of products.

Every morning, before dawn, trainloads of produce roll into the city markets. Vegetables and fruits. Poultry and meats. Cereals and sea food. Staples and specialty products from every corner of the land.

For the American housewife has been educated to food by advertising. Thousands of thriving industries cater to her standards of living. Millions of manufacturing capital are dedicated to her whims. She supports research departments, test kitchens, dieticians. She elects to feed her family well, season in and out; and she knows how—thanks to food advertising and food publicity. She clips recipes from the newspapers and magazines. She mails coupons for informative booklets. She is alert for new dishes, new ideas, new fashions in the preparation and serving of food.

That is why the business of serving her is one of the most interesting in the world and the art of appealing to her in print is a stimulating occupation. Add to this a truth upon which many great businesses have been founded: There is no other market that rewards the progressive manufacturer and skilful advertiser with the same generosity as the American table.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, Washington Square, Philadelphia. New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

GENERAL

"Our *second car* has made us pals"

"WHEN I was a child it was easy for mothers to keep in touch with their children," says a woman in Illinois. "Today the members of the family must make a real effort to keep united.

"I thought a great deal about this as my children began to grow up. I decided that the most important thing I could possibly do would be to plan ways in which they and I could have our good times together.

"My husband agreed, and for that reason we bought a second automobile, since he had to use his car in getting back and forth to business.

"I can't begin to tell you of the happiness it has given us—picnics together, expeditions for wild flowers in the spring, and exploration parties to spots of historic interest. It's our very best investment. It has helped the children and me to keep on being pals."

* * * * *

Every year many thousands of families decide that a second car is a saver of time, and a great contribution to family happiness and health.

If your family makes that decision, General Motors dealers can help you to select a second car that will meet your requirements exactly. The General Motors line affords combination of cars that any family can want; and for those desiring transportation at still lower cost, General Motors dealers also sell used cars, as well as new cars, on the G M A C Payment Plan.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • MARQUETTE • OAKLAND • VIKING
BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE *The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Power and Light Plants • Water Systems*

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Brown-Lipe-Chapin—*Differentials* • Delco-Remy—*Starting, Lighting and Ignition Equipment; Klaxon Horns; Lovejoy Shock Absorbers; Guide Lamps; and Batteries* • Harrison Radiators Inland Steering Wheels • Jaxon Wheels, Rims, and Tire Carriers • Durex Bearings • Jacox Steering Gears • A C Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Air Cleaners • New Departure—Ball Bearings Hyatt—Roller Bearings • Ternstedt Automobile Hardware.

. . . .

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

. . . .

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party Every Monday evening, 8 to Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 57 other stations associated with N B C

MOTORS

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After the coffee and her bath, the terrible attack entirely left her. She wouldn't think of having the doctor. And while she dressed he told her about the elder Mr. Morgan.

"I saw your beau, too," he said experimentally. "I heard another man call him Morgan, so I watched him a while."

She turned from the mirror and bubbled her lips at him.

"Grandpa! I can tell you're going to play grandpa, aren't you? Well, get it over with. Harry said you'd probably hate him."

"Goodness' sake," he said, "do you call him by his first name already? Why, lots of folks ——"

"Say 'people,' Junior, not 'folks.'"

"—— lots of people in Lakeview that you've been acquainted with always, you don't call by their first names."

"But this isn't Lakeview, sweet little grandpa. Listen! Haven't you lots of times heard grandpa say, 'In Rome do as the Romans do'? Well, now haven't you? And this is an example of it. Lakeview is a little tiny countrified, narrow-minded, old-fashioned town and the people act stiff and old-fashioned. Haven't I always told you frankly that the Chicago people I met were more the type of people I enjoyed? You're old enough to realize how different they were, aren't you?"

The very nature of this inquiry impelled an affirmative nod of his troubled head.

"Well, all the people at the party last night were the same. They were—well, they were sophisticated. But I don't know just how to explain that to you. It means ——"

"I know what it means." Would she never learn that he was no longer a baby? "It means citified and usually kind of tough."

"Never tough. How on earth did you get that notion—idea?"

"I looked it up last summer in the dictionary. You said it about the man that took you once on a picnic in his launch. Besides, I asked Luke Taylor too."

"Oh, well, that explains it. Old-fashioned Luke would think so. It means traveled and—and cultured and—well, not old-fashioned. As soon as you've been around these people a while, you'll understand. That's why I was so anxious to bring you on this trip, so you would get out of that stilted atmosphere."

He tucked the words "stilted atmosphere" in a snug corner of his brain to look up later, thankful that she left him untested on them.

"I'll always like Lakeview," he was compelled to say, "and those sophisticated people seem to like it all right, summers."

"Of course, Junior dearest. I want you to. But I want you—oh, I want you very much to like Harry, too, because ——"

She drew the word out pensively and looked long out of the window, her head leaning against the open casement.

"Because why?" he finally asked.

She turned and made a quick little face at him. "Because I want you to."

He sat down on the trunk and rested his heavy head in his hands.

"Aw, I guess I can stand him as well as he can me, if he's anything like both those men from Chicago that took you to the movies and on a picnic. If you've got such a case on him, you better keep me hid."

She ran to him and hugged his head against her. "Blessed precious, if he doesn't like you, we just know what he can do, don't we? I wouldn't walk across the street with any man who didn't like my Junior; nor if you didn't like him, either. And you know it, too, don't you?"

He did know it. The tortuous wonder of it bound him to her with thongs that cut—oh, straight through his heart into his very soul.

"Now take off this coat, even if it is new," she said. "This isn't Alaska. It's a glorious, wonderful climate!" She sang the words jubilantly and skipped into the closet for her snug new white felt hat with the long arrow of brilliants across the front.

"Come on, we'll walk over and see the fountain before we go for the swimming lesson."

In the lobby, near the door, stood Mr. Morgan and a tailored woman in a sailor hat like a man's. Junior knew it must be the prospect of Mr. Morgan's red-headed friend. With his mother's low-murmured, "Isn't he just too handsome, Junior dear?" Junior's arteries filled with thin ice, but he marched straight onward with set and resolute mien. No one, not even Luke Taylor, certainly not his mother, had any idea of the searing ordeal it was for him to meet, unflinching, his mother's new admirers. Always he vanquished them, but his was a terrible triumph.

But Mr. Morgan came toward them with a disarming, unsurprised grin and greeted Mrs. Atterbury with the careless ease of old acquaintance:

"Good morning, Molly-o. I'm worried about myself—never waited this long before for any woman in my life." Then he said, before Junior's mother could begin on the loving sacrificial ceremony with which she always introduced him: "Hello, Junior. I'll say you look as wise as your mother says you are, and dad tells me you're one great kid. But I can't say you do your mother credit for looks, old boy."

Junior's limp fingers warmed in the handclasp of this unwelcome but straightforwardly ease-giving young man. No pretense here, no subterfuge, no restrained amusement. Though Junior's heart gave a dull thud of requiem for his beloved Luke Taylor. When the king is dead, long live the king. His lips parted unreservedly over his sharp uneven teeth and the confidence of fluent rhetoric returned to him.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Morgan. And it would be very discouraging for me, indeed, when I look at handsome people like you if I didn't remember the motto Beauty is Only Skin Deep."

His mother was saying simultaneously, "Why, Harry, you horrid monster! I'd rather have Junior's intellectual face than ——"

But at the evidently harmonious sentiment risen between her two companions her words died neglected, and they moved on merrily.

"Now, Harry," she said, "I told you not to wait for me this morning. You'll have to realize that I can't neglect my Junior. We're going swimming and ——"

"Oh, but I needed to see you to revive my spirits," he said, touching her arm. "When you see the bunch of prospects I've got to take out and waste my personality on you'll —— Oh, hello, Nita. Hope you haven't hurried."

A dark slender girl, purposeless and detached as a vivid autumn leaf, suddenly drifted in front of them. She made the strangest and most intense impression on Junior that anyone ever had. Though her cool green sport dress covered her entirely, buttoning with tiny pearl buttons up to her very chin, it had the queerest effect of revealing her rather than concealing her. And to look at her was like putting his fingers on the edge of a shining sharp knife. When he dropped his fascinated gaze he discovered with a hot rush of aghast amazement that she wore no stockings—no stockings at all!

He glanced sidewise at his mother and knew, without in the least knowing how he knew, that his mother was as oddly terrified as he was.

But she was saying brightly, "Miss Vincent, this is Junior, my precious protector."

"'Protector' is good," said Miss Vincent in a much quieter voice than his mother's. "How'd'do, Junior?" Then, to his mother: "I must say your recuperative power is remarkable. Do you feel the way you look?"

"I feel very much better than I did," said his mother with a queer little laugh.

"Better? I'll say so. You're nothing less than a resurrection, woman. What's the program, Harry?"

Junior felt that Harry was none too pleased with her intrusion. But he was polite to her.

"Two of 'em have gone on in Martin's car. Hope you haven't hurried."

She gave him a long cool look. "Sorry to have kept you waiting. But I really have to sandwich in a little sleep occasionally. Coming along, Mrs. Atterbury—with the protector?"

Harry answered for them: "No, they don't have to work for their living, so they're going swimming."

"And I have not seen the fountain as yet," Junior said definitely, trying not to glance again at Miss Vincent's shining bronze legs.

Miss Vincent said "My God" in a tone of indifferent wonder which made Junior feel unpleasantly appraised.

But Mr. Harry Morgan was departing for the door and the tall woman in the sailor hat. Miss Vincent followed him. He and his mother followed her. Eight people got into Mr. Morgan's seven-passenger automobile. His mother knew them all. They had been on the bus the day before or at the party where she got so sick. He and his mother waited on the curb, chatting, until they drove off. The old lady who had sold her truck farm for city lots sat on the front seat between Harry and Miss Vincent. Her wrinkled cheeks were as pink as his mother's. A small man with a large cigar, whom his mother called Peoria because he came from there, leaned out the automobile to advise his mother to invest in a little of the water-front property they were going to look at.

"Really the chance of a lifetime," he muttered confidentially.

His mother shook her finger at him. "You gay bachelors with no children to educate can afford to take chances. I can't," she said.

Junior mentally noted this for an item to Luke Taylor.

Harry had to get out to examine his gasoline tank. While he was leaning over to tighten the cap he said to Junior's mother, "See you at 4:30, Molly-o."

Before his mother could reply, Miss Vincent spoke from the front seat: "Are we going somewhere, Mr. Morgan, or are we a study in still life?"

Everybody thought this was very funny and they drove off laughing.

Down on the sidewalk—a very wide sidewalk—Fountain was much more impressive than from an upstairs window; so many gesturing people, so many automobiles, so much noise. On their way to the great central fountain for which the city was named and from which its important streets radiated like the spokes of a wheel, Junior learned by astute and thoughtful questioning that Miss Vincent was an heiress from New York City, a very modern girl, who was making enormous sums of money in the real-estate activity. In a way she was a prospect and in another way she was not. There was no doubt but that she would buy any property that looked good. . . . No, his mother did not think Miss Vincent was fast; she did not wear stockings because it was the style for fashionable young women not to wear them, and it was much cooler besides.

"Heaven knows how she keeps from scratching her mosquito bites," his mother observed a little enviously; and then: "Junior dear, I'm sure you're old enough for me to be perfectly frank with you, and the fact is I'm afraid Miss Vincent is—is a little jealous of me. It makes me perfectly wretched, for she's such a lovely girl. Did you notice how she took it for granted that Harry was waiting for her when he wasn't at all?"

Junior had considered this very same thing. "I thought maybe he was waiting for both of you," he said.

"Oh, no," she said. "He'd telephoned to me several times. Don't you honestly think, Junior, that he's just as nice as Luke Taylor?"

Happily, Junior was spared accurate sociological comparison by their timely arrival at the fountain. Here at last was something the tempting colored catalogues had not preconceived. It was reality of surpassing impressiveness; a prodigal combination of horticultural wonders, aquatic phenomena and architectural unrestraint; an excrescence of human enthusiasm rather than a fulfillment of man's imagination.

But to Junior it was all-sufficing. Only because his mother would have to pay two dollars, whether she took her swimming lesson or not, did he suffer her to tear him away to the lesser interests of the hotel swimming pool, where he felt his tendency to asthma coming on and was left sitting on a cold stone bench to watch her struggles.

She rested after luncheon, while he sat on the fire escape and looked and listened. Identical sentences were repeated and repeated like birds flying out and in cages. Sentences about "turnovers" and "double your money" and "subdivisions" and "earnest money" and "pay for itself before the second payment." . . . "Why, in a year from now ——"

There was a *thé dansant* that afternoon at the golf clubhouse, or rather at the place where the clubhouse was going to be—at present only a very smooth floor, with walls and roof of dry brown palm leaves. Battalions of tractors were plowing the sandy ground in every direction, which made it a little dusty and irritated Junior's throat. Bright yellow iron chairs and tables circled the dance floor, and he sat at one of these, sipping lemonade to keep from coughing. His mother wore another one of her new dresses, a blue one, very short; and she danced nearly every dance with Harry Morgan. Miss Vincent came late, in the same dress she had worn in the morning, with a tall blond young man who sat across from her and stared at her steadily and at whom she occasionally smiled mockingly.

Junior noticed that he had a larger lemonade glass than did the others. Porters kept filling other people's from tall silver vases wrapped in big napkins. Junior had not realized that his mother could be so funny. She had everyone around them in gales of laughter. She mimicked the way people in Lakeview danced. Even Miss Vincent laughed when she danced like Jimmy Smith's mother, bent at the waist, back rigid, her lips counting the measures precisely. But Harry insisted on taking them back to the hotel before she wanted at all to go; and it was well that he did, for once again, and similarly, she was very, very indisposed.

That night, after she had again miraculously recuperated and gone to the nine o'clock movie with Mr. Morgan, Junior got up in his new pongee pajamas and penciled a hurried letter to Luke Taylor:

Dear Luke: I have no doubt you will be surprised to receive another letter from me so soon. I am writing you, however, as per our agreement. I agreed to do if my mother seemed serious about anyone. And I am afraid that a great deal worse than you expected has come to pass. That is, for you. Nevertheless I know you will be glad to hear that the man about whom I am writing you is a very nice gentleman and not a scoundrel who wants her money, because he has plenty of his own. He is a real estate agent just like you are, and his father is one, too.

I told his father about you being our friend and living right next door and everything, and being worried about us coming on this long trip alone, and he said to tell you he knew how you felt. He laughed because you were worried.

The reason I think the before-mentioned Mr. Morgan is serious about making love to my mother is because he likes me. He says homely people are the only honest ones and he is for them. Which is kind of a joke if you know him, because he is exceedingly handsome and wears silk shirts every day. And when my mother keeps telling him she would like to buy and sell some property like everybody else is doing and make some money, he tells her to think it over for a while, because there is one chance in a hundred that she might not make any money, though she wouldn't lose any, of course, but just tie it up and not have it to spend for things like my education.

However, I do not think we would ever live here, because my mother has had two stomach upsets and she has never had stomach upsets before. It is very warm here of course and she thinks the water may be bad for her. It is sulphur water. Last night when she got home from the party she was so sick she could not take off the new dress I wrote you about, but

(Continued on Page 63)

CUSTOM-DESIGNING
IS A FUNDAMENTAL PART OF LINCOLN POLICY

THE JUDKINS
2-PASSENGER COUPE

A distinctly personal car of individual design, notable for its comfort and quiet smartness. There is a luggage compartment in the rear and a special storage space for golf clubs.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

In the designing of automobile bodies, as in everything else, there is an art . . . and that art has been mastered by comparatively few men. These men are the leading custom body designers, and their skill is reflected in every car that leaves the Lincoln shops.

The sweep and grace of Lincoln bodies, their distinguished air, their luxury and comfort of appointment . . . all those qualities which in their aggregate go to make fine coachwork have been achieved by the most subtle alignment of line and form. Judkins . . . Brunn . . . Willoughby . . . Dietrich . . . Derham . . . Le Baron . . . Locke . . . such talents as these have been enlisted to make Lincoln the smart and beautiful motor car it is.

And beneath this rich exterior is the Lincoln chassis . . . a mechanism equally distinguished . . . made with extreme accuracy . . . powerful, lasting, swift. A mechanism that will run like a watch, and take the punishment of a locomotive. A mechanism that embodies every proved refinement known to automotive engineering.

From start to finish, the Lincoln is built to almost unheard-of standards of precision. Many of the operating clearances are adjusted to limits equivalent to 1/15*th of a hair's breadth!* There is no initial "tightness" in a Lincoln, and consequently no "loosening-up" process. Breaking-in is absolutely unnecessary. . . . You can drive your Lincoln at normal speed the very first day you own it.

So it is that when your eye is drawn inevitably to the Lincoln on avenue or highway it sees not simply an automobile of surpassing beauty, but one of surpassing performance also . . . a masterpiece of art and engineering . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

THE LINCOLN

It's a Gift..

Men, it's yours for the asking. Mail the coupon for generous 7-day sample. It will prove a revelation in shaving comfort.

GENTLEMEN: Our success is based on the approval, *each morning*, of a million men. If we fail to please them, if our quality is relaxed ever so little, we lose friends. And friends, we have found, are our best asset.

We gain these friends by a unique offer Before we ask you to buy our remarkable shaving cream, we first offer it to you for a week's test free. Men who customarily never mail coupons, send this one in.

And 86% of those who *try* Palmolive Shaving Cream become staunch supporters for it. They make claims that we would hesitate to print. Their enthusiasm is supreme. Won't you let us send you a sample now that you may have seven delightful shaves at our expense? That will prove our case one way or the other. You be the judge. Just mail the coupon.

These 5 superiorities

Palmolive Shaving Cream came as the result of years of experiment. 129 formulas were rejected before we embodied, all in one preparation, the things 1000 men had asked us for.

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Perhaps your present shaving method satisfies, and yet there may be a better way. In fairness to yourself—and to us who undertake to please you in one week—won't you mail the coupon now for the test we offer?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—9:30 to 10:30 p. m., E. T., 8:30-9:30 p. m., C. T., 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time, 6:30-7:30 p. m. Pacific time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3074, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City

In Canada, address Palmolive, Toronto, 8.

Please print your name and address

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

(Continued from Page 60)

went to bed in it like a nightgown and it is very mussed and torn in one place on the shoulder. I was exceedingly frightened. Nevertheless I didn't know it until morning, and she soon got well. However, she had another attack this afternoon after a party called a tea donsont, where she had made everybody laugh at the funny ways she could dance like ladies in Lakeview. There weren't any refreshments to give her a stomach upset. All she had was lemonade in little bits of glasses, and I drank more in my big tall one than she did in six or seven of hers.

Now of course my mother has not said anything about her marrying Mr. Morgan, but I am writing you as per our agreement so you can know what is going on and not let people in Lakeview have a joke on you for not knowing about Mr. Morgan.

I do not want you to think that I like this Mr. Morgan half as much as I like you even if he is handsome and honorble. And my mother has not as yet completely forgotten you, because she sends you the postal cards without my reminding her to send them and also she bought you a nice present, which of course I would not tell you about only to keep you from being too discouraged.

I do not feel it is unfair to my mother to keep you informed to the best of my ability until she is really engaged. So until she is really engaged you can absolutely bank on me.

Simpathetically,
JUNIOR

This letter was very bulky, so he put two stamps on it and dropped it down the chute in the hall. He had been so long in its composition that he was not yet asleep when his mother gently opened the door. He heard no words, but he did hear a soft, unmistakable sound—a sound ages-old and youth-thrilling—that set him shivering under the warm sheet. When she turned on the light he sat up and stared at her, so winsome, so dear in the fluffy blue dress with its crushed forget-me-nots on the shoulder.

"When—when did he propose to you?" he said.

"Why, you silly dear, what are you talking about?" She dropped down near his pillow and buried her face in his shoulder. It was warm, glowing. Her soft disheveled hair smelled of cigarette smoke.

"You—you kissed him! I—I heard you!"

She drew away and looked at him pityingly. Without his glasses, through his hot abominable tears, she was only a beloved beautiful blur.

"Why, Junior Atterbury, what on earth are you crying about?"

"Well, didn't you kiss him? Didn't you? And it's too soon to be engaged to a stranger—a whole lot too soon! You know it is too!"

"Why, Junior dear, you're a regular baby grandpa, that's what you are—a baby grandpa! I thought you were a big enough boy to understand that nowadays people kiss each other—sometimes—just to see if perhaps they want to be engaged to each other after while, and—and ——"

"Mother! You didn't kiss him before he's proposed to you, did you?"

It seemed she had. She became suddenly very gentle and dignified, almost stern—her manner of last resort. She explained inexplainable things which she made irrefutable with the magic phrase, "Now surely, dear, you're old enough not to be a baby about what I do." His tears dried on his eyelashes while he listened hungrily for a grain of logic. It did not come.

Finally he was obliged to say accedingly: "But if kissing doesn't mean anything serious to nice ladies if they aren't old-fashioned, then why didn't you kiss Luke Taylor good-by? He has proposed to you and wants to be engaged, and he has been our friend always, and everybody says you couldn't ——"

"Oh, you and your precious Luke! Well, if it will do you any good to know it, you little old grandpa, I've kissed Luke Taylor dozens and dozens of times—yes! . . . Now lie down there and stop glaring at me just like grandpa."

He lay down gladly, dumb with shock. From that instant on he accepted humiliatingly that the ways of women must ever be matters beyond man's realm of reason.

"Aren't you able to see, Junior," she asked wistfully, as she turned out the light, "that Harry is more my type of person than Luke Taylor, even if he isn't any nicer?" He pretended that he was asleep. "Possum!" she said. "Why, the chief reason I like Mr. Morgan so much is because he thinks you're a wonderful boy. And he's planned the nicest week for you, Junior."

It proved to be a very nice week, indeed. That much could never be discounted. Mr. Harry Morgan saw to it that he did not have an idle or uninteresting moment. Even at times when his mother thought he really should stay in their room and rest, Mr. Morgan insisted on Junior's going with them. There were countless little business trips in the big car, but it was business of such pleasant financial outcome that every day was like a celebration. And one of the nicest things about the week was that Miss Nita Vincent went away. Harry did not seem to miss her at all. He had a few telegrams from her, but they were all about business. Business, business, business; maps and money; low voices and whispers; shouts of welcome and farewell; honking automobiles day and night.

During the week Junior's mother yielded cautiously to temptation and breathlessly went in on four little deals. She made eleven hundred dollars.

"One thousand one hundred dollars, for nothing," Junior wrote to Luke Taylor; "but Mr. Morgan has not as yet proposed to her. Nevertheless I am sure he is going to. I am sorry to say that my mother seems extremely happy, although she always speaks of you kindly."

Toward the end of the week the conversation, which usually swept swiftly from one thrilling turnover to another, began to sag heavily, with one preponderant topic. Harry was in on something big. A certain capitalist of Fountain was pushed for cash and was going to sell a magnificent piece of property—an apartment-house site—for less than half its value if he could get cash. Junior went with them to look at the magnificent site. With Harry and Mr. Peoria and his mother and Mr. Jack Evans and a pretty woman who lisped, he walked around the boundary line of the property. It was very sandy, and still cavernous from uprooted giant pine trees. It was not so large as his grandfather's yard in Lakeview. It was three miles from the Fountain Hotel. And its unfortunate owner was being obliged to relinquish it for only one hundred thousand dollars.

"And," whispered Harry, "I've got a prospect who'll give me twice that much!" They all whispered. It was a very secret affair, and must be skillfully handled. Harry and Mr. Peoria and Mr. Jack Evans and Miss Vincent decided to buy it—twenty-five thousand dollars apiece.

"I have to let Nita in on it," Harry explained to Junior's mother, "because she put me in touch with the chap who's got to get rid of it."

"Oh, Harry, don't you think it's safe enough for poor little me to go in on too?" Junior heard his mother make this plea several times, only to be tenderly brushed aside with the reminder of that one chance in a thousand of losing.

But finally Harry said, "Well, I'll wire Nita and see if she's willing to reduce her share five thousand dollars. We all will, if she will; and that will let in another $20,000 party."

Nita was not willing. She wired back:

THINK SUFFICIENT NUMBER NOW. PROFITS LARGER. DON'T ALTER PROPOSITION UNTIL I SEE YOU. COMING TOMORROW.

Junior saw the telegram when Harry showed it to his mother. They were having mint freezes at a secluded corner table on the buzzing balcony. He saw Harry's fingers linger about his mother's as she took the yellow paper, and he shivered almost visibly at the look which passed between them. Surely, surely, Harry would soon propose. Junior was approaching the bursting point of expectancy.

(Continued on Page 64)

Critical buyers pronounce this tooth paste a bargain *in results—in price*

SELDOM has a dental cream succeeded so tremendously as Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

It is being bought by people to whom merit is the first consideration and price secondary. It is supplanting costlier dentifrices which accomplish no more.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste, try it at once. Compare it with any paste at any price. We are willing that you judge by results alone.

Note how little brushing is necessary. Note how clean and gleaming it leaves your teeth. No deposits. Not a trace of discoloration. Note, too, that wonderful feeling of mouth exhilaration which you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

In this modern dentifrice at a sensible price we offer you a product in every way worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Buy a hat with that $3 saving

Dentifrices in the 50¢ class cost you about $6 per year on the basis of using a tube per month. Note what wonderful results you get when you change to Listerine Tooth Paste—which sells for 25¢ the large tube. A clear saving of $3. Spend it as you please.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 62)

When his mother read the message she said, "Harry, if Nita weren't an old friend of yours I'd hate her. The stingy rich thing, with all her money, to keep me from making twenty thousand dollars, when the five thousand wouldn't mean a thing to her. That girl just dislikes me—for another reason."

Harry lifted his nice eyebrows and grinned beguilingly. "Well, do you blame her—when you look upon what she's lost? But no, seriously now, Molly-o, you're dead wrong. Nita doesn't even know that you're the party who wants to come in on the deal. And I'm positive I can talk her into letting you in as soon as she knows."

"Oh, I don't doubt your ability to talk her into 'most anything." Junior felt pleased at his mother's playful manner. "Do you want my check this afternoon, Harry?"

He did not want it until morning. But when she and Junior went to their room she sat right down at the desk and wrote the check. She tore up four before she was satisfied with the result: "Pay to Harry F. Morgan twenty thousand dollars." Junior blotted it "for luck." His mother kissed it.

"You'll be forty thousand by and by," she sang to it, and gave it to Junior to put under the paper of the top bureau drawer.

An enlarged snapshot of Harry Morgan was tucked in the corner of the desk pad, and as she shoved back her chair she leaned over and kissed it too. Junior saw her in the mirror as she closed the drawer. Oh, surely, surely, surely it was time his mother and Mr. Harry Morgan were engaged! He decided he would send a special-delivery letter to Luke Taylor for advice.

His mother lay down for a nap, to refresh herself for the evening's dance, and he betook himself immediately to the mezzanine writing room. He had discovered some days before a certain unpopular poorly lighted desk, which, however, commanded a splendid view of twin back-to-back divans in the lobby just below, and from which he had witnessed several highly interesting tableaux. Such spots were instinctive with him; he never consciously sought advantageous nooks and corners, but his had been a lifetime of experience with them. And today, even before he began his urgent letter, he glanced down first to see if anything of interest was going on below him.

There was. Mr. Harry Morgan was absorbedly kissing the inside curve of Miss Nita Vincent's elbow. A door closed pinchingly on Junior's last vestige of sick hope. Mesmerized, he crept to the iron balustrade, his glasses slowly sliding down his long freckled nose until they almost tumbled completely off and into the laps of the lovers. They sat close together in the most shadowed corner of the big divan, sheltered from the lobby by a group of potted palms.

Miss Vincent seemed to have just come back. Her tiny red hat lay tossed on a table with her bag. She wore a sleeveless red dress which generously revealed her softly curved knees in their nude hose. Her feet seemed detached—far out from her body, like two little scarlet islands; one of them, in its red kid slipper, touched Mr. Harry Morgan's leg. Something masculine went through Junior like an electric shock, alarming, positive. Passing, it left him clammy with a terrible dislike of her. He could not hear what they were saying softly to each other, and he must hear it. Silent as thistledown, his large feet found the stairway and crossed the seething lobby. In less than three minutes he was crouched, motionless and unobtrusive as a spectacled spirit, on the twin divan just behind Miss Nita Vincent. He had no difficulty in hearing now:

"But listen, Nita, you frozen poppy! Listen! If your decree's absolute, then we can be married Sunday, can't we? We'll have enough cash to go to Paris or anywhere else you want to. Nita, you must—Sunday!"

"I'll consider it, sweetie. But for Pete's sake stop pawing me! Has your week with little Cuddle-up turned you into a public demonstrator?"

"Nita, you've no idea what I've gone through. If ever a man earned twenty thousand dollars, I have."

"Only the brave deserve the cash, Harry. Are you getting twenty thousand out of Peoria, too?"

"Yes, dearest—also cash. . . . Is it to be Sunday?"

"Yum—forty thousand! Harry, does it leave the merry widow strapped?"

"Oh, no. I've fed her along with eleven hundred dollars this week, and she's still got three thousand and something in the old home bank, which Lord knows I deserve, but I didn't want to trim her too hard, because ——"

A hateful sound of delighted laughter interrupted him. "—— because dear little Junior must be educated. She ought to put it in a zoo. I've laughed myself sick all week every time I've thought of that museum piece.

"Well, you know, Nita, I sort of like the kid. I get a kick out of him, really. If it hadn't been for him I never on earth could have weathered the virtuous abandon of his affectionate mother. I didn't mind him."

"Different here. I hope I won't have to see him. The sight of him curdles my blood. That's one thing about Cuddle-up—I can't help but hand it to her for not drowning it. And she's proud of him! . . . Have you got her check yet?"

"No. I've got Peoria's, though. And I'll telephone her that you've agreed to the plan and she can send it down. I've got to suffer through tonight's dance, I suppose, but I'll sick Peoria onto you. . . . Lord, you look great, Nita. Let's go up to my rooms and have a drink. Come on."

It was a narrow escape, but Junior made it safely. He headed blindly for the stairs. There might be someone he knew on the elevators, and humanity nauseated him. How was Molly Atterbury ever going to bear the shame he must thrust upon her? How would they ever face each other again? He skirted the crowd that stood waiting for the elevator, on a dog trot, his head down, his glasses blurring from his hot gasping breaths. A hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Hello, kid. What's the matter? Alligator after you?"

Whatever life might hold in years to come, that moment must always remain the most poignant Junior would ever experience. The sound of that deliberate beloved voice put permanent faith into his soul.

A halo above the long, thin, honest face smiling down at him could have added nothing to Junior's impression. But it was no time to question miracles. He seized Luke Taylor's strong big hand in both of his and pulled him on, on—anywhere—away from the enemy throngs. They found isolation in the courtyard under a stairway on a stone bench.

Luke Taylor had stopped in Chicago and wisely arrayed himself under the guidance of an expensive tailor. In his well-cut golf clothes he was as noble a real-estate man as any of them. He let Junior gasp out the incoherent horrors that beset him:

"Oh, Luke, how did you know to come—how did you know to?"

Luke took his twitching, twisting hands and held them tightly between his big warm ones.

"Now, kid, snap out of this. I want to know what's up. I knew when I got your second letter that your mother was getting beyond her depth. Where is she? I phoned your room. She isn't there."

"She's there, I guess, taking a nap. She took the receiver off so it wouldn't wake her up. . . . Oh, Luke ——"

In ten minutes Luke Taylor had it all. "The dirty dog! I hope things'll come right so I can wring his neck," he said. "But my first job, Junior, is to marry your mother. Now don't you worry over anything that those thieves and rascals said. But I want you to hop along up to your room and repeat to her every word they said. It'll hurt her feelings for a little, but it'll do her good. The bitterer the dose, the quicker the cure. Women like your mother have got to be managed. They're just like colts, wild in the pasture but pretty steppers behind a bit. Don't give me away, though; don't let her know I'm here. I'll come up to your room about fifteen minutes from now, and what we'll do then depends on how she takes it."

Never had Junior taken less comfort in Luke Taylor's judgment. He found his mother still asleep. He walked to the bed and away three times. He put the receiver back on its hook. He looked under the paper in the bureau drawer. The check was there. He went back to the bed. She lay curled up like a kitten, pink and flushed. He dreaded like the stab of a knife to see shame touch her. Even her most foolish prides he had always struggled manfully to maintain. He said "Mother" three times in a hushed miserable voice that had no effect. Then he shook her shoulder until she finally stirred. She stretched out straight and yawned. Seeing him clearly, she sat up, alarmed.

"Junior—precious! Are you sick?" She felt his cheeks, quickly his forehead and wrists. "You've a fever! Where do you feel bad, dear?"

She went quite pale, looking at him. He was swallowing and swallowing at enormous dry lumps in his throat; but once undammed, his words poured out in staccato torrents. She did not try to stop him. As he talked, she put her feet slowly over the edge of the bed, and her brown eyes, penny-wide, stayed as still as dead eyes.

"I'm not sick," he jerked out, "anywhere. But I've got something pretty bad to tell you—about Mr. Morgan and that Miss Vincent. They're just what Luke Taylor said to look out for. They're scoundrels. She's come. I saw him kissing her. He kissed her arm—all over it. And he called her dearest, and darling too. I sneaked up and listened. They're going to be married on Sunday. They're going to Paris, maybe, on the money you gave him, and Mr. Peoria's too. They called both of us names. He called you Cuddle-up. And he said it was worth more than twenty thousand dollars to have to stand you all week! And she said she'd have drownded me if she was you. They said you ought to put me in a zoo! And ——"

Here his mother collapsed sidewise into her pillow and muffled her face from him. He stood quite still, courageous only in the nearness of Luke Taylor. She made soft moaning little sounds in the pillow. He smeared the tears off his face, but he found no words to comfort her.

Suddenly she sat up and laughed at him—laughed at him! Surely those were tears on her face too. But peals of laughter left her lips.

"Oh, Junior—Junior, I'll never deceive you again, never! I'll never forgive myself! You blessed darling! I'd have told you what I was doing if—if—if I hadn't been afraid you might—might make them suspect something. Don't you care what they said, precious. You're wonderful. I could kill that handsome hypocrite for hurting your feelings—kill him!" Still she was laughing. Junior began trembling violently. "Oh, I should have told you! . . . Don't think, poor precious, that I was going to give him that check. I only wrote it for a joke, because I might—might have to show it to him. Just a joke, Junior, a joke."

Unconsciously he was backing away from her. He backed into the writing desk and stood like one bayoneted from behind.

"Oh, don't look like that, poor precious! Don't you remember what grandpa always said about in Rome do like the Romans do? Well, that was what I was really doing—don't you see? I was beating them at their own game." She seized the phrase gratefully. "Yes, that was it—beating them at their own game. Don't you see? I made eleven hundred dollars because I let them think I was going to give them twenty thousand which I wasn't at all? Only I had to make them keep thinking I was until the very last minute. Don't you see, poor precious?"

The telephone rang, like a mocking answer. Junior did not move. He felt as if he had, really, turned to stone. He knew that she was not telling the truth, and he knew that lies were an abomination. But he stared at her with humble wonder. The telephone rang again.

"That's—him," he managed to say. "He told her he'd phone you for the check. Do—do you want me to talk to him?"

"Oh, Junior!" she whispered. It was pure terror. She started for the telephone like a fascinated bird, wiping her eyes on the lace sleeve of the pretty pink kimono. As she passed Junior she dropped a kiss on the top of his ear. It seemed to strengthen her. "Oh, no, I'll talk to him," she said in a tight little voice. "I've known I'd have to tell him I'm just—just playing his own game, but I must say I—I dread it a little." After the third ring she took the receiver down and said brightly:

"Hello! . . . Oh, hello, Harry. . . . No; I'm sleepy, that's all. . . . Oh, the check. . . . Why, yes—yes. . . . Oh, she's here, is she? . . . Well, Harry, you'll—you'll be surprised, no doubt, but I've—I've changed my mind. . . . Oh, don't say that. I guess it's like Junior's grandpa always used to say, 'In Rome do as the Romans do,' so down here I just did like the real-estate men do. . . . Why, Mr. Morgan, what has the eleven hundred dollars to do with it? . . . No. . . . No. . . . I can't see you just now. . . . No, please." Mr. Harry Morgan had hung up. "Oh, Junior, he's coming! Oh, Junior, what shall I do—what shall I do?" She put her head down on the table and sobbed.

"Go in the bathroom and lock the door," he said bravely, in a trembling voice. "I'll talk to him! The—the nefarious scoundrel!"

"Oh, you wonderful darling!" she said. "But I must face it! I must! I must!"

But she did not raise her head. She shivered strickenly as a knock fell on the door. But she stood up very straight.

"I cannot see you, Harry," she said in a small thin voice. "There's—there's nothing you can say to me—nothing!"—and the door opened slowly on Luke Taylor.

"Well, that's good news for me," he said. "Hello, you two."

"Luke!" whispered Molly Atterbury, stumbling toward him.

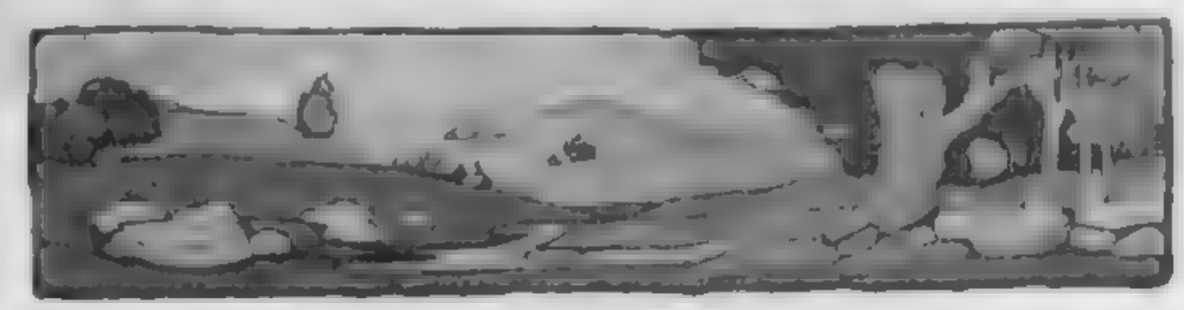
Junior sat weakly down on the steamer trunk, but just long enough to revive himself in the joy of seeing his mother safe, folded at last in Luke Taylor's arms.

Then he slipped past them to close the door. Mr. Harry Morgan had just stepped back from its revealing tableau. His face did not break into its beguiling grin. He glared for an instant at Junior and Junior glared at him.

Then Junior did a thing that two years before he had discarded as being too childish for his uses. He flaunted his fingers at Mr. Harry Morgan from the end of his long freckled nose.

They said no word. There were murmurs from the tableau.

Mr. Harry Morgan did not stay.



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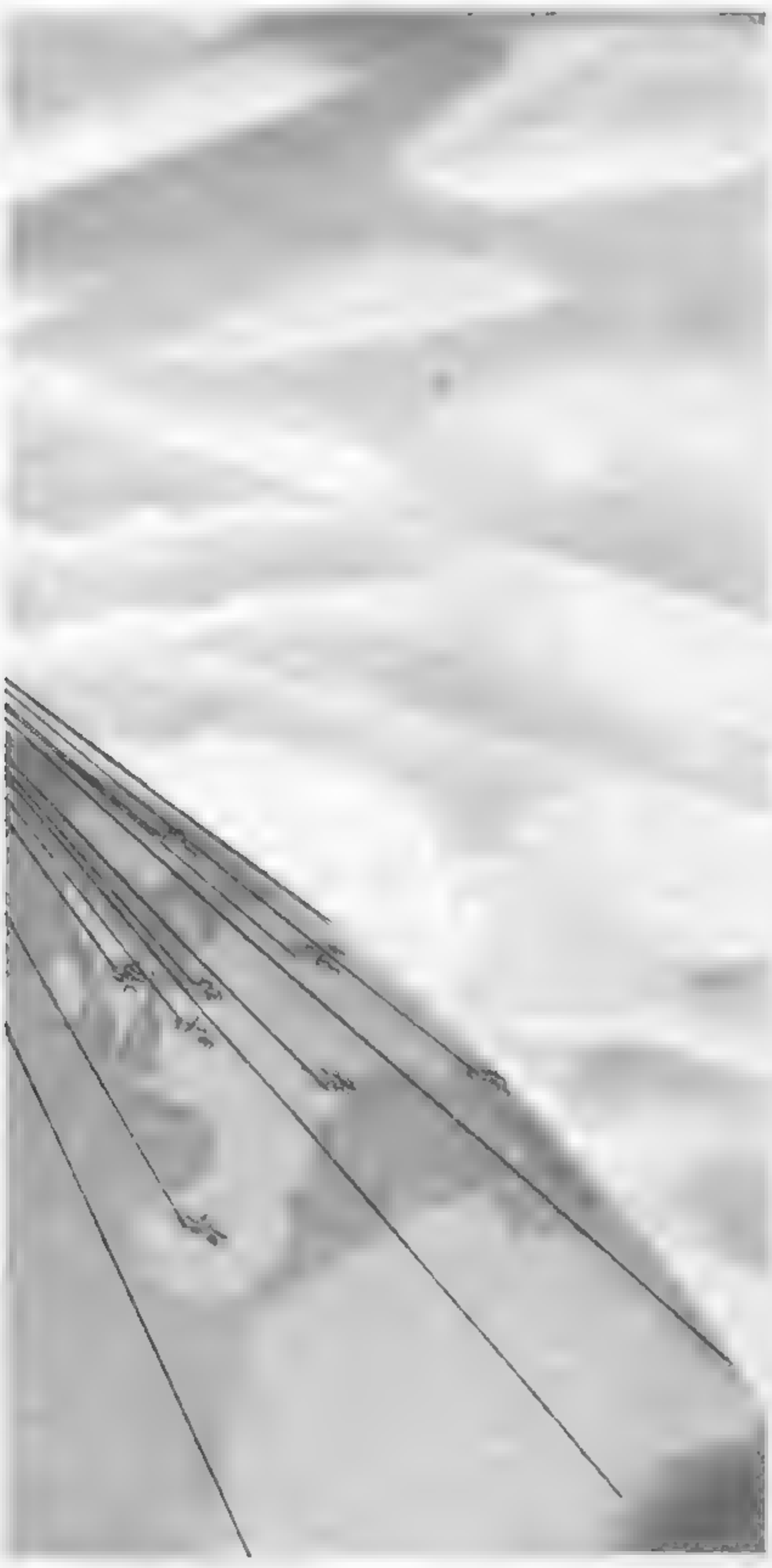

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"In Good Taste"

IN AN automobile-display room in New York a salesman was trying to sell an expensive motor car to a woman.

The woman pinched her lower lip and said "H'm." She stepped back farther from the car to see it from a different angle.

"Blue," she mused. "Yes, I like blue. But this car is so blue—so much blue—and four different shades! I'm almost afraid to make a decision."

At that point a third person entered the interview—a man who had been listening to the conversation with obvious interest.

"Would you pardon me," he volunteered, "if I should offer some information about those colors? You see, I'm from headquarters in Detroit, and it happens that I selected that combination myself. May I tell you about it?"

Pleased by the coincidence, the woman smiled, nodded and said: "I'll be interested."

"Those shades of blue," the headquarters man explained, "are from a portrait by Gainsborough—his famous Blue Boy. Have you heard the story of how the picture came to be painted? Well, as you know, Thomas Gainsborough was a contemporary of that other great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and between the two there was a rivalry that occasionally became rather bitter. Once, in a discussion of colors, Sir Joshua issued the dictum that blue was a color unsuitable for the main light of a painting. And then, to prove that Sir Joshua was wrong—so it is said—Gainsborough sat down and painted a blue portrait. His picture seems to have proved his point; for the Blue Boy is accepted in portraiture as one of the world's masterpieces. And the blues he used, faithfully reproduced here, are the blues on that car."

The woman signed the order. And the man who sold her is not a salesman at all, but an artist who himself has painted prize-winning portraits.

Clay Automobiles

For two different reasons that incident was significant. In the narrower view it demonstrated that a salesman is wise who learns all there is to be known about the product he sells. In the broader view—and it is with the broader view that we are concerned here—the incident pointed to a trend in business that is touching the life of every individual who buys a product produced by industry. It touches also the lives of hundreds of thousands of individuals engaged in business—in making or advertising or selling industrial products. For these—and their number is growing tremendously—this wide-fronted movement presents at once a challenge and an opportunity. In fact and in effect, this trend, this movement, is a second Renaissance.

As was the first Renaissance, which marked the passing of the murky Middle Ages, this second rebirth is an awakening of cultural interest and artistic appreciation. As did the first, it comes as dawn in the wake of night.

In the shadows of our factories' smoke toils an artist at his drawing board, in type and in intent a second Cellini. His is the newer craftsmanship—new, at least, in the modern scheme—and it is the craftsmanship that, all down the line, is coming to guide and direct the intelligence of mass production. No longer need the buyer of a flivver be told: "You can have it in any color you want, as long as it's black."

Color in the garage and color in the living room; color in the bathroom and color in the kitchen; color in the office and color in the shop—color has come to set our world aglow. Color is our newest industrial interest—color and contour. Our motor cars, resplendent in all the hues of the spectrum, are true-scale enlargements of models in clay—models molded in studios by men who know the aesthetics of proportion.

For a close-up view of the transformation that this new Renaissance has wrought I recommend an examination of a convenient index—advertising. In advertising is shadowed forth that which is current in business thought, in business method and in business product. Compare the advertising of today with the advertising of ten years ago. Ten years ago a lead pencil merely wrote; today it not merely writes, but it gleams in beauty from thousands of pockets. A kitchen cabinet is still just that, but it comes in exteriors of pastel shades of green or old ivory. Linoleum is still linoleum, but it looks like tapestry; and the washing machine trembles on the verge of following the phonograph and going Sheraton.

Here, in modern advertising, are the elements of smartness, of sophistication, of appeal to discriminating tastes, and more. For the transformation has involved advertising itself. As compared with the advertising of ten years ago, today's design of layout is more artistic and vastly more attractive, and the text of its copy more pleasing and more effective.

The Rug Maker in the Library

No longer is it enough that a thing of utility be useful. It must bring into our environment, besides, some contribution of beauty. When the engineers who designed the Ambassador Bridge that now is spanning the international border at Detroit discovered that, for the anchorages of the cables that carry the suspension span, they must rely on sheer weight, they turned for guidance to men who think of masses in terms of their artistic appearance; and the engineers said to these men, in effect: "Here and here we'll need pillars of concrete. Each will be sunk into the earth more than a hundred feet. But above ground they'll rise to the height of an eight-story building. We want you to design the parts that will be visible." And the architects, mindful of the golden mean of classic antiquity, molded the masses, with arches and setbacks, into a modernistic design. Similarly, one of the consultants in the stupendous engineering enterprise of bridging the Hudson at Fort Lee is a man who is both an engineer and an artist, a sculptor in construction, the distinguished architect, Cass Gilbert.

As did the craftsmen of the first Renaissance, our craftsmen of today, seeking inspiration and artistic guidance, are turning back to original sources. For color schemes they go back to Gainsborough and to Rembrandt and Hals and Corot and Sargent and Da Vinci and Whistler and Michelangelo. For proportion they go back to the Greeks. For texture of surface—for patina—they are digging into the secrets of Amati and Stradivarius. Industry today puts on its hat and marches off to the art museum for ideas, and then marches back to the plant and adapts those ideas to the things we use and enjoy.

In a skylighted studio that is a department of a factory in Philadelphia I watched an artist at work on a design that would become a Wilton rug.

"It's Scottish," I remarked. "Where did you get it?"

"I took a notebook and a fistful of crayons," he said, "and spent a day at the public library, browsing in the heraldry of tartans. They've a whole shelf of books on the subject—books illustrated in colors. See, here are my sketches. That green-and-yellow one is Campbell of Breadalbane; and this one's Cameron, and this MacGregor, and so on. Out of the lot I selected a scheme of harmonizing hues, put them together in the manner in which the Highlanders composed their plaids, and then threw in the thistle for good measure. You see, the idea is authentic; and yet the design is strictly modern."

In the busy industrial city in which I live one of the busiest agencies is the public library's reference department, and its calls for information come mostly from business.

"Of course," said a member of the reference staff, "we get many calls that have to do with business routine, with problems of factory operations, finance, accounting, and so on. But more and more, business men and women are coming to us for information about the classics in art and the classics in literature. Yesterday an executive asked me if we could get him a replica or a diagram, in actual size, of one of the coins designed by Cellini for the papal mint; and another wanted to know what Plato had to say on the subject of commercial ethics."

Accompanying this second Renaissance is a phenomenon that parallels the revival of learning. Busy with the study of art, business is not so busy as to neglect the intellect. As is being exemplified in its advertising, business is seeking the means of becoming more perfectly articulate, the means of freer and fuller and more accurate self-expression.

A year or so ago a Midwestern university's extension school sent business men a questionnaire designed to indicate in which subjects, as offered by the school's curriculum, executives were most interested. The results were surprising. For of all the subjects in which the school offered courses—and they included all the obvious phases of administration, broken down into subdivisions of production and distribution—two stood out in demand above all the rest. They were subjects that a technical economist, if he were asked to prescribe the ingredients of a business man's education, might rule out as nonessential. They were public speaking and the writing of letters.

Art Comes to the Village Smithy

Whence has come this new Renaissance, whether its source has been the initiative of business or the demand of the public, need not concern our practical view. By the sociologist and the historian of the future our time may come to be labeled as the beginning of another age called golden, as another demonstration of the truth that the centuries roll in cycles. Again mankind emerges from a revolution—this one industrial—to engage in a counter-revolution—this one a turning back to the craft of the producer whose handiwork is not merely a trade, but an art. Whatever the causes, or however deep they lie, this second Renaissance—if that is what it is—is here.

Business, whether considered as a whole or as an individual enterprise, constantly is changing. Today a blacksmith sets up a forge beside the road and applies himself to making horseshoes. Tomorrow morning along comes the automobile. Finish for the blacksmith?

No; for behind the wheel of the motor car sits a man who says to the smith: "I'd like you to make me a set of ornamental wrought-iron hinges for the doors of my garage." And next week, if you aim to buy from the blacksmith, you'll have to deal with him through a shop on Fifth Avenue; for the blacksmith himself will be in Europe, looking into art in Paris.

Production and distribution these no longer are major problems. In their direction we need expect no revolutionary developments. The forge is running to

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1800 conversations at once through a cable less than 3 inches thick

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE earth beneath our great cities is crowded. Steam, gas, sewer and water mains, compressed air pipes, pneumatic tube systems, telephone and telegraph cables, light, power and rapid transit conduits lie so close together that any further additions create serious engineering problems. Yet the number of telephone calls that must flash through the underground arteries of great cities is steadily increasing.

The challenge to the scientific minds of the Bell System was to find a way for more conversations in existing conduits. Fifteen years ago, the pride of the System was a cable containing nine hundred pairs of wires. Then by many improvements a cable of twelve hundred pairs was perfected. It was rightly considered a scientific triumph.

Today, cables containing eighteen hundred pairs of wires are in service and these cables with every wire insulated are only two and five-eighths inches in diameter, one-half as large as the first nine hundred-pair cable. Eighteen hundred conversations at once—six hundred more than before—can now pulse through this two and five-eighths inches of cable.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

The "Gold Birthday Gift" package contains one genuine gold-plated Valet AutoStrop Razor ("Million Dollar" model), one selected leather strop, ten Valet Blades. You pay for the blades only—$1.00. The razor and strop are FREE.

Accept this Birthday Gift

A Genuine Gold Plated "Million Dollar" Valet AutoStrop Razor—FREE with the purchase of 10 Valet AutoStrop Blades at $1.00.

A YEAR ago we started something in the shaving world! . . . We introduced the New "Million Dollar" razor.

Millions of men heard of it. Tried it. Liked its marvelous shaving qualities. Its sturdy strength. Its scientifically balanced "heft." Sales soared upward. It was a big year.

We can afford to celebrate. We thought of a Birthday Gift for you. Our Birthday. *Your Gift.*

We made up a quantity of these amazing new razors and gave them a coat of *gold!*

While they last, you can get one FREE at your dealer's—with the purchase of 10 Valet Blades at $1.00.

If you don't hear of this until your dealer's stock is gone—there's still a chance. Send us a Dollar Bill for the 10 blades and say "How about that gold razor?" You'll get one as fast as the mails can carry it to you.

Don't wait—act TODAY! Even if you have a Valet AutoStrop Razor, another comes in mighty handy—on trips, or in the guest room.

NOW IN GOLD

The million dollar

VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York ~ AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 85 Duke St., Toronto, Canada ~ Also, London ~ Paris ~ Rio de Janeiro

(Continued from Page 68)

capacity, and the shop on Fifth Avenue, augmented by a string of department stores and specialty shops from coast to coast, absorbs all the product at prices that pay a profit.

Where the blacksmith needs help—and where he would welcome trained judgment is right at his elbow in the Parisian galleries. There he would beam with joy if a friendly hand should nudge him and say: "There's an idea for a pair of andirons, and it's good!"

Throughout the train of its functions, through manufacturing, advertising and selling, business recognizes the need of the kind of service and counsel that knows what is good, the kind of ability that can visualize and attain high standards in quality, and the kind of sympathy and facility in expression that can interpret business to its customers and to the general public. Business needs the artist—needs him literally, drawing board, T-square, artistic sense and all. It needs also the kind of artist who isn't an artist at all, but merely a cultivated man or woman—cultivated by formal education, or by reading, or observation, or what not—whose artistry is the artistry of straight thinking, guided by tested precedent and inspired by imagination.

I talked with a sales manager about his young assistant.

"Yes," this sales manager said, "he's only a cub. I got him right after his graduation from college last June. He doesn't know much about the technicalities of our business, but he has, somehow, a sense of rightness; and that talent he applies to everything he does, from the ideas he offers in a conference on some job of designing to the manner of presentation to a prospect. All the way round, he's what I call high-grade. Specifically, he can do something that is immensely valuable to any business. He can write a dog-goned good letter."

I talked with another man about his boss, who is a high official in a huge manufacturing concern.

"No," this man said, "the chief isn't college bred. His education stopped somewhere in high school, and he has come up, you might say, on his own. I've analyzed him to find the secret of his strength, and this is what I think it is: First of all, he's a gentleman, with a gentleman's instincts and manners. As to his job, he isn't at all a technician; in fact, he scoffs at the idea of glorifying his work into something technical and professional. But he knows what's right. That's his one trait that stands out. And it's something on which, I've observed, his brother officials in this company have come to rely. Everything he does or says, everything within or without the plant that in any way affects our product or our relations with the public, is in good taste."

Business has gone into a huddle. Around the council table is gathered a gray-haired group—the president, the vice president, the general manager and the managers of production, sales and advertising. They're waiting for two young men to come in with ideas. One of these will be an artist in a smock, and one of his thumbs will be smudged with vermilion. And the other well may be one who will bring to the council neither smock nor smudge, but a sense of the rightness of things, an ability to express ideas and ideals in words—these, plus a quota of cultivated taste.

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

The Poets' Corner

Our Mighty Moment

FABLE and Legend, Guess and Rime,
You guardians of the Former Time,
Which all its glories loud avow,
Tell us: Where are those glories now?
Motes on what vagabonding breeze
Dance the dead manufactories?
What ocean's unlamenting green
Hides the first mercantile marine?
Did Hector live? Was Nestor wise?
We are too busy to surmise
No day so mighty as Today!
The Past has passed too far away.

Only drab scholars now inquire
Into the commerce built by Tyre;
Or calculate, with owlish glee,
Phenicia's trade supremacy,
Wrangling in archæologic joy
Over the riddle: Where was Troy?
Our mills a thousand cities shake;
Our fleets the farthest billows break.
Great names? We boast them by the score:
New York, Seattle, Baltimore,
Boston or Philadelphia.
Ours is their so much mightier day—
The Past has passed too far away.

But, then—the Future?
Comes a time
When these shall also turn a rime
Only in fable, legend, guess
Names empty then, and echoless.
Our mills shall fall the prey of rust
Some day; our mines be choked with dust;
Our oil wells dry; our shipping pass;
Our railroads feed the prairie grass.
The scholars of some distant race
Our history will try to trace,
Identifying Lincoln with
The Great Hellenic Solar Myth.
"Were Hector"—they will frame it thus—
"And Lee contemporaneous?
'Grant' seems a later title for
Zeus or the Scandinavian Thor;
And the lost Panama Canal
Was the last work of Hannibal."

Those alien savants will dispute
The site of our Montana's Butte;
Write of our customs—old indeed
To them—books nobody will read;
And, in its crumbling City Hall,
Doubt if Chicago was at all;
While their whole world will shrug and say:
"The Past has passed too far away."

Then we —
Thank God, we have today!
—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Capri

I'VE never been to Capri, but they say
Its skies are never dull, its waters gray,
But all its colors blend to a superb
Composure storm on storm cannot disturb.
From every part of earth war-torn and thinned
By human hand and unappeasable wind,
It offers refuge and so deep a peace
As must effect the moodiest heart's release
From agitation and delirium.
The satiate and somnolent become
Lovers of earth again; the flowers and birds
Are spoken of with laudatory words,
And men are friends again, and wine and loaves
Of bread are shared in hills and olive groves.
All that has been unlove in the past
Is buried, and the soul is home at last.
I plan to go to Capri some fine day
And learn how much is true of what they say.
—Helene Mullins.

"Now I have found beauty in Tires"

James Montgomery Flagg

"Beauty in everything has always been my creed, and now I have found beauty in tires—the Miller De Luxe Balloons. They complete the fine appearance of my car from the artistic viewpoint. Of course they give the long mileage and freedom from trouble that I have long wanted, but now these two essentials are combined with beauty—thus my enthusiasm for the Miller De Luxe Balloons."

(Signed) ***James Montgomery Flagg***

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN the De Luxe Balloon—Miller has skilfully combined eye-appeal and invincible strength. Both qualities are essential.

Miller De Luxe Balloons are good to look at. Their substantial size . . . their massive, beautiful tread . . . blend perfectly with the advanced style trend in today's motor cars. They are a mark of distinction on *any* car.

But beauty is as beauty does. Without their inherent fine quality . . . their giant strength . . . Miller De Luxe Balloons could never have won, in the short span of a year, perhaps the most distinguished patronage any tire ever enjoyed.

This is the tire of super-quality. The tire of 50% heavier tread—and 60% greater carcass strength. You ought never to puncture it from ordinary causes. Thousands of users have found that Miller De Luxe Balloons give them about twice the mileage of ordinary balloons. A distinguished tire for distinguished service. A beautiful tire—that brings security of travel such as you have never experienced.

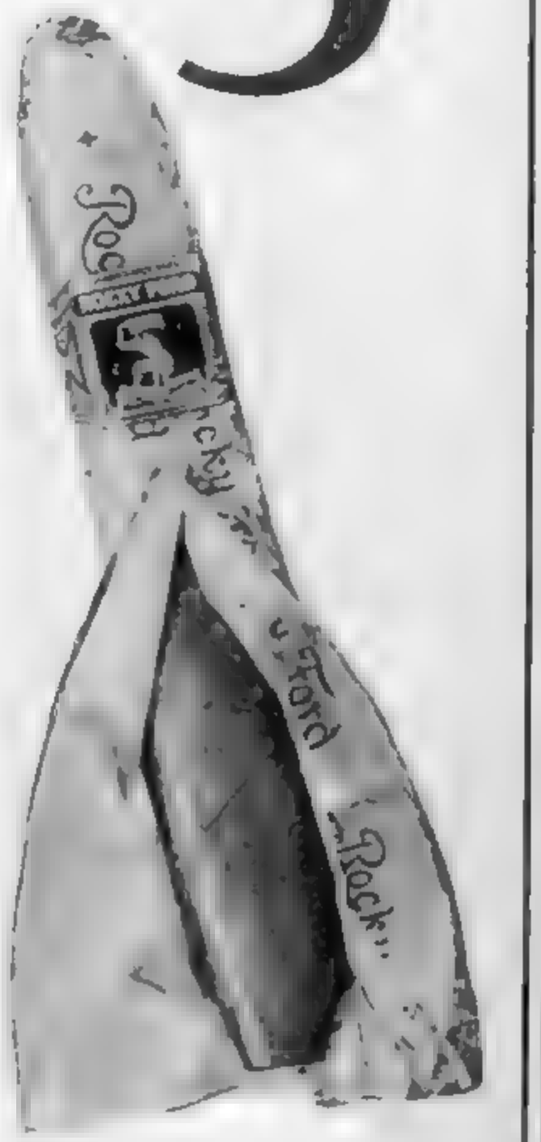
THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

MILLER

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 9)

at that they might have a chance if it wasn't for Phyllis. She encourages them. I think it gratifies her that she can sell her things and they can't."

"What's the matter with Phyllis?"

"She hasn't any hips and she wears a tam o' shanter, and she's lived over here so long she thinks all Americans are as ignorant as I am. Well, they're not. I know lots that aren't. But I'll say this for Phyllis—she's the only one of the lot who does anything. She writes about people I've never heard of, nor anybody else, but it seems to go more or less big, especially in the States. It's syndicated in some small papers out through the Middle West, and she makes a little pin money. Ever see her stuff?" He snorted again. "Imagine some farmer out in the Corn Belt reading, 'The precise black-and-white steely uprights of the structural form of Louis Poinsinet's latest book of verse mark him, with precise éclat, as the foremost exponent of the *Zeitgeist* of today, differentiating him sharply from the mauve Alexandrines into which even the most modern of his confreres occasionally fall.' I learned that by heart; it sort of tickled me. It's a lot simpler than most of her things."

"Can't you do something about it? Have they money of their own?"

He drew himself up stiffly.

"I can't use that lever," he said with thin-lipped obstinacy. "I'm their father and so, I guess, as long as they're alive I have to do something about it."

I laughed. "Well, there 're two schools of thought. Obviously you belong to the gentler one. Since you do ——"

I was interrupted by his suddenly removing his cap and waving it in the air.

"Hello!" he called. "Hello! Glad to see you! Good-by!"

Three people—a man and two girls—had turned the corner of the dock house and were strolling slowly in the direction of the ship. They were in no haste—haste, obviously, was unworldly. They saw the waving cap and stopped, responding gracefully, languidly, and in an amused fashion. Perhaps other eyes save their father's might be watching them. One must be careful not to show emotion, especially at parting.

"Been down to see the gondolas lately?" the man called out in a gently mocking voice.

I could make him out more distinctly now. He was a slim, good-looking young man with a small mustache. He wore his felt hat and well-cut clothes with excellent artistic carelessness. The hipless girl beside him was undoubtedly Phyllis. I couldn't see whether Emily was pretty or not; she was symmetrical, more eager than the others. Both girls, however, had a certain youthful attractiveness.

"What's that? The gondolas? Oh, yes, they're all right. Crated up so that a hurricane couldn't hurt 'em. You ought to see 'em—all black and gold. But I told you that. Well, good-by. Too late to come on the ship now; we're sailing in twenty minutes. Good-by. I'll see you in May."

For the last half hour there had been much ringing of bells, and the winches had been working frantically. From the stern of the boat the swishing of the screws had become audible.

"I think it's about time to go down and get our cabins in order," suggested my wife. She seemed cross; she was cross going down the companionway. I didn't ask her why she was cross, but I was sure that it was because of Bertram, Emily and Phyllis.

An hour later, while we were still unpacking our trunks, she said out of a long silence: "He's a lamb, but he hasn't any sense."

"Oh, you think that? I think he's pretty shrewd."

"Do you? That's because a man thinks any man who's able to make a living is shrewd—even a writer like yourself who ought to know better. I'm talking about really important things."

We saw quite a lot of Thomas T. Hampton on the voyage. He was a solitary creature despite his ease in making acquaintances and, outside of several old ladies, he did not talk to many people but ourselves. Toward us he exhibited the horrified fascination—more or less—a bird is supposed to show toward snakes; obviously, we represented all he imagined he detested but he just couldn't keep away from us. With the old ladies he discussed principally, so I discovered, his stomach. In return, he listened politely and for hours to recitals of their ailments. Apparently, together with Beau Sejour and his children, his digestion was the leading preoccupation of his life. He lived upon the most complicated and hard-to-procure diet.

To us he did not talk much about his stomach; although he did say once that no one knew what real sorrow was until he'd had heartburn. Undoubtedly he should have been psychoanalyzed. My wife, being an expert in such matters, understood this.

"It's all the result," she said, "of a wife who never understood him, and of ungrateful children. I would like to get up statistics about that—the ratio of indigestion to unhappy married life. One could begin simply at Reno. Poor dear."

Her constant harping upon Thomas T. Hampton's charms had begun slightly to irritate me. I could appreciate his interest, but his gangling figure and weather-beaten face did not meet my demands of beauty. I was told that was because men never could understand women's standards of attractiveness where they themselves were concerned.

Men's ideas of beauty coincided with those of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. To women that meant less than nothing. Imagine if men looked like Miss America, anyhow! With women it was the maternal instinct, and a look of bewildered suffering even if it indicated nothing more than indigestion—was usually irresistible.

Thomas T. Hampton was a waif. No woman over twenty-five could help but love him. You wait and see. Before long he would be snapped up, especially since he was rich.

That didn't seem to give men much chance. They were married for the spiritual look that indigestion gave them, and then marriage, of course, increased that indigestion. Suffering was their lot. It was only fortunate—or perhaps it wasn't—that the sex adept in inflicting it loved them because of it.

That winter we heard from Thomas T. Hampton occasionally. Not letters, but pamphlets concerning Beau Sejour. We read these out loud to each other and loved their sonorous rhythms. Undoubtedly a thousand years from now students of such subjects would collate what material there survived into one great epic poem and wonder whether it had been written by a single blind poet or by numerous bards. One of the pamphlets said:

Come south. Come to the land of oranges, sunshine and blue skies. Man was made for happiness; happiness is in the very air of Beau Sejour. How do I know? Because all my life I have hunted for happiness and I never found it until I found it here. Here, under these lazy skies, beside these dancing waters, with the soft little winds of the tropics whispering I do not know what secrets in my ears. Here, where awaking is a benediction and sleep a prayer.

Along this twenty-mile stretch of dazzling white sand, designed by nature for the testing of super-racing cars and for all manner of speed classics, is springing up the flower of American towns. The ideal of the right-thinking Americans, the apex of the American mind. It is the place for which You have been looking, but only if you are the sort of American we want. Not snobbery. No! We are not snobbish, only particular. Particular as you are particular. We do not care how rich you are; there is room here for the mechanic, the citizen of ordinary means, the millionaire, the workingman. All we ask of you is that you be the best type American; that you share our ideals. Come and help us build up paradise.

"Gracious!" said my wife. "That's the Stradivarius coming out."

With the spring and summer the flood of pamphlets fell away but with the return of autumn they increased in number, gorgeousness and intensity. They were now printed almost exclusively in color. We saw the palm-shaded streets of Beau Sejour, actual or intended; the stately gondolas, the houses—I must admit not many—already put up, and the architect's magnificent drawings of the Hispano-Moorish hotel and the country club yet to be. Ideal Americans in every possible tropical costume—not photographs, you understand, but drawings—from white flannels to bathing suits disported themselves in the shady cloisters or along the coral strand; lounging, laughing, or maybe, for all you could tell, driven mad by moonlight, contemplating leaving their husbands, as Mr. Hampton had suggested in our first conversation with him. And then, as sudden as a tropic thunderstorm, came silence, horror, and the reports of a hurricane. Beau Sejour was wiped out. The tangled wires brought the news, first in a line, later in detail. There was nothing left of Beau Sejour. It had suffered even more than its neighbors.

"Oh, poor soul!" said my wife.

We heard no more from Thomas T. Hampton. His pamphlets no longer came to remind us of him. We weren't even sure that he, too, had not been buried in the wreckage of his gardens and his dreams. This is a dangerous age; perhaps people forget more easily than they did. I don't know. At all events, we had almost relegated Thomas T. Hampton to the limbo of closed incidents, when, the following spring, going abroad again for the first time after a year and a half, stepping out onto the deck after breakfast, we ran directly into Thomas T. Hampton, striding jauntily up and down in cadence with the bouncing of miniature, sunlit waves. He did not resemble the comparatively recent victim of a hurricane. In fact, he looked as if the hurricane had done him good. He seemed to have undergone a rejuvenation. He was younger looking, more smartly dressed. There was less an air of childlike candor about him and more an air of worldly reserve. By his side was a small, exceedingly pretty, excellently turned out woman of about thirty-five.

Something joyous sprang up in us at the sight of Thomas T. Hampton. Outside of personal feelings, he was a national vindication, a renewed realization that the ancient American refusal to be obliterated, even by hurricanes, was still active. Moreover, the small, exceedingly pretty woman seemed to promise romance. Either she or something else had helped his indigestion. He told me about it almost the second word he said.

"Me? Oh, I'm feeling fine. Yes, sir, better than I've felt for fifteen years. Do you know, I've hardly had a trace of heartburn for almost four months. Can eat about anything I want."

We moved over to the rail.

"Beau Sejour? Well, I declare. You remember about that, do you? Oh, it'll come through some day. There's lots of money down there still. Before long Florida will be better than it ever was. Can't beat those people or that climate. Meanwhile, I'm starting a little proposition in North Carolina—a sort of golf center. I have about twenty thousand acres. It's an ideal spot; I call it Bellevue. Mrs. Madden there"—he nodded toward the blonde who was talking to my wife—"is interested with me. She's vice president of the company. For a woman she's a wonder. She's the widow of John Madden and runs the business. You know—you must have heard of him—John Madden, the publisher."

I politely said "Yes," but my expression must have shown ignorance.

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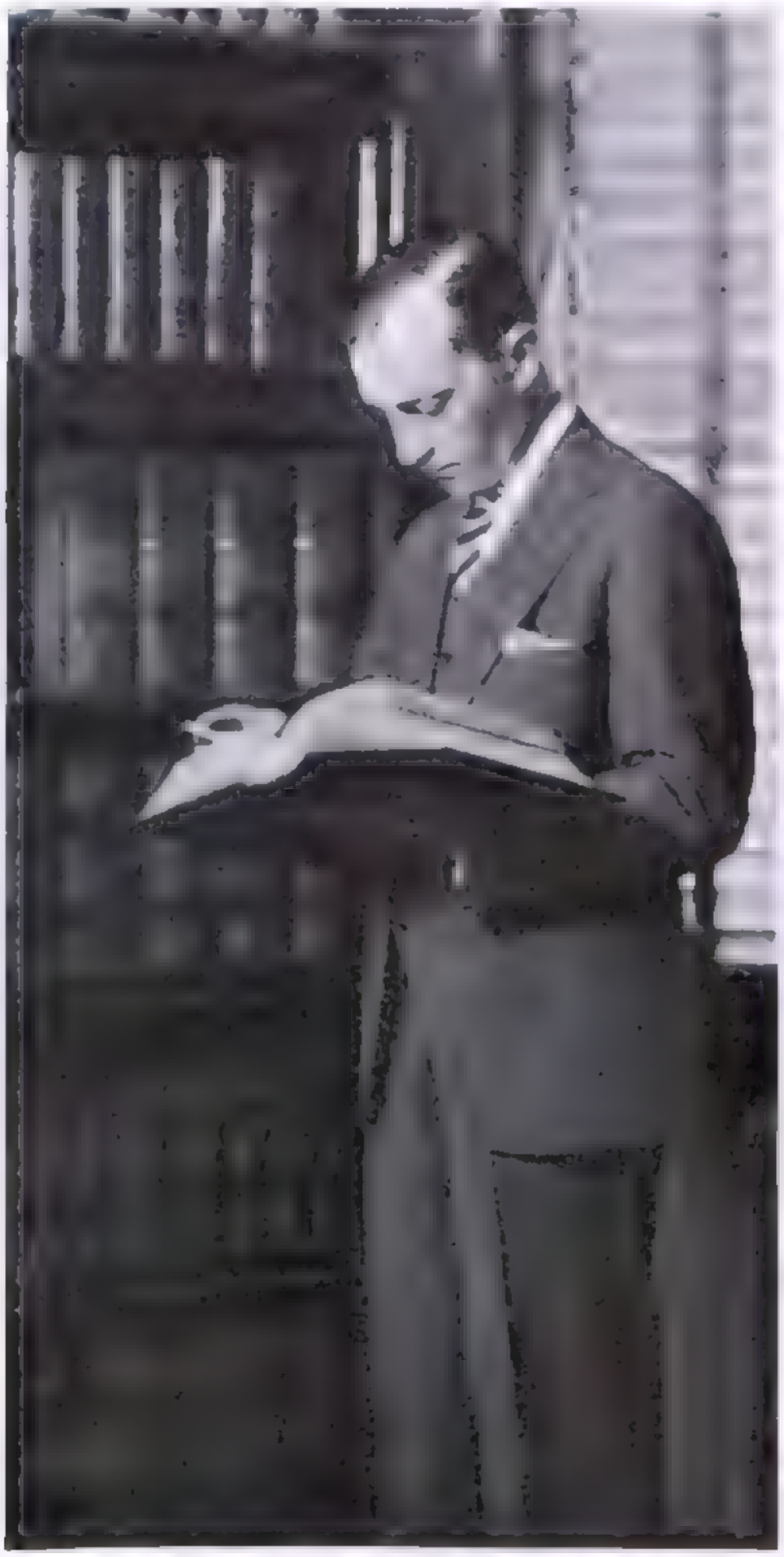
Rascoe Bond · *Attorney* · *favors* #1768



Mr. Rascoe Bond, *Attorney-at-law, maintains offices on Union Street, in the heart of Nashville, Tennessee.*

He is one of 2027 lawyers who find in Nash suits the freedom and perfect fit and dignified good looks of skillful tailoring, and the long wear that is characteristic of clothes by Nash.

You could search from here to Africa, and never find a more comfortable Summer suit fabric than the Nash Tropical Worsteds. Feathery in weight, yet firm in texture, they drape perfectly. And wear like heavyweights! Pattern No. 1768 illustrated is a beautiful, cool gray with alternating stripes of blue and maroon.

AND, really, we are not surprised that Mr. Bond has a summer suit made up in this attractive, dark gray, tropical worsted. For our books show that no less than 174 other professional and business men also chose No. 1768 from among the 307 Nash patterns offered during the past month.

In the best of taste, Pattern No. 1768 has that life and sparkle which gives individuality and character to clothes.

Then, too, as is the case with all Nash fabrics, it is certain to wear and wear—an all-wool fabric produced by one of the most skillful weavers and finishers in America!

More than 1800 Nash resident representatives are now showing these attractive suitings in thousands of cities throughout the land.

Very likely you number one of them among your friends! The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

PENNZOIL

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA

"You can count on PENNZOIL *lubrication wherever you drive—"*

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(Continued from Page 72)

"John Madden! The fellow who started that string of magazines Divorce Tales, and Heart Stories, and Smart Girls, and so on. Under her management they're turning out to be a gold mine. Nothing nasty about them, you understand; just snappy and up-to-date. She's a great kid."

We arranged to sit next to Hampton and Mrs. Madden in the dining saloon. Despite an initial prejudice, it wasn't long before I agreed with Hampton. I found Mrs. Madden as attractive as he did, but I didn't trust her quite so much, nor did my wife. We had a very protective interest in Thomas T. Hampton.

"It's so hard to tell," said my wife, "about New York women - especially New York women of that type. They've so much veneer, so much shellac. You can't tell the adventuress from the other kind. So many of them are willing to do so much for money. . . . And then, her business!"

"She's explained that," I suggested. "She's told us she was left a young widow with no other resources. I think she's pretty plucky. She's not so proud of her magazines; she has a pretty realistic point of view about them. You remember she told us that just as soon as she could afford it she wanted to start a real magazine and a real publishing house, and that meanwhile she tried to keep her present magazines as little harmful as possible?"

"Oh, yes, but they all say that; they all try to rationalize and to justify themselves. I've never yet met an American who didn't; meanwhile the road leading to the end isn't always quite so pretty. She's more or less a female Thomas T. Hampton, only not quite so fathomable. Well, I hope it turns out all right. But it's just like him, isn't it, with so many obviously secure women in the world, to pick up one you can't tell about?"

"You think she's in love with him?"

"I'm not sure. But I think she's the only woman in the world, except perhaps his daughter-in-law Phyllis, who isn't. Her interest in his plans would be easier to understand if she were in love."

Possibly true, and possibly not. At all events, Mrs. Madden was undeniably attractive, as I have said. I put her business and her intentions, whatever they might be, out of mind and admired her exterior amicably. You could do that without reservation. Under her permanent-waved outside she had charming inner compartments. She was a business woman not in the least afraid to be feminine. After all, if you're a woman why not take advantage of that disadvantage? I have never seen the point of the opposite argument. You might just as well say that a masculine business man was unduly stressing his masculinity.

We were to be in Paris four days and we discovered that Hampton and Mrs. Madden were to be there two weeks, before he left for Italy and she for Germany. At the Gare St. Lazare, before going our respective ways, we made an engagement with Hampton to have tea with him at his hotel the afternoon before we left. Mrs. Madden was to be there, and Bertram and Emily and Phyllis.

I had forgotten Bertram and Emily and Phyllis. They weren't at the Gare St. Lazare to meet their father and father-in-law.

"Bertram, Emily and Phyllis still writing, painting and criticizing?"

"Oh, yes."

He left, surrounded by porters who had sized him up as a simple, untraveled American, but were going to be very much mistaken

On Thursday my wife and myself arrived at Hampton's hotel about five o'clock. He was staying at a nice little place called the Du Palais on the Cours Albert-Premier, with the Seine right in front of it and the trees of the Left Bank turning green opposite. I admired Hampton's restraint in the choice of a hotel, but he had, of course, a suite. He was one of those Americans, I imagined, who, if they had only five dollars left, would no more think of going without a suite than of going without a bath. A suite was part of his appanage. Nor was this mere extravagance. In business deals a suite gives a man a certain initial advantage, a certain initial dignity.

We found him in his suite, sitting in a large chair opposite a laden table behind which sat Mrs. Madden, young and charming in a new Parisian frock. She didn't look like the editress of Divorce Tales, Heart Stories, and Smart Girls; she looked like a man's wife, purringly contented with the buying of feminine apparel, concentrated on the two lumps of sugar he took in his tea.

When Bertram, Emily and Phyllis came in I could see that this aura of hers displeased them even more than if she had been the out-and-out adventuress which, possibly, she was, and which, I am sure, they suspected her of being, rather hoped she was. After all, an adventuress is frequently less dangerous than a stepmother. But if you are one, then for heaven's sake be one—don't act like a wife. That isn't fair. At all events, Bertram, Phyllis and Emily were aloof, watchful and not friendly. What, in slang, is called cagy. Bertram and Phyllis more than Emily. I perceived faint hopes for Emily. She was affectionate with her father and her attitude toward Mrs. Madden was more the normal one of a daughter who finds another woman serving tea in her father's apartment. Although what right Emily had to indulge this jealousy I don't know. She tried to jockey Mrs. Madden out of her place on the divan but signally failed.

I might just as well admit right here that I disliked Bertram at once, and Phyllis even more so, and, knowing my wife's moods, I realized that she felt as strongly as I did.

Bertram was the latest word in something or other, and so was Phyllis. She was patronizing; he had reached such a point of patronization that he was desperately, although softly and shruggingly, swashbuckling. No one ever would understand him—not even Phyllis. Very well then, their loss, not his. . . . Meaning? What d'you mean by meaning? Why look for meaning in a work of art? Oh, well, meaning—you know, meaning? No, I don't know what meaning means, nor does anyone else. Meaning never did mean anything.

All this, you understand, in a gentle, disinterested, but cutting way. If one insisted upon dragging out Bertram's inner thoughts, let the consequences be on his or her own head. He wasn't going to help anyone. Nobody would know what it was all about, anyway. Swine! He was having a boring time at best. Why couldn't something interesting happen? People, people—oh, my Lord, people? Fathers, and adventuresses—or whatever they were—anyway, funny little blond, fashionably dressed women, and prosperous commercial authors—a man and his wife, wasn't it?

Phyllis fastened herself upon me with the object, I think, of torturing me. In a low, buzzing voice which excluded everyone else, she talked about a great many literary personages whose names I had never even heard. The longer she talked the less I wanted to hear them. Evidently it was a game with her—if she could mention someone so esoteric that only she had heard of him she scored an ace. If her victim had heard the name—or lied adroitly—but had not read the esoteric one's works, she only scored fifteen. I did not like the game; I broke out into a gentle perspiration.

Hampton, to my relief, interrupted us by sitting up straight in his chair, gulping some tea nervously, and clearing his throat.

"If I could say something for a minute," he began. "It—it's getting late. There—there's something I would like to ask you children before you go. An idea I would like to implant in your minds"

There was an ominous silence. Evidently, questions from him were not altogether welcome, and as for implanting ideas ——

"Well?" said Bertram irritably at last.

His father proceeded hurriedly.

"I brought you children here today," he said, "to lay a proposition before you. Mrs. Madden and I have been thinking it over. You could help us a great deal if you would. Yes, you could help us a great deal. Of course," he concluded timidly, "there's no hurry. You can take your time. Isn't that so, Marjorie?"

Bertram was looking at Mrs. Madden sullenly and intently. She was demurely arranging the tea things.

"Yes," she said briefly, without raising her head.

My wife started to get to her feet.

"Is this a family conference?" I asked. "Because we should be going anyway."

"Oh, no, please," said Hampton. "Sit down. I wanted you here especially. You might put in a final word."

Phyllis looked at my wife and myself as if the idea of our saying a final word under any circumstances was incredible.

"Well," said Bertram, "shoot."

"Why, it's just this. You see—that is, I've told you, haven't I, that Mrs. Madden here is a publisher? Well, she wants to start a good magazine—a new magazine, first-class, bang-up. And we thought maybe you might be interested in helping us."

"In helping you?"

"Yes, in helping us start it, as it were. Bertram one of the editors, Phyllis one of the editors, Emily, possibly, on the art staff. How about it? Of course, to begin with, there'll have to be older and more experienced people with you, but after a while maybe ——"

"It's absurd," interrupted Phyllis in a round, scornful voice. "Utterly absurd. What is it to be—another Divorce Tales?"

Mrs. Madden raised her head suddenly, her eyes very wide, her cheeks bright scarlet.

"We might," continued Phyllis, "contribute an occasional something, but as for going back to America and starting a magazine—it's absurd. . . . What do you think, Bertram?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and his small mustache stuck out.

"It's too silly even to consider," he said disinterestedly.

Emily had jumped up and gone to the window, where she was peering across the Seine. She turned around abruptly and looked at her father.

"Well, I for one don't think it silly," she announced. "That is, if Mrs. Madden is really going to do it. I've about finished over here. I'm going home to try to paint there. Besides, somebody ought to look after father. We've been selfish pigs. I'm going home to take care of him."

The parent in question started and murmured "Thank you, my dear," but not with the enthusiasm that might have been expected.

"Well, I'm not," said Bertram, springing to his feet. "The whole thing is too tiresome. We've argued this out before. This is merely a trick, and it doesn't interest me. Come along, Phyllis." He moved toward the door but turned around. "And I do think you might have had enough good sense," he said to his father, "including taste and tact, not to discuss family matters before two utter strangers."

Mrs. Madden, her eyes still wide, her cheeks still scarlet, was looking at him as if he were some sort of incredible natural phenomenon. He caught her look and, his languid superiority deserting him, glared at her. Mrs. Madden sighed and dropped her eyes again.

"Come along, Phyllis."

A new, heretofore unheard voice rang out, sharp, but round and clear like a copper bell.

"Sit down!"

We all started. Bertram started.

"What?"

"Sit down!"

Mrs. Madden was looking at him, eyes as cold as ice.

"Wha-at ——?" Bertram asked again fumblingly.

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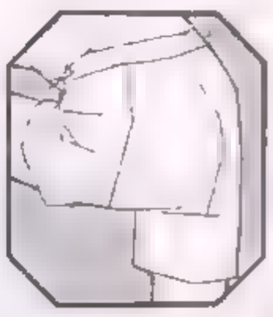

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"You'll sit down," said Mrs Madden in the same sharp, astonishing voice, "and behave yourself! What's more, you'll treat me and everyone else in this room with some courtesy! Do you hear? You—you unlicked cub! If your father has no control over you I have. Sit down, or you'll regret it all the rest of your life. So will that bluestocking flapper you married!"

For a moment Bertram hesitated. "You—you mean ——?" he stammered weakly. He tried to become angry. His face turned red and then white, and then he sat down, softly collapsing. He solaced himself, however, by murmuring, "Incredible!" A look of baffled thoughtfulness knitted his brows. He had never been spoken to this way before.

"No, it's not," said Mrs. Madden in the same bellicose tones, "it's very simple."

Then she relaxed, folded her hands demurely in her lap and dropped her eyelashes, suddenly looking sly, a trifle embarrassed, cryptic.

Once she stole a timid glance at Thomas T. Hampton

I heard my wife sigh. Now, if ever, Mrs. Madden was going to disclose her real purpose, her real personality. I knew my wife was praying for Thomas T. Hampton. So was I.

"It's very simple," continued Mrs. Madden in a soft remote voice. "It's funny to me you never suspected it. You see, your father lost practically everything he had last autumn. Then I met him, took hold of him and financed this new scheme of his. Whether it's any good or not I don't know, but it appeals to me. I—I like people who do things like that. It—it's like myself. Anyhow, I'm sufficiently interested to pay your father a very large salary as president. It's that salary that's now furnishing you with the allowances on which you all live." She chuckled and sighed. "It's very lucky," she added, "I came across you all when I did. Heaven only knows what would have happened to you if I hadn't."

Hampton had been staring at her.

"By golly," he said, "is that true? I never thought of it."

A little smile played about Mrs. Madden's mouth.

"You wouldn't," she said. She looked over at Bertram again. "Well?"

He twisted his mustache. "Well, what?" he demanded in sullen defeat.

"Are you coming home to do something or are you going to starve to death over here? Because, you see, I'm not going to support you any longer. I thought it was all right until I met you—I don't especially object to people living abroad, to their working in their own way—but, now that I've seen you, I'm not going to support you any more. Are you coming home?"

"Suppose I don't?"

"Have it your own way, but you'll come, I think. You're not the stuff out of which a martyr is made, Bertram. Besides, you've a shrewd wife, for all her nonsense." Suddenly Mrs. Madden sat upright, her eyes wide again, her left hand clenched on her breast. "You all make me sick," she said "all of you! You, with your talk about art, and this and that and the other thing. You don't know an artist when you see one. You've never had but one real artist in your family, and he's sitting there hanging his head." She pointed at Thomas T. Hampton.

Thomas T. Hampton raised that head as if he had heard a shot. "I an artist?" he demanded

"Certainly. Your grandfather with his Stradivarius couldn't play; your son and your daughter with all their training can't write or paint. Art, however mistaken, however ignorant, is constructive. Pericles was an artist but he built a city. You've never had much chance but you've tried to build cities, at least." She looked at the others. "You—artists!" she sneered.

Bertram half rose.

"I'm not going to stand this," he said.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Mrs. Madden.

Bertram sat down again.

Emily stepped forward. "Do you mind very much?" she asked gently, hesitatingly. "I don't want to be rude or impertinent, and I know we don't deserve any information, but do you mind very much? Would you—do you mind very much telling us just what you are to father?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Madden raised timid eyes to her questioner.

"Not a thing," she admitted. "Not a single thing."

Abruptly she changed her mind. She laughed helplessly, lifted her hands in the air and let them fall with a soft thud on her knees.

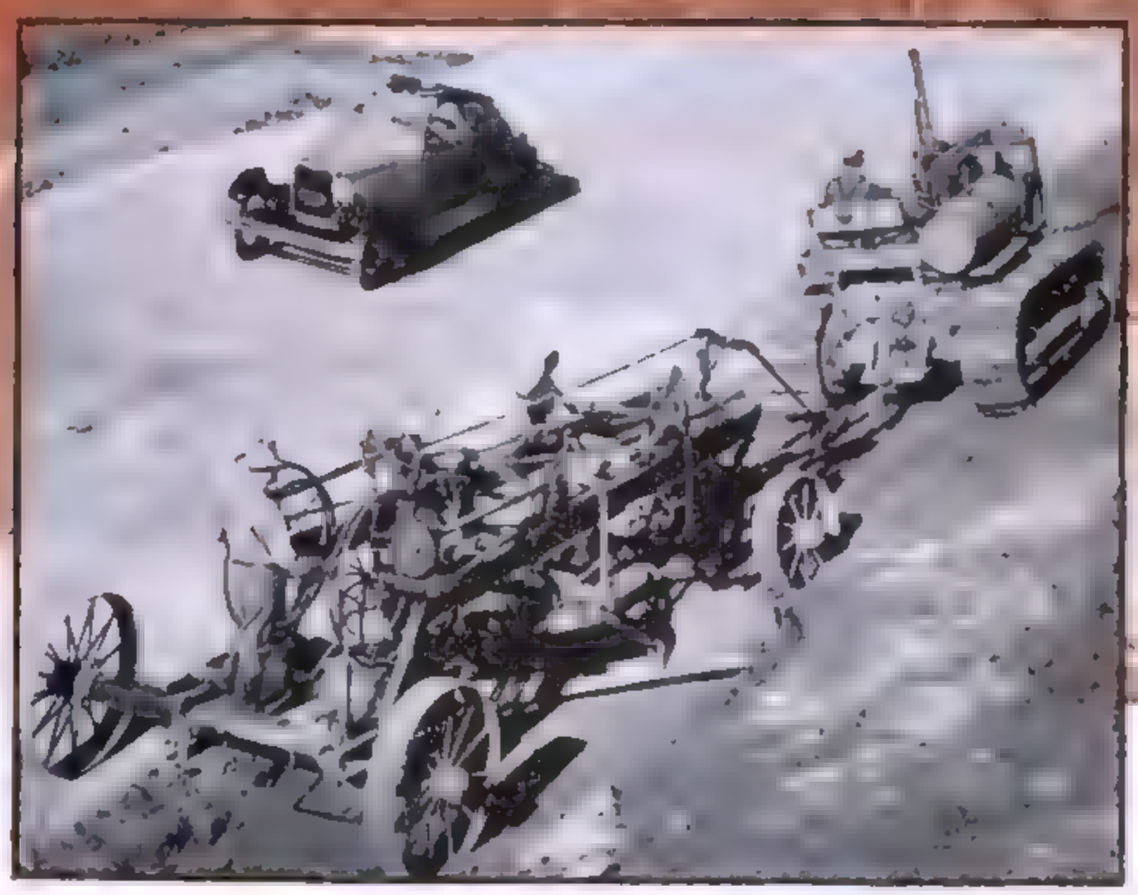
"Yes, I am," she announced with a desperate decisiveness; "I'm a lot, but he doesn't know it. I'm a woman terribly in love with him, heaven help me, and tired of trying not to show it. He's so proud and shy, so egotistic, he wouldn't make a move toward a woman until she got down on her knees to him. That's the artist for you too. Well, I've done it." She looked at Thomas T. Hampton defiantly. "There, what do you say to that? Probably you hate me now and will never speak to me again. But you can't get out of speaking to me at board meetings and you can't get me out of your company and you can't prevent me from voting you that salary."

She underwent another change of mood, a sudden attempt to obliterate herself. She shrank back into the corner of her sofa, her hands over her face, her eyelashes blinking furiously. "Oh, how terrible!" she murmured. "How terrible! It shows what I'm coming to. It's from editing those magazines. But it's the only way it would have happened. Only now it won't happen at all."

Thomas T. Hampton, who had been sitting more or less like a man in a coma, suddenly rose to his feet and walked over to the sofa. He took Mrs. Madden's hands and gently lifted them from her face, then he turned around. His voice was astonishingly decisive. This, too, was unexpected.

"If you children will just get out of here," he said. "I want to talk to Mrs.—to your mother. She's all stirred up about things." His voice rose to a peak of irritation. "GET OUT!" he thundered.

First Class Passengers



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6-cup Hotpoint Virginian Percolator . . $12.00
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Ask your dealer for Hotpoint's SPECIAL OFFER 115 X 35. The Virginian Percolator and Automatic Table Timer come packed together in one box.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

THE GREAT BANKS

(Continued from Page 13)

country has been suffering from just a touch of the big head, a disease which has not left banking entirely alone.

Bank mergers have been fashionable, just as fury in the stock market has been all the mode, and we know that fashions change. Indeed, the two phenomena are more or less connected. Stock-market booms make business for the banks, push up interest rates, add to profits and stimulate activity and speculation in bank stocks themselves; all of which furnishes a background for further consolidations. At such a time integration is in the air; the general temper favors it.

With such conditions prevailing, the talk of mergers and the actual attempts—not all of them successful—to put through deals far exceed any possible economic justification. In a period of exuberance elements of speculation and unsound practice always vitiate the natural process of expansion. In 1920 several of the largest banks were the most unwise in forcing excessive credit upon customers. An ambitious banker may pay too high a price for the deposit liabilities which he purchases—too high, that is, in the light of subsequent business changes.

Where buyers are overeager the unscrupulous seller abounds. There is such a thing as manufacturing deposits for merger purposes. Many a small bank has been started just to sell out. When all is said and done, banks are trustee institutions; like Cæsar's wife they should be above suspicion. Any thought of speculative intention or spoliation is fatal to a bank's usefulness, and yet these suspicions creep in almost unawares when the goose hangs high. Such evils, however, take care of themselves in time; the wheat is sifted from the chaff.

A Bank for Every Corner

In the very course of excessive competition and overzealousness curative processes are at work. Whatever benefits inhere in branch banking within city limits—and I believe there are many—one admitted evil has made itself plain. This is the race for locations, for valuable street corners. Our laws do not permit nation-wide branch banking and it exists on a state-wide scale in only a few jurisdictions, but, in general, as many banks as care to can open branches, often as many as they choose, within their own city limits. This has led to real and costly abuse.

Banks A and B compete in the central financial district. Then A opens a branch in the wholesale dry-goods district and for a while has most of the neighborhood business to itself. Then B rushes in to get its share and in reprisal A opens a branch in the garment center where B has hitherto been undisturbed. So it goes on indefinitely.

In the old days brewers carried on the same race for locations and bid prices up on each other in similar fashion. In one of the garment districts in New York at the present time eight different large banks are trying to maintain or establish branches, although no such number is needed. The situation is so bad in many parts of New York that speculative builders are said to erect buildings with the sole purpose of renting the ground floors to banks. Once a great Wall Street bank opens a branch on the ground floor, then the owner has no trouble in renting the other floors. If the first bank approached does not take the choice and expensive location, another one is sure to want it.

But this is by no means the worst of the situation or anywhere near the heart of it. Perhaps the banks can afford to absorb all this waste just as the brewers could. But the community cannot stand so many branches in the choicest locations any more than it could profit from so many saloons on the best corners. The comparison is an unpleasant one; too many banks are better than too many saloons, but it is not so far-fetched at that.

The point is that banks can afford to take the best corners away from other lines of business that should have them. This is most plainly evident in New York, but is probably true of Los Angeles and other cities. There are districts in New York where hotels, department stores, restaurants and retail establishments properly belong. But it is said they have been driven out by banks paying rents beyond the reach of these other enterprises.

If the waste involved were confined to the banks themselves it would be bad enough. But the whole community is saddled with superfluous costs. Nor does an unnecessary bank bring a single new industry to the neighborhood or the town. It is a drain and nothing else. Frankly, therefore, an underlying but little discussed reason for the great city mergers is to secure locations without costly duplication. It is more sensible often to buy out another bank than to open branches. Not only are the locations secured but one of a superfluously large number of competitors is removed.

One incentive for the recent consolidation of the Los Angeles First National Bank and the Security Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles was the fact that in a number of locations the two concerns had branches either across the street or within a block of each other. It is estimated that some forty branches can be consolidated and reduced to twenty, with a very great saving in operating costs, as buildings in every instance are available on one side or the other sufficient in size to accommodate both.

In Long Beach, California, the Security has a twelve-story building as handsome and almost as large as the largest banks in Los Angeles, while the other bank boasts of a less impressive layout and smaller business. In Pasadena the situation is almost the reverse.

Here is a motive for mergers that does not appear on the surface. Frequently a medium-sized bank is forced to sell out to a bigger fish because it cannot keep up the pace of exorbitant real-estate costs. On the other hand, two big banks will consolidate to avoid these high costs, and even because of the attractive real-estate profits which often accrue. There are no branches in Chicago, but the recent consolidations there are said to have resulted in real-estate profits for the parties involved. The more suitable of the two buildings is used by the combined institution, and the space given up is sorely needed in the congested Loop district by railroad and other offices. This is excellent headwork all around.

Robot as a Financier

In New York the more important Wall Street banks are chronically short of space. The tendency of several of them is to expand until they take in a whole city block apiece. The most striking case is seen in the recent merger of the Guaranty Trust Company and the National Bank of Commerce. These two banks backed up against each other, and each sought small parcels in the block for further expansion, with a presumable bidding up of prices. The requirements of sheer physical space almost drove them into each other's arms.

Turning to England we find food for thought. There many branches are small and inexpensively housed. No member of the Big Five is obliged to advertise and demonstrate its strength and soundness by massive and ostentatious branch buildings. The Big Five are so powerful that everyone knows it, and customers go to cheap and humble branch offices who would never patronize similar quarters if operated by a local unit bank. To some extent it is the same in Canada. Even if the Bank of Montreal has only a rough board shack in a new gold-mining camp, in his mind's eye the customer sees the massive columns of the main building in Montreal. But with our multiplicity of banks none stands out, and it is felt necessary to attract attention by costly ostentation and false fronts.

But we must go much further and deeper than anything yet touched upon in this article really to account for the merger movement not only in banking but in industry generally. To stop it where it is we must first kill off the inventors. Then we must suppress the half dozen or more very energetic concerns engaged in manufacturing and selling recording, tabulating, computing and other mechanical devices employed in clerical and other office operations. Eric the Robot does not operate branch banks as yet, but perhaps he will in time.

Congress and all the state legislatures combined cannot prevent increasing corporate magnitude unless they put a ban upon inventions such as the telautograph. If a teller can write on a pad or plate in one office and if the words appear almost simultaneously in a room some miles away, we at once remove certain physical obstacles from branch or chain operations. Fifty or twenty-five years ago there would have been no way of carrying on such business. Now credit files can be kept in one place and credit extended simultaneously in another.

The Local Field Outgrown

Then, too, we have the typewriter on which a letter is written in one city while its twin reproduces the identical communication far away. Sending pictures as well as words over great distances by wire may likewise have a centralizing effect. This much we know—that the physical or mechanical obstacles to the transaction of business over wide areas are melting away.

Purposely I have left to the latter part of this article all consideration of what bankers themselves usually ascribe as the fundamental reason for the change which is going on. It merely reflects, they say, the changing character of the business world to which they cater. That is, big business requres big banks. The country is growing up and the banks must keep pace. Business expands and has a right to expect the banks to grow with it and care for it adequately. This idea was well expressed by Paul M. Warburg, former vice governor of the Federal Reserve Board, at the annual meeting of a New York bank over which he presides and whose directors had but recently voted to enter a combination:

"I believe it is safe to say that the evolution in the industrial field, to a certain degree at least, is directly responsible for the similar development in the field of banking, because the gigantic form assumed by industrial corporations on both sides of the Atlantic renders their banking requirements so large and so all encompassing that only banks with gigantic resources of their own are able to offer them commensurate facilities."

Not only have we huge units in manufacturing but we have them in distribution as well. Witness the chain stores. Then, too, the electric light and power companies, which were formerly local in character, are now being linked up into holding companies of great magnitude. Even in agriculture a marked development is the coöperative association, which borrows on its own account on a scale that no individual farmer would dream of.

Continued improvements in transportation and communication inevitably bring about mass production and distribution. If we dislike chain stores we must go where telephones, motortrucks and concrete highways do not abound. The far-flung corporation naturally follows the passing of an isolated, separatist system, which, in turn, flees before the progress of invention.

When small local units made up the prevailing mode financing was local too. If unusual requirements arose the small-town

(Continued on Page 81)

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced

Asphalt-slate surfaced
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ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR
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It has taken 175 years to write these ... 81 words

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Paint half your house with Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint and paint the other half with any ordinary paint you choose.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint does not take fewer gallons and cost less money per job, we will make no charge for Devoe.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint doesn't wear one or two or three years longer—longer and better—we will give you free of charge enough Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint to repaint your entire house.

Ask your nearest Devoe Agent for complete details of this offer

To get the best paint job use a Devoe Brush

WHAT is back of these "81 Words"? What can make such an astounding offer possible?

Two things. First, 175 years of experience—the experience of the oldest paint makers in America.

Second, a paint which combines both lead and zinc in a famous formula that has been proven in thousands of tests—long before this amazing guarantee was made. A paint which will save you dollars when you paint your house—and hundreds of dollars in repainting costs as well!

The same quality that makes Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint superior is found in every Devoe Product. Insist that your painter use Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint. Or ask the nearest Devoe Agent to put you in touch with a painter who standardizes on Devoe

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS COMPANY, INC.
The oldest paint and varnish house in America
175 years old . . . founded 1754

FREE—the "inside" story on outside house paint. A booklet that will help you save money.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS COMPANY, Inc.
1 West 47th Street, New York

Please send me a copy of the booklet, "A House to be Proud of."

Name

Address

☐ If you want the name of nearest Devoe Dealer check

DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

175TH ANNIVERSARY OF DEVOE PAINT AND VARNISH PRODUCTS

Continued from Page 79

bank could call upon the money centers for help. But as any particular business expands or when many are combined into a single organization, the geographical range of borrowing opportunity unfolds. From the very nature of the case the larger concern goes to larger centers for its credit. This is by no means a recent practice, but it is being more generally employed by a widening range of companies. Even in agriculture the coöperative marketing associations, the intermediate credit banks and the Federal Farm Loan Banks illustrate the tendency to develop securities designed to tap distant metropolitan centers rather than the portfolio of the local bank.

We may put all this in simple language by saying that banks must be big because there are more big customers than formerly. Consider the changes in one man's life. When Secretary Mellon was a young man the largest bank in Pittsburgh had $2,500,000 of deposits. Today the group under his name or influence contains about $300,000,000 of deposits. But in his youth there were practically no corporations except the railroads; that particular form of business had not come in the iron, glass or tanning trades, the Pittsburgh Forge & Iron Co. being the first in the Pittsburgh section. Today Pittsburgh is the home of giant corporations. A much younger man than Mr. Mellon, the head of one of the Big Three banks of New York, said in discussing the subject:

"It seems only a few years ago that we regarded $1,000,000 as a very large loan."

But when it came to finding out how large a bank should be to make the maximum loan which modern conditions render necessary or desirable, I encountered the utmost difficulty. Although I consulted numerous bank presidents as well as the Controller of the Currency, members of his staff and a member of the Federal Reserve Board, no definite answer was obtainable. I was reminded by everyone that banks are limited by law to loans which are not in excess of 10 per cent of their capital. This is the limit loan to a single borrower. Even though deposits make a very impressive total, it is the capital rather than deposits which govern the size of loans.

The Limit In Loans

A bank with a capital of $40,000,000 appears to be quite a stupendous affair, but this means that the legal limit of loaning power to a corporation is $4,000,000, which is a pretty small bite for a good many of our more conspicuous enterprises. Besides, banks often display a certain reluctance in lending up to their limits, and in actual practice are far from always doing so. So my question of what is the largest loan which needs to be made still remains unanswered.

The president of a New York bank of unimpeachable standing and reputation, but of quite modest size as such things go these days, told me that very few corporations of the larger sort appear satisfied with the $1,000,000 loans, which are the most he can give them. I found a rather general consensus of opinion that the modern New York bank of really cosmopolitan pretensions should be able to make loans of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. As to whether there is any real demand or requirement for accommodation beyond the latter figure, except perhaps for foreign governments, is open to real doubt.

We must remember that many of the great corporations do not borrow at all, the United States Steel Corporation among them.

Then, too, the custom of splitting up loans has become quite general. Large borrowers have a way of going to several or even to many different banks. Concerning the wisdom of this practice there is radical difference of opinion. Perhaps it is just as well that a borrower should go to two banks instead of one and submit to two judgments. It is not well to eliminate too many critical elements.

The other side of the story is that business has a right to expect accommodation without being obliged to shop around. If loans are split up among numerous lenders no one lender feels much responsibility or interest in the borrower. There are out-of-town banks which have as many as ten New York accounts, and as one New York banker said: "None of us cares a hang about them."

The Department-Store Urge

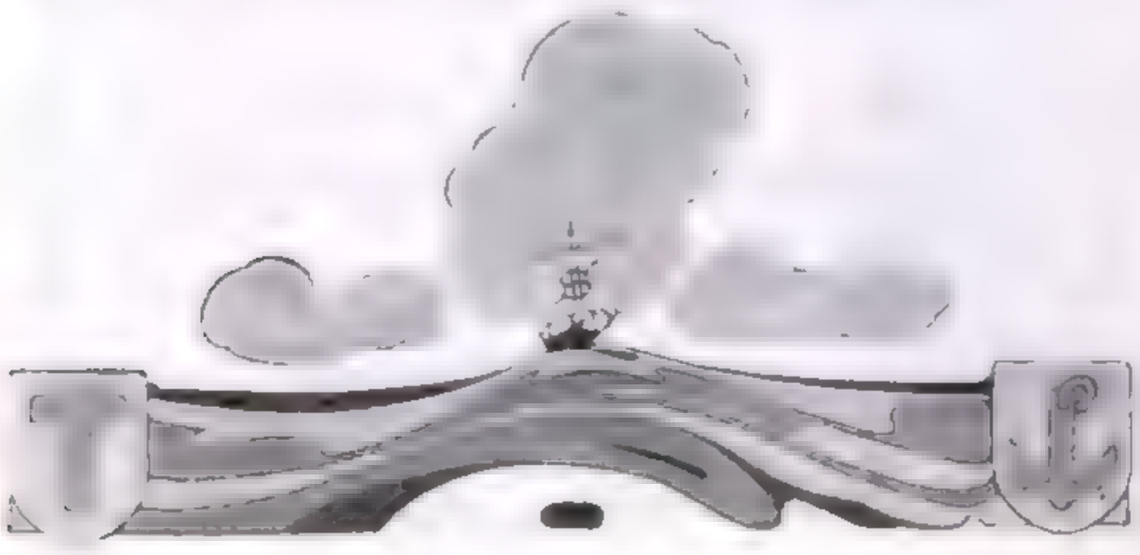
I will not pursue this rather technical argument further. It would seem, however, that if banks wish to expand their loan limits, all they have to do is to increase their capital stock. Why is it necessary to merge with trust companies, express companies, investment firms, and the like? One answer is that banks have seized the recent fat years to do this very thing—namely, to increase their capital by enormous amounts. Whatever harm, if any, may come out of the excessive public interest in stocks and the stock market, the banks have been enabled to obtain much needed additional capital cheaply.

Perhaps not all of them will be able to earn satisfactory profits in the future, but at least they are in a better position than ever before to care for industry.

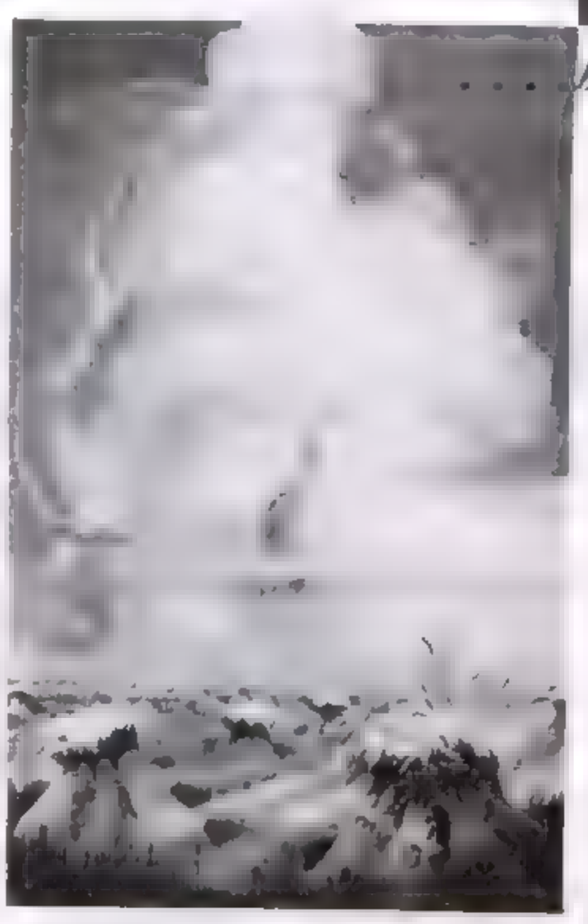
But we have yet to reach the real milk in the coconut. Why aren't the banks satisfied with increasing their capital stock? Why must they consolidate with other kinds of financial institutions? They say they do not want their customers to get away from them, and what they really mean is that they wish to do all their customers' various kinds of financial business. It is not merely that the bank desires to extend all the credit which the customer needs. That is only one of many possibilities, and not always the most important.

So we come at last to what seems to me just as fundamental a reason for bank mergers as the growth of industry itself—namely, the department-store urge. A modern bank is far more than a place where deposits and loans are made. It is this departmental idea, this vertical tendency, corresponding to the industrialist's ambition to cover the whole reach from raw material to finished article, from producer to consumer, that is the most significant of all modern banking changes.

Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue



The "black rust" raged...



...but this one wheat grew on

Every farmer knows the story. How, when the deadly "black rust" swept the prairie wheatfields in the '90's, the world was combed for a wheat that could resist the blight. And only one was found—Kubanka wheat, native to an isolated section of Russia. This variety, brought to America, saved the farmers from ruin; it is today the chief wheat grown on the prairies.

Strange, you say, that Nature should favor one variety with superior powers of resistance? Not at all. That was Nature's plan of creation—a system of strong-stronger-strongest. And just as she gave to one kind of wheat supreme ability to resist blight, so she gave to one kind of oil supreme ability to resist heat.

Nature made PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE her favorite in the battle between oil and heat

NATURE created Pennsylvania crude of purer materials—unsullied by tar, asphalt and sulphur compounds. She made it far richer in lubricating value. She gave it longer life, *supreme resistance to heat*.

Not surprising then that, given proper refining, Pennsylvania Grade Crude yields lubricants that do not break down under the sustained heat of modern motors and machinery. They stand up! Use them in automobile, airplane, tractor or motor boat engine, in locomotive, turbine or stationary machinery—they give *better* service, *longer* service.

In an automobile motor, these oils give, under normal conditions, at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication to a filling. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption—insure longer life for your motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil, along with the maker's brand or trade mark. This emblem is your proof that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining. © 1929, P. G. C. O. A.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

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Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

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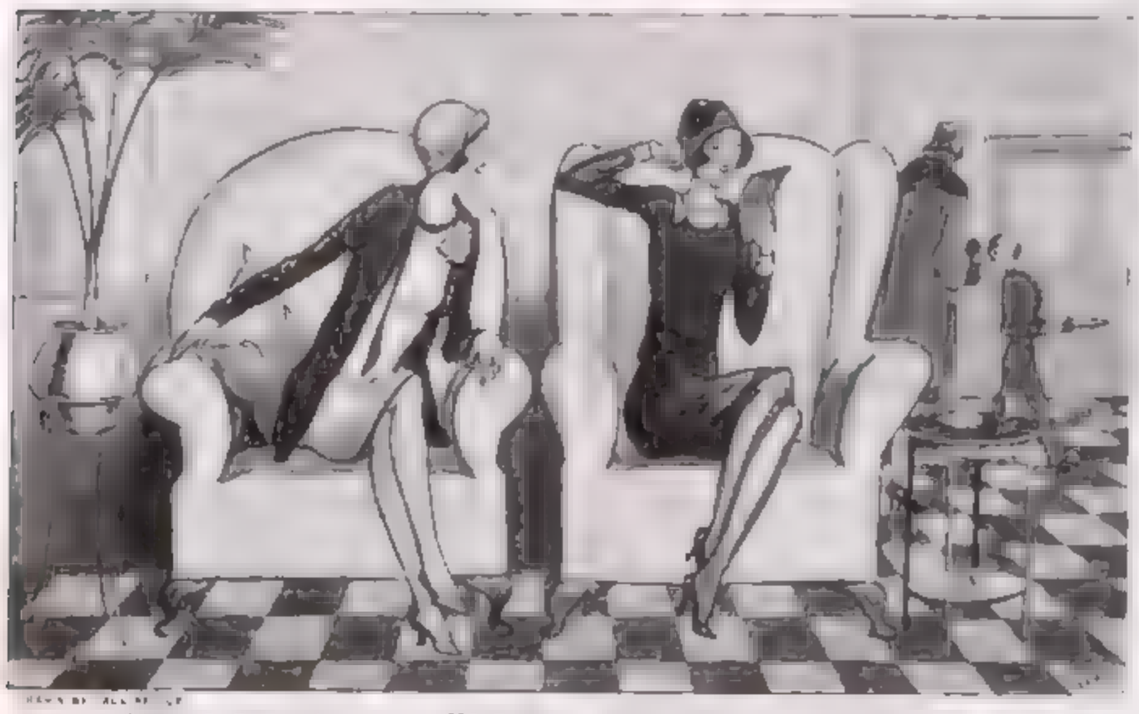
CARTOON AND COMEDY

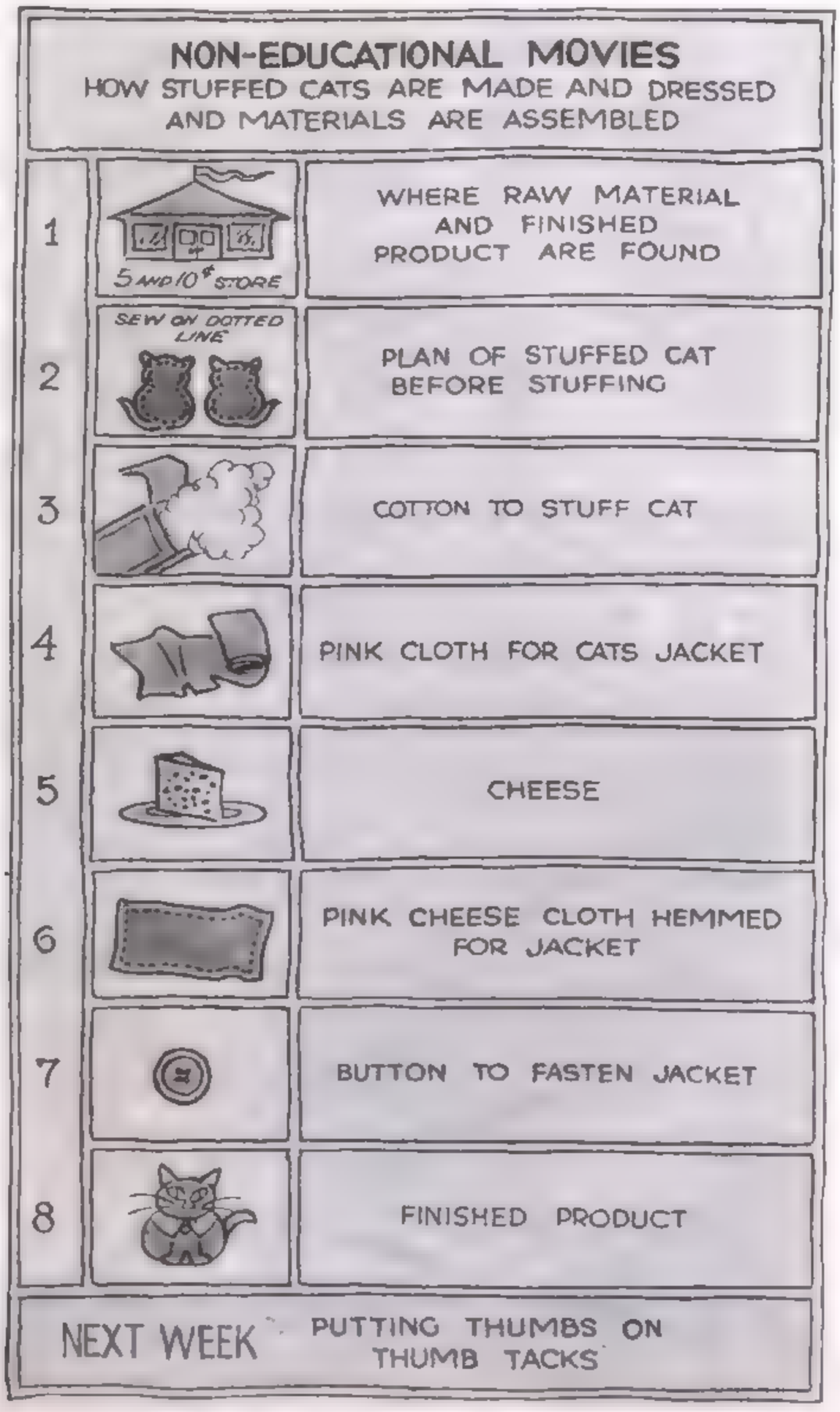
"What Gets Me Sore at Home is My Mother Always Wanting Me to Run Her Errands for Her!"

The Flapper Returns With a Doll She Won at a Charity Bazaar



Casual Acquaintance: "I Belong to the Book-of-the-Week Club." "And I to the Book-of-the-Month-After-Next Club. So You See We Don't Even Speak the Same Language"

The Collegian Buys a Hat



THE Highlander's Stocking gives him an Extra Service

Trust canny MacGregor to get an extra service wherever he may! In ancient times his Highland fathers carried in their stockings the long Scottish dirk. Today the dirk has vanished, but young Sandy slips his pipe into his sock and finds it vurra handy—EXTRA SERVICE—an' it does na' cost an extra penny!

† † †

. . . things that give an Extra Service have Extra Value!

. . . the motor oil that does an extra service gives you extra value for your motor oil money.

Opaline is that extra value motor oil!

Opaline does *more* than lubricate your engine. *Opaline gives the extra service of piston seal!*

. . . because, when you buy Opaline, you get both the right *quality* and the right *grade* of motor oil for precise lubrication, to fit the degree of wear in the cylinders *and prevent power from blowing by!*

Since motor oil's big job is to seal the space between your pistons and cylinder walls, then the *size* of the *space* between those pistons and cylinder walls should have something to do with your oil . . . . . It *has!*

In a new car, when pistons fit snugly, this space between piston and cylinder wall is small and only a lighter grade of oil can get into and seal it. As your car runs 2,000 miles, 12,000 miles, and over, the space wears larger, lighter oil will not seal it—*heavier* oil must be used! And the total *mileage* on your speedometer indicates how much wear there is in your engine and which grade of Opaline you need!

That is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* —the basis on which Opaline is made, sold and applied to give you precise lubrication—to give you the *grade* that *fits your engine's degree of wear*—the extra service of *piston seal.*

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Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer —he will give you the grade of Opaline that renders the *extra service of Piston Seal—to prevent power from blowing by!*

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power!*

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Meets every demand of present-day engines and seals power at every degree of wear.

SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC.
District Sales Offices:
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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

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for MEDIUM *and* HEAVY-DUTY

Truck shown, $2800, chassis only

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

A new avenue to new markets, new fields of business and profit—that is what commercial transportation has become. *An avenue too few are rightly using!* This has come about because the truly modern truck of today wipes out time and distances that were like walls, even a few years ago. Greater safety with greater speed, *both increased,* are doing it. Power and rugged endurance in no degree sacrificed, but actually made greater. Work-capacity per truck literally multiplied. Costs per ton mile cut and the difference put on the profit side of the ledger. These are the present experiences of General Motors Truck owners *by the tens of thousands.*

A New Kind of COMMERCIAL TRANSPORTATION

Analyze it

FAMOUS **BUICK** SMOOTHNESS AND POWER now made available for heavy duty as well as medium duty . . . In the medium-duty range, 72½ horsepower (at 2,500 r.p.m.); 89 horsepower (at 2,500 r.p.m.) for heavier duty models . . . Counter-weighted crankshafts with torsion balancers insure long-lived smoothness . . . Ample reserve strength in every detail of construction: chassis, axles, springs . . . 4-speed transmission . . . 4-wheel Bendix brakes . . . 33 types of different basic STRAIGHT RATING capacities; 8,000 lbs. to 18,000 lbs. (maximum allowable total gross weight): $1395 to $3315.

SIX-CYLINDER SPEED, POWER, SMOOTHNESS—IN LIGHT-DUTY EQUIPMENT. **PONTIAC**-powered: For the truck-owner who recognizes the true economy of greater safety, speed and flexibility *plus* additional ruggedness and strength . . . This famous engine now has 10% to 30% greater actual power performance than ever before . . . Matched by increased strength in frame and body . . . 4-wheel brakes . . . 7 types, of different basic STRAIGHT RATING capacities; 3,800 lbs. to 8,000 lbs. (maximum allowable total gross weight): $625 to $1085.

FOR HEAVIEST DUTY, **BIG BRUTE**-powered: giant strength and power that have fairly won the title "World's Standard" . . . two types; 28,000 lbs. maximum allowable total gross weight; $4250—$4350.

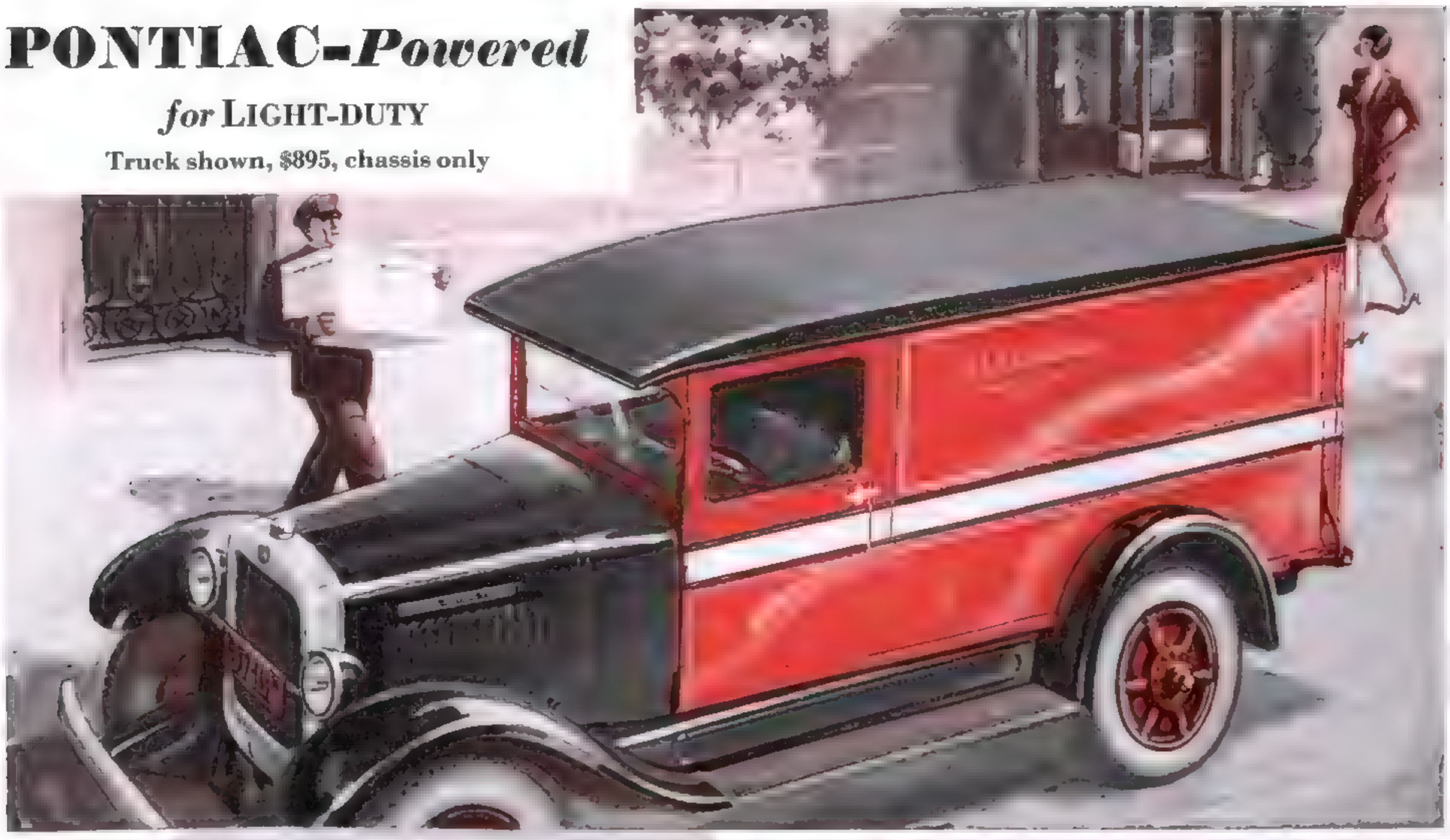
(All prices given here are Chassis only f. o. b., Pontiac, Michigan)

ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

PONTIAC-*Powered*

for LIGHT-DUTY

Truck shown, $895, chassis only



A New Basis *for buying* TRANSPORTATION

Read it

FULL, FAIR "TRADE-INS" *—but no excess allowance*

1 No truck-owner can find fairer appraisal on a used vehicle than General Motors Trucks representatives will make. Trading-in, he will receive top, re-sale value of the used truck in his local market. But no over-allowance! He will find no "padded" list-price on any General Motors Truck; no "water" to permit excess allowances—that rob Peter to pay Paul. Any used truck has certain actual value and the man who allows more *has to take that "more" from some place! Extra value*, built into General Motors Trucks, has been proved of far greater profit to buyers than any "Indian gift" trade-ins. (Time payments financed through Y. M. A. C. at lowest available rates.)

A CLEAR, ACCURATE RATING-METHOD

2 The old rating-methods—"one ton", "two ton", etc.—have concealed many wastes and penalties. Few trucks of the same given rating have had similar chassis weights; differences of as much as 1,500 pounds have been common. Bodies of different types show proportionate discrepancies. These are factors which *make* true pay-load capacity. The STRAIGHT RATING is a modern way to know—in advance—what is the actual, top-efficiency pay-load of any General Motors Truck. It is based upon maximum allowable total gross weight—is very simple, and wholly accurate. It aids wise investment, and definitely increases operating efficiency. You will find it a modern Buyer's Safeguard.

YOURS TO COMMAND: *Experienced Counsel*

3 From more than a quarter-century of commercial transportation experience, much valuable information is available to any truck-owner—whether or not he owns General Motors Trucks. You may have problems which we could help you solve. You have but to ask and we will do what we can, honestly and impartially. This company is pledged to further the cause of Better Delivery—better commercial transportation. With every resource at our command we are endeavoring to clarify all dealings between truck-maker and truck-user.

A REAL WORK TEST *at our expense*

4 This test is offered to prove—or disprove—the following facts: *a definite speeding-up of delivery, pick-up, or other haulage; higher work-capacity per unit; the ability to cover greater distances, a wider operating-radius; lower costs per ton mile.* Whatever the outcome of this test, you will possess valuable information—*facts*, not hearsay. And the very making of such an offer indicates what these trucks must be able to do. We provide any General Motors Truck—whatever available model, chassis or body most closely meets your needs. You incur no obligation or liability. It is a sincere offer. Take advantage of it. (*Only in states where unlawful is the offer withheld.*) A post-card request will promptly bring information as to where such a test will be arranged for you.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

Nation-wide service and sales-representation: Factory Branches, Distributors, and Dealers, in 1500 principal cities and towns

A GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

(Continued from Page 5)

I'm sure Eugenia will be glad to let you have Mark as well."

"Not just now, thank you ever so much," said Phœbe. "Later on perhaps." She smiled at Mark.

"Per-haps," Eugenia spoke with lazy nonchalance. "I mean, may-be."

Mark begged them not to fight over him. "We'll try to arrange so that there will be no dissatisfaction," said Rodney reassuringly, and Kitty thanked him kindly. "You do hate yourself, don't you, Rodney?"

"Come, boy friend, let's look at the rhododendrons and hydrangeas and polyanthuses while they settle it," Phœbe said to Teddy; and when they were out of hearing of the others she turned her smile on him in its full, almost blinding radiance. "You are nice," she said. "I like you. Do you like me, or is this too sudden?"

Teddy's tongue felt too thick for distinct articulation. He was horribly embarrassed because it was impossible to believe that she really meant what she said. How could she like the pop-eyed, stammering imbecile who even now was at a loss to answer a plain direct question.

"Yes, I like you," he blurted out at last.

"Oh, joy! Oh, bliss!" she cried, and then suddenly her voice and manner changed entirely. She was grave; there was a note almost of sadness in her voice. "Mr. Dunne," she said, "you cannot deceive me. I know that you disapprove of me. You think me bold, unmaidenly, shallow and heartless. But believe me, I am not the frivolous, heedless butterfly that the world calls me. I wear a mask." She stopped and looked at him earnestly. Teddy felt that he was expected to say something.

"I—er—I ——" he began. He wanted to say that he had divined the noble soul, the high aspirations, the profound feeling that her mask of frivolity hid from the groundlings. Or something to that effect. It would have been a lie, because he had not even begun to speculate about her soul, willing as he was to believe the best of it. All he knew was that he had never seen anybody like her. There was a sort of Dresden-china daintiness about her, a delicate pink-and-whiteness too transparent to owe anything to rouge and powder, although the too vivid color of her lips was frankly artificial. In its infrequent repose her mouth was a perfect Cupid's bow, and the thin arch of her eyebrows might have been drawn by set compasses. Her ears were in all human probability perfect, and her nose began to be, but took just enough of an upward turn at the tip to give it an air of impudence and deny classic regularity, substituting piquancy. At this moment she was looking like an angel—a saint, at the least—and a minute before, a gleeful imp of the devil had been looking out of those pure eyes and twisting her sweetly appealing mouth to mockery. Teddy felt absolutely certain that he had been allowed to look behind the mask; that she was not what the world called her—whatever it did call her.

But he was not obliged to put his conviction into words. A disreputable flivver clanked up the driveway, and crowded into it, clinging to one another, precariously balanced on footboard and fenders, were Ray Burton, Bob Hallet and Bill Grimmey, with Frances Hallet, Gertrude Wells and Ann Davis bunched in the seat beside Goofy Joe Lancaster at the wheel. They tumbled out with shoutings and squeals, and thronged the porch.

"How'sa boy? . . . Hey, Kitty! . . . Well, look who's here! . . . Did we? Ask me! . . . Yes, we did, and how! . . . Listen to him tell it, will you? . . . Oh, boy! . . . We started out all right, but what a finish! . . . Two yards from the dock already, and Bill tried to jump it, with a boat hook in the seat of his pants and dripping like a sponge, and some goof on the Roosevelt threw a life preserver on top of his head . . . Who's the liar? . . . Now you be good! . . . One of the dock wallopers wanted to roll him on a barrel. Billy . . . and here was the taxi driver. Was he sore! Oh, boy! . . . You said you'd pay him, didn't you? . . . My regards to Saugatuck. . . . The cop said. . . . Billy says the river water isn't fit to drink. . . ."

Kitty beckoned. "She wants us," said Phœbe. "We must dissemble." She walked slowly toward the group, pausing once to bend gracefully to inhale the fragrance of a rose that clambered over a pillar of the porch. Teddy stayed where he was and saw her with Kitty, swallowed up by the mob, which was suddenly silent and then burst into raucous shouts of mirth. Teddy was not disgusted; he simply envied them. Whatever Phœbe had said, those fellows were not tongue-tied. They had their store of wise cracks ready for swift comeback in any conversational emergency. Ray Burton, particularly, and he was a handsome brute. They were all good. Usually Teddy was content to be a silent and appreciative listener, with a phrase or two of well-worn stock repartee that enabled him to get by if pressed, but now he craved solitude and, opening a French window that gave on the porch, he entered the big living room.

For the first time in all the years he had known it, the room itself depressed him. Its furniture, its rugs, its pictures and books, the very andirons before the fireplace suddenly spoke, informing him that they had cost money. Not that they were garishly new, boastfully expensive; it would have been better if they had been; they would then have held out to Teddy some hope of lucky acquisition. But they were eloquent of established wealth, or, if not of wealth, of exceedingly comfortable circumstances, solid, wonted and enduring. Nothing seemed lacking; there were no makeshifts, easily read signs of limited means, as in Teddy's house. The Dunnes had a few things—spoil of the professor's travels in far lands—that were almost priceless, but they didn't look it and few people noticed them, while they did notice the cheap, faded curtains, the worn Brussels that carpeted the stairs, the broken spring of the sofa and the shabby bindings of the innumerable books. It seemed odd to many that there should be such a shabby old-fashioned little house on such a beautiful site in such an exclusive suburb. Why didn't the man sell it? Jope, the real-estate agent, had offered him a hundred dollars a front foot. Figure that out. "And all he gets is his little salary," said Jope. "Professor of Oriental languages. Well, with the Open Door and the Philippines and the South American trade and all that, maybe Oriental languages are all right. Still! He just says the place suits him and he doesn't see any reason why he should sell. Probably bought the whole property for a couple thousand—maybe less—along in the 90's. Can you beat it?"

The point was, Teddy thought, what chance had he of ever giving a girl—any girl—a house like the Wallaces', or like the Halletz' or the Burtons'? Not a chance! Not one of the fellows out there that wouldn't be sitting pretty in a few years. Not so far from it now. Even Goofy Joe. They had snap; they were wise to the game—the money-making game. He, Teddy, might in ten years have a steady, settled position as assistant to the note teller or the check clerk, or, if he stayed in the credits with Reagan, he might be assistant to him. No saying where they would put him eventually. He had been put tentatively in three departments already. Most likely he was unsatisfactory in each or he wouldn't have been transferred out of all precedent.

The phonograph was playing Birmingham Blues, feet were shuffling. There was another thing he couldn't even dance without tramping all over a girl's feet. Rhythms always changing just as he began to get the hang of them. If he went out now, Kitty would be sure to drag him. She always did. Said she was going to make a dancer of him if it took a million years. Ginger Kate! That always got her Angora, and she couldn't be blamed. Her hair wasn't really ginger, but more like cinnamon. Not a bad color, at that. He was fond of Kitty, but she had no right to drag him, just because she had a case on Rod Vilas. Anyway, she might have known ——

Kitty came in now. "I'd thought I'd find you here, lovely," she said, smiling at him. You couldn't have called Kitty's mouth a Cupid's bow, but it wasn't one of the kind you love to shun either. Its smile was mighty friendly. "Come on and dance with me," she said, and caught his hand and tried to pull him from the depths of a big leather chair. Nearly succeeded, too, for she was no weakling, for all the slenderness of her young body. But the next moment she dropped his hand.

"You look as if you were having a thin time," she said. "Want me to stay and pet you? How do you like Phœbe? No words for it? Teddy, I believe she's fallen hard for you."

"Quit your kiddin'; you make me sick," Teddy told her. "Who is she, Kitty?"

"Don't you know? She's my best friend, and the first chance she gets, she tries to steal my men. I don't mean you, lovely."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that."

"Then you stop calling me Ginger Kate. You didn't say if you liked her."

"She's wonderful!" said Teddy with unmistakable sincerity. He jumped up suddenly. "I'm going to beat it."

Kitty made no protest, as he had expected, and he made his way through the kitchen, out at the back door and across lots to home and Goldstein.

It may be seen that there was nothing in all this to relate to parents, however sympathetic. A mere episode, of no importance except to the sufferer, and to be forgotten by him and never repeated. Theodore Dunne would see Phœbe no more.

That was his firm intention, but when Kitty called him up on the phone the following afternoon and insisted that he should come over, and said that she and Phœbe were lonely, and when Phœbe herself took her turn at the telephone and implored him to come, what could he do but go?

Kitty met him at the gate. "I'll tell you why," she said. "I'm giving Phœbe to understand that you are my property, and if you've any designs on her that will help you a lot—if you play up to me." She put her hand on his shoulder as they walked up the driveway and tried to make him embrace her waist.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, miaow!" Teddy said, resisting. "And how about Rodney? Would it help you with him?"

"She's got Rodney, and she's welcome to him," said Kitty rather viciously. "But she shall not get Mark."

"What rot!" cried Teddy, impatiently wriggling his shoulder under her hand. "You're simply disgusting. I may not be very bright, but I can size people up, and if she thought for a moment —— Just because she is ——"

"Perfection—and looking out of the window at us this minute," said Kitty. "Gosh, what a fool you are! Not very bright, says you! Well, not very—not very. Mark's gone back to the tennis court to get the scarf she left there. Duckie, duckie, come and be killed."

Phœbe closed on a finger the book that she was ostensibly reading as they entered the living room, and welcomed Teddy with a look of shy pleasure. Half shyly she patted a place on the davenport beside her as she looked at him. He almost shivered outwardly as he sat, but with Kitty's critical eye on him, he looked stolid enough. "Why did you run away yesterday?" Phœbe asked reproachfully. "I kept thinking you'd come back"—a breath scarcely audible, added—"to me."

"Don't let him go until I get back," said Kitty, and darted off at the ring of the distant telephone.

"I don't flatter myself I could hold you," Phœbe said. "But you didn't answer my question. Why did you go?"

"Had work to do," Teddy mumbled. Some faint perfume that she used got into his head and did things to the nerve cluster at the base of his skull. He shifted a little way from her, uneasily.

"You would!" she sighed. "'Men must work, and women must weep.' Always the woman who pays and pays and pays, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Teddy.

"Tell me about yourself. I know you aren't the kind to bare your soul to a stranger. You are the strong, self-contained type; silent with the silence of deep, still water."

"Sa-ay!" Teddy remonstrated.

"I'm like that myself," said Phœbe. "But tell me, aren't there times when you feel that the seething tumult within"—she touched her bosom lightly with her finger tips—"clamors for relief? When you long for sympathy and understanding, for a nature akin to your own—one that invites your confidence?"

"I can't say I have," Teddy replied. "That is—er—well, I don't know how to put it, but—no, I guess not. All the same, I—er—I probably know what you mean."

"Yes, I think you do—of all the men I ever met. But you see, you are strong, and I'm only a girl and feel the need of support. I know you're bored to tears by all this—only I felt you understood. The moment I saw you something seemed to tell me that you were you—if you know what I mean."

She looked at him appealingly, and impulsively laid her hand on his. Teddy thrilled to his toes and sandwiched the hand between his two. They looked into each other's eyes. In Phœbe's the two imps of the devil showed themselves as her lips slowly parted into a smile. She was bending forward. Then something blue and white sailed lightly through the air and fell into her lap.

"Swift work, Phœbe," said Kitty. "There's your scarf."

"You might have waited a minute," Phœbe complained. "You haven't any more tact than a rabbit. See how you've made us blush!"

Teddy stuck it out for the rest of the afternoon, but he wished he hadn't. Excepting only this sweetly intimate quarter of an hour, he had an even thinner time than the afternoon before. Rodney Vilas dropped in almost directly after Kitty interrupted, and on his heels came Hallet and Bill Grimmey, with a bird named Collins—a very personable bird—from New York. It was when Phœbe met him that Teddy got one of the most sickening jolts, for she clasped her hands and asked this Collins where he had been all their lives. Of course, it was just a line, but somehow it hurt. And it hurt when she found that he didn't dance, was rotten at tennis, had only once seen a polo game, wasn't keen on football and didn't adore O'Neill, Synge, Ibsen or even Shaw. Mark spoke up for him and said that he was a wiz at chess and bridge, and could handle a boat better than any man on the lakes, but Phœbe didn't seem to hear that. Teddy knew she couldn't give him much attention with all those fellows talking to her and kidding her and one another. She was the only girl present except Kitty. Kitty was one of the most popular girls in Deepdene and usually the fellows buzzed round her like wasps round a sugar barrel, but they were reacting strongly to Phœbe that afternoon, and Ginger Kate had to work more or less for

(Continued on Page 90)

"You're wasting your breath . . Women won't understand it!"

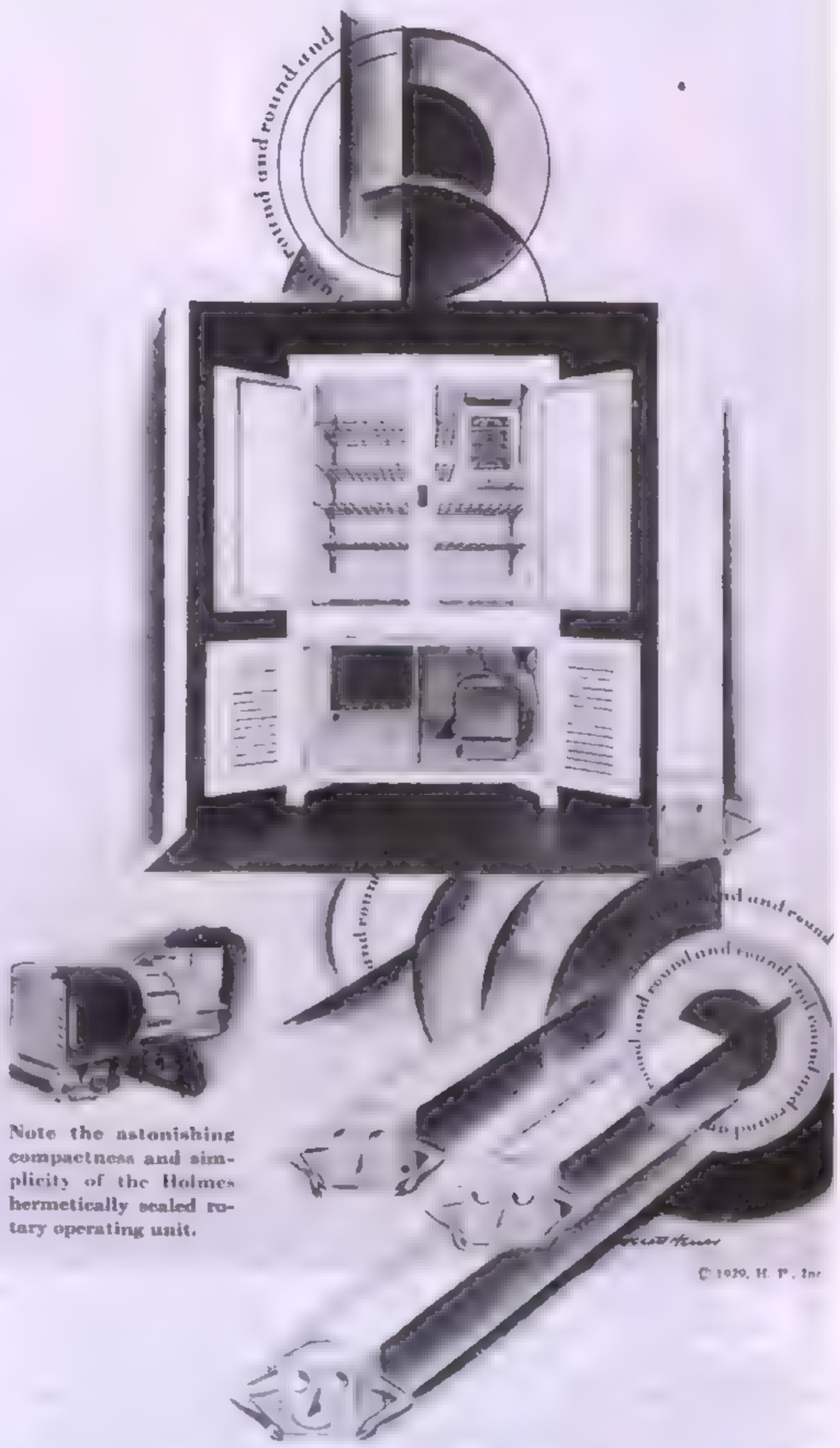
IT happened amid the flurry and bustle that somehow always accompanies the preparation of advertising. A visitor from out-of-town was looking at the advertisements announcing the Holmes Electric Refrigerator to the public. He noticed that they featured its efficient new rotary principle. He shook his head.

"You're making a mistake," he said, "Women aren't mechanics. They're not interested in engineering improvements. They won't read your advertising."

Perhaps he was right. But if so, we are at a loss to account for what has happened since these announcements appeared. Carload orders for the Holmes have poured in so rapidly as to make our factory managers wring their hands. Hundreds and hundreds of interested, enthusiastic letters have come from the public. Every day wires from distributors and dealers keep the sales office humming. What's the answer? Just this:

The Holmes offers important new benefits. No mechanical mind is needed to appreciate its extreme compactness, the simplicity which eliminates all belts, gears, pulleys, pistons or chains. Men and women alike are keenly interested in the fact that the Holmes makes use of one of the most efficient engineering principles in the world, moving quietly round and round instead of back and forth. They like its roomy shelf-space, its vegetable bin, its spotless, seamless porcelain interior, its brilliant beauty. And they say so!

Don't fail to see the Holmes. If you cannot find it locally, write Holmes Products, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Works: Bridgeport, Conn.



Note the astonishing compactness and simplicity of the Holmes hermetically sealed rotary operating unit.

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HP HOLMES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

THIS AT BUICK

A NEW SIX AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS

FOR more than twenty-five years the motoring world has paid tribute to Buick engineering, Buick craftsmanship and Buick ideals of enduring value. Now the accumulated experience of these years of leadership has been focused on a new car—the Marquette. And in this new car are offered, at a price within the reach of millions, all the priceless advantages of Buick manufacture.

In appearance, the Marquette expresses the tempo of the age without conforming to accepted pattern. In every phase of performance, it demonstrates abilities that set it apart entirely from all cars of comparable price. In basic value, it embodies the added margin that Buick's experienced craftsmanship and great production facilities make possible.

Millions have long wanted such an automobile as the Marquette—many to enjoy Buick ideals of dependability and uninterrupted service in a car priced within their means, many to have a second car in keeping with the standards their Buicks have created for them. Every motorist will realize instinctively that the presentation of the Marquette is an occasion well worth attending. Visit the Buick showroom Saturday, when this eventful new car will be on display.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

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Marquette

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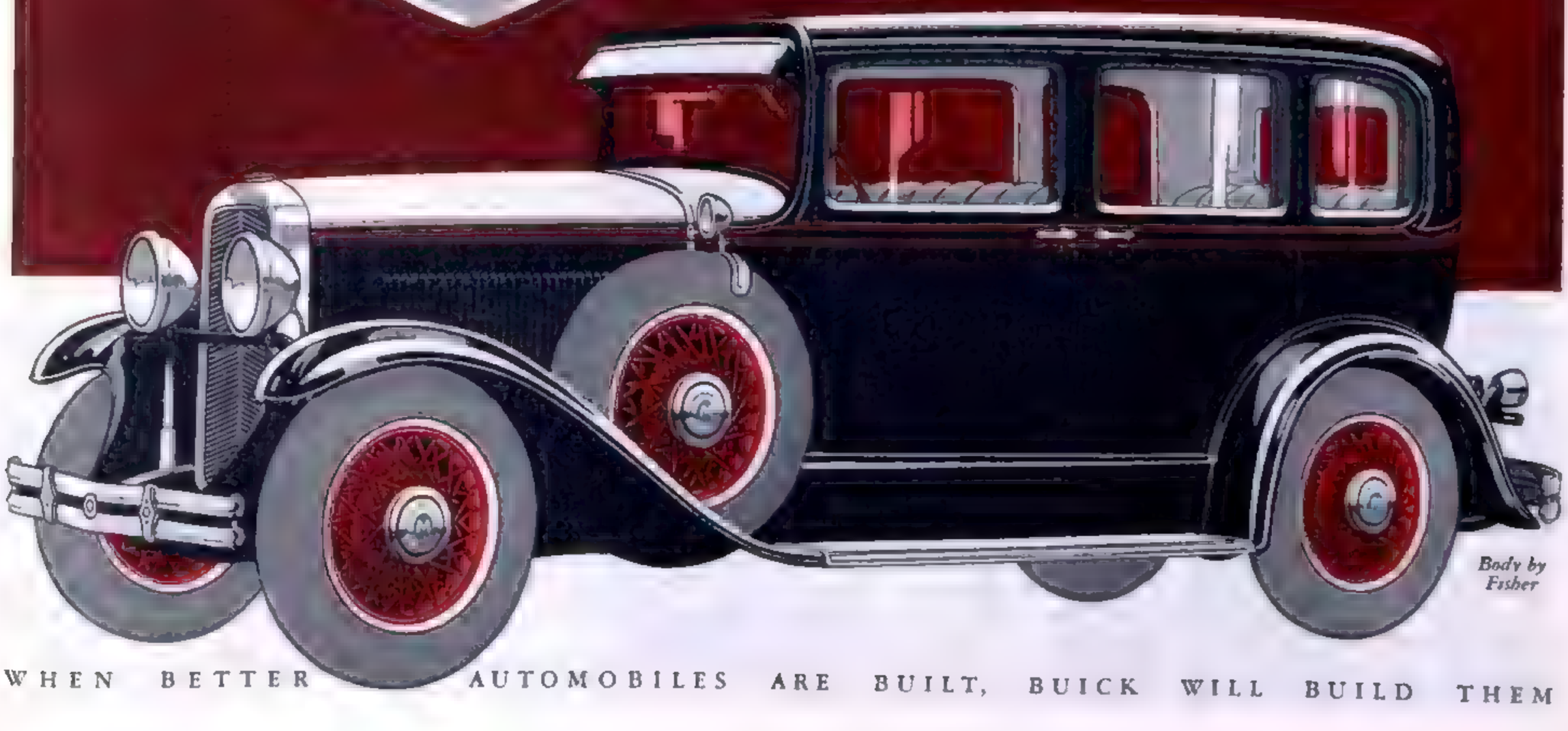

Body by Fisher

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 86)

the attention she got. Rodney was rushing the new girl harder than any of them. After a while Phœbe gave an imitation of Elsie Janis imitating Fannie Brice. It was a scream. The tumult and the shouting brought Mr. and Mrs. Wallace out to see what it was all about. Everybody found something to say to her but Teddy. Piffle, most of it was, but it was something, and said in a way that made it seem better than it was. So he sat apart, dumb as driven cattle. Kitty came over to him and tried for the thousandth time to smooth down the salient lock of hair at the back of his head.

"Isn't she an artist, lovely!" she said with real admiration. "And that's nothing to what she can do—what I mean, serious stuff—Barrie and Shaw and all those. We had lots of theatricals at Wauchope, and Phœbe always starred, and now the Little Theater is going to cast her for Brigitta in Post-Mortem. Gee, I wish I could do something."

"Here, too," said Teddy gloomily. "Something, and be somebody."

"You!" exclaimed Kitty. She turned and shook his elbow savagely. "What makes you so glum, Teddy?"

"Born that way, I suppose. But you needn't rub it in, Gin—Kitty."

"You're an idiot," she told him, with great warmth. "Look at those morons! Listen to them! And then you talk about yourself like that! There isn't one of them —— Well, you just tell me this: If you're such a mess, how does it come Phœbe's crazy about you?"

"Rave on, rave on," Teddy said, with an attempt at lightness. But at that moment Phœbe got up and came over to them.

"What are you interested in besides me?" she asked Teddy with embarrassing directness

"He's not interested in you, he's interested in me, and you're interrupting an interesting conversation, my dear," Kitty told her.

"You were talking about me," Phœbe stated. "I'm psychic, and I can always tell. And you interrupted us a little while ago. Didn't she, Teddy? Let's see if I can find out something. What are you reading now?"

"Goldstein," Teddy answered.

"Psychology?"

"Finance, international banking."

Phœbe pressed her hand to her bosom. "This is the finger of fate!" she cried. There was no opportunity to find out why it was the finger of fate, because Goofy Joe Lancaster interrupted, and, after him, Collins. Rodney V las whispered something to Kitty and she stared at him coldly and said: "Well, I love your nerve! Nothing doing, Rodney; so go roll your pretty little hoop in any direction you want, so long as you don't bother me." Well, that about ended the second episode. Teddy didn't even get a chance to say good-by and express the pleasure that meeting Miss Onderdonk had afforded him.

Came pay day. Contrary to his mother's expectation, there had been no increase of salary for Teddy Mrs Dunne was quite indignant about it and Teddy couldn't make her understand that he was in big luck to get two hundred dollars a month, considering that anybody could do the work he was doing.

"You can't make me believe that," said his mother

"And do it better," Teddy went on. "I am too slow, and another thing, I haven't any personality, and in any case, banks don't make promotions until there are vacancies. It would hurt the organization As it is, if a man does his work well he'll be promoted as soon as somebody above him dies or resigns. If he doesn't do his work well, they fire him, and I'm not fired—yet. But I'm better," he went on to say hastily. "There's nothing like practice and you and father are helping me no end dictating."

Reading aloud had long been a custom of the Dunnes in their evenings at home when there was no company. A book was chosen—it might be history, philosophy, science, or something lighter—Macaulay's Essays or Boswell's Johnson, for instance—and now and then some of the frothy, ephemeral fiction of the day. They took turns—the three—in reading; but now the professor and Mrs. Dunne did the reading while Teddy, with notebook and pencil, set down what they read in shorthand curlicues and afterward checked back for errors and omissions. In this way they went clear through Goldstein and a work by Edgar Wallace. It was certainly good practice, and any spare time remaining Teddy employed educating his fingers on the keys of his typewriter.

Furthermore, by going doggedly at work like that, a young man will not waste so much valuable time thinking about girls with violet eyes that can be either devilish or saintly, girls with souls in slender graceful bodies, girls who are obliged to dissemble and wear masks. Nor will he brood so much on the hopelessness and futility of thinking of such girls in view of his own many deficiencies, personal and pecuniary. Nothing like good old grinding toil for that sort of thing. And as for the kind of work he was doing, it was by no means limited to taking letters, typing them, guarding the vice president's privacy and noting his engagements.

For some years Mr. Onderdonk had been not much more than theoretically subordinate to the president, who had always perfectly agreed with him and invariably followed his suggestions. It was understood that at the next annual meeting the nominal head would accept the chairmanship of the board of directors, resign his crown to the active Onderdonk and take remaining life easy. Even now he was a good deal of an absentee. It was Onderdonk's bank, Onderdonk's policy that governed it. The directors were no complacent figureheads, but shrewd men of affairs, captains of industry, builders, within certain limits, of their city When the cashier presented his report, they listened, questioned and considered before they approved, but it was always Onderdonk they questioned and their approval was instant upon his crisp, meaty answers So the vice president's office was a good place for a young man who wished to learn, and the vice president was a good preceptor. At first Teddy only entered the room when summoned, taking his notebook in with him and transcribing his notes at the desk outside, but nearly always Mr Onderdonk asked him some question, pertinent or seemingly irrelevant, listened to Teddy's hesitating answers with his poker face and dismissed him with a nod implying comprehension and nothing more.

Once Mr. Onderdonk tested the young man's phenomenal memory for figures by asking him the distance from the earth to the sun. Teddy said that he had forgotten.

"I thought that wasn't a habit of yours."

"When a thing doesn't interest me and isn't likely to be useful, I don't try to remember it," Teddy answered. "I've only got about a pint-size mind, so it's no use trying to get a quart of information into it."

"What would be your estimate of the total cost of taking a girl to a show, feeding her and taking her home again, including taxis and all tips?"

He shot this question at the young man with perfect seriousness Teddy smiled and shook his head

"Not interested, sir," he replied

"Not in girls? Ever take a lil and indulge in close harmony when you've got confidence in your friend's bootlegger? No? . . . What do you know about Martin Luther?"

"Not much, sir Of course, that he was a monk and one of the founders of the Protestant religion and spoke against indulgences at the Diet of Worms, and married, and translated the Bible."

"I understood it was King James did that," said Mr. Onderdonk humorously. "And I thought Luther was rather in favor of indulgences. What was it he wrote about *Weib, Wein und Gesang*? . . . Well, never mind. What was the amount of cash on hand the day before yesterday?"

Mr. Onderdonk's questions puzzled Teddy. Why did he want to know how far it was to the sun—and that girl stuff—mighty queer! What had Martin Luther to do with the case? Yet, a minute or two later, he was lost in admiration at his chief's sagacity as demonstrated in the letters he had dictated, concise but covering every inch of the ground; tactful, but firmly decisive. Even in these days there are giants; likewise pygmies. Teddy thought ruefully of his mother's fond belief that Mr. Onderdonk was training him to take his place. Dear mother!

A few days after that a new desk was brought into the room and Teddy was informed that it was intended for him. "Waste of time, going and coming, with you outside," Mr. Onderdonk explained. "You can work in here, and any time I want you to clear out, I'll tell you. You can give Miss Watson the list of appointments and she'll see to the callers. You understand that you're not to whistle, smoke cigarettes or eat cheese sandwiches in here. Any violation of these rules will be followed by instant dismissal, and I'd take it kindly if you could find some kind of toilet preparation that will make your hair stay down behind."

Under this new arrangement, Teddy was for leaving the room when Mr. Denison, the cashier, came in for his daily conference, but to his surprise Mr. Onderdonk told him to stay. Mr. Denison didn't seem at all resentful but nodded and smiled quite kindly at the young man. They discussed the bookkeeper's statement in a way that was highly illuminating. So also was their consideration of applications for loans, required for purposes whose soundness and prospects of success it was necessary to examine carefully in the light of information received. Here again Teddy recognized the greatness which he felt he could never attain. Could he ever decide, pro or con, questions involving such staggering amounts, with such a snap? That's that, and now for the next thing.

But it seemed he was required to decide. "Would you have financed that Stephens project?" Mr. Onderdonk asked him after Mr. Denison had left. Teddy replied modestly that he didn't feel qualified to express an opinion. "Have you got one?" Mr. Onderdonk asked, and Teddy said he hadn't. "I'd like to know the principals and something of the political situation in the Argentine, and something of the country and the people, before I could have anything worth calling an opinion."

"Ah!" said Onderdonk, and nodded. And that was all for that time.

Teddy found as the days went on that more and more work was piled onto him, and that pleased him too. He could actually enjoy work—eat it up—and it was work he had to keep his mind on. Sometimes, in passing behind Mr. Onderdonk or standing at his elbow, he allowed himself to glance at Phœbe's photograph. Of course it couldn't show her beautiful coloring, but it was a vivid thing nevertheless. She had posed for it in an evening dress that displayed the exquisite modeling of her arms and, consciously or unconsciously she had mocked the camera with her smile. One got that by a glance hastily averted, but there was no sense in getting oneself all fussed up by prolonged study of that smile. Once or twice Teddy had seen Mr Onderdonk looking at it, his underlip slightly pushed out, and with deeply furrowed lines pushing into his forehead from the inner ends of his thick brows. He had never spoken of his daughter to Teddy since that first day. There was now nothing to distract Teddy from his work at home, beyond his mother's remonstrances. Mrs. Dunne protested that her son was killing himself with his continuous application, which, she said, was bound to tell on him sooner or later, however fit he might look now. She would get him to take her to the movies down in the village occasionally, and she made a point of including young people in her occasional bridge-party invitations, but that was about as much as she could do. The Wallaces had closed their house and gone to Europe; all but Mark, who had been transferred to New York. Teddy missed Mark already and would have missed him more if he had not been so occupied and if the boat that they jointly owned had not been hauled out and housed for the winter. He missed Kitty, too, although she had not been acting much like herself for some weeks before she left. Probably on account of her split-up with Rodney Vilas. Whatever the trouble had been, Rodney had not been able to square himself, and now he was going around looking particularly sunk. One afternoon Teddy saw him at the North Western station and gave him cheerful greeting.

"You go to," said Rodney, scowling at him and seeming to invite a rejoinder. Teddy was too surprised to make any at the moment, and Rodney walked on to the smoker, talking to himself in a low growl that made people turn to look at him. As a matter of fact, Teddy could think of nothing really suitable to say even as an afterthought. "Some message you want me to take there?" That might have done, but, get right down to it, a poke in the eye or a wallop on the jaw would have been the proper retort. But Rodney may have had a toothache; he might even have been slightly soused, Teddy thought.

Before she went, Kitty had given him a message from Phœbe Onderdonk, inviting him to call at her home at Lake Forest. Teddy told her that he had no intention whatsoever of doing that.

"Don't you want to see her again, lovely?"

"None of your business, Ginger Kate,"

"Well, you'll see her, or she'll see you. Aren't you glad?"

"Tickled pink."

"You would be, if you believed me. Well, you can just believe me."

"How would it be if you talked a little sense for a change?"

"I'm talking all kinds and descriptions of sense. She's busy just now with the play—rehearsals and all that—but she's keeping you in mind. She's not going to forgive me for shooing Mark away or for Rodney trying to get back. Oh, gape at me! You're as blind as a bat and can't see anything for yourself. Have you got your tickets for Phœbe's show yet?"

"No. I'm not going. What's the use?"

"You'll see how wonderful she is."

"I know that," said Teddy soberly. "But I'm not going."

"Well, I know what a mule you are or I'd try to argue. Turn around. . . . No, clear around. Hold still."

"I draw the line at that," said Teddy, facing about. "Licking your paws like a cat. Let my hair alone."

"My paws are clean, and so's my tongue," said Kitty. "You ought to shave that place, lovely."

Teddy didn't attend the performance of Post-Mortem, although Professor and Mrs Dunne went. It seemed that Phœbe went across big in her small part. She was singled out for praise by one of the morning papers, and two of the evening critics had nice things to say about her. Mrs. Dunne reported that she supposed the girl could act, but what the world was coming to, she really didn't know. At the bank Teddy half expected to be asked if he had seen the performance, but he wasn't. Mr. Denison had seen it and spoke admiringly of Miss Onderdonk's talent. Mr. Onderdonk merely grunted, but Teddy thought that he was pleased. Nevertheless, that afternoon he looked at his daughter's picture with his underlip more protrusive than ever and with the frowning lines in his forehead still deeper

It was three days later that the Wallaces left. At his mother's instigation Teddy took a box of candy and some flowers over to the house the night before. Kitty's eyes widened at the sight of these rich gifts.

"For me?" she said incredulously.

(Continued on Page 93)

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt

invites you to

NEW YORK STATE

WHEN you take your vacation this summer, be sure to come to New York. It's a wonderful state and you'll be welcome here. Governor Roosevelt invites you. His invitation is printed below.

"On behalf of the people of the State of New York, it affords me great pleasure to invite you to include New York in your summer travel program. Plan to drive through the beautiful Hudson and Mohawk valleys. Include a tour of the Adirondack and Catskill mountain ranges over highways unsurpassed for safety and comfort.

"A unified system of parks, embracing the beautiful Finger Lakes region, Long Island, Central New York, Allegany and Palisades, provides splendid opportunities for camping, healthful recreation and pleasure.

"We are proud of our parks and highways, our historic mountains and streams, and our scenic and historic places. We enjoy them and wish to share them with you."

Franklin D. Roosevelt

DRIVING has been made easy in New York State. The roads are splendid and you will find Socony stations all along your route. There are 30,000 of them in New York and New England. You can get a free road map or ask for directions at any one of these stations.

Socony stands for Standard Oil Company of New York, which distributes the famous Socony Gasoline, Socony Special Gasoline, and Socony Parabase Motor Oil, the largest-selling gasolines and motor oil in New York and New England. Write to Socony Touring Service, 26 Broadway, New York City, for help in planning your trip. In the southwestern states, stop at the stations of the Magnolia Petroleum Company; and in the west, at the stations of the General Petroleum Corporation, subsidiaries of Standard Oil Company of New York.

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THE NEW PONTIAC BIG SIX

$745 AND UP

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Ask no favors of any other car in its field when you're driving the New Pontiac Big Six

At the wheel of a New Pontiac Big Six you need not hesitate to match performance with any other low-priced car. For the Pontiac was created to

appeal to the kind of people who demand spirited action as well as style and luxury. And experience proves that when you're driving this car you need ask no favors of anything else in its field.

The New Pontiac Big Six has a 200-cubic-inch engine which develops 57 brake horsepower at 3000 r. p. m. And in addition it has a 1¼-inch carburetor with an accelerating pump to give it faster pick-up, greater power and higher speed. It has a 53-pound crankshaft, counter-weighted to reduce bearing pressure at high speed. It has the Harmonic Balancer to counteract crankshaft vibration . . . the thermostatically-controlled cross-flow radiator to keep the engine at peak efficiency . . . noiseless, dirt-and-weather-proof internal-expanding four-wheel brakes to make high speed operation safe.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

As a result, owners of the New Pontiac Big Six *step out* in performance as readily as they *step up* in quality and style. And they do both with gratifying economy . . . without stepping out of the low-priced field.

The New Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Mich.

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"We-ell," said Teddy a little dubiously. "For you and your mother," he explained in his stupidly hesitating way.

"You're an angel of light!" said Kitty, but not very enthusiastically. Then she brightened. "I suppose you're bringing my special one to the train tomorrow morning, when you see us off. Is that it?"

"I'm not going to be able to see you off," Teddy told her. "Can't get away from the bank."

"Well, I think you're mean," declared Kitty. "You'd better come, lovely; it may be the last time you'll ever see Kitty Wallace."

"Oh, those big liners are as safe as a hotel ashore," Teddy told her.

"So I've heard," said Kitty with a little smile. "As safe as crossing the lake in a thirty-footer with you and Mark, I wouldn't wonder. But I meant that I might come back the Duchess of Something-or-another, or a countess. Then you'll be sorry. Or will you?"

"I don't expect to be, because I believe you'll pick a good one if you pick any," said Teddy. As she was going away, he thought it wouldn't hurt to be complimentary. At the same time, it would be just like Kitty to take up with some no-account lounge lizard just because she felt sorry for him. After all, she wasn't any more than a kid. He wished that Mark were going along with them to look after her. Mark came down then with a chart of Long Island Sound that a fellow from the yacht club had given him. He was already planning some cruises for the next summer. You can pick up a boat for next to nothing during the winter months. The Hudson and the Sound would be full of bargains just now. The two young men spread out the chart on the table and bent over it. Kitty squeezed in between them, an arm on each of their shoulders, to help plan, and presently ran off to get an old school atlas to look up the Massachusetts and Maine coast. She squeezed in again and they willingly made room for her.

"Gee," she cried, "this would have Stratford-on-Avon skinned a mile."

"Take your mop of hair from my face," Teddy told her.

"Move your thick head away," said she.

But after a little Mark got up. "Got a date," he explained. "Well, so long, Ted, old scout, in case you're not here when I get back. Be good and don't let any of the depositors at the bank give you any wooden money. You'll be in li'l' old New York yourself before long All the good ones go there. 'By, old fel'."

"'Bout time I was sliding along, too," said Teddy. "I'll go and say good-by to your mother and Mr. Wallace." He went into the library where they were sitting and made his farewells. He was more than politely sorry that they were going away—to say nothing of Mark and Kitty. They'd always been mighty good to him. It took longer than he had reckoned to part with them, and when he returned to the living room Mark had gone.

"Just between you and me, Mark's feeling pretty rotten about leaving Eugenia," Kitty confided. "They wanted to get married and go to New York together, but daddy and Mr. Luttrell went right up in the air. I suppose they have to wait a year or two now. Well, I wouldn't mind waiting a little, if I was as sure of my boy friend as Eugenia is of Mark. Have you heard from Phœbe yet, lovely? . . . Well, you will pretty soon now. Write me when you do, won't you? Oh, I could tell you a few things about Miss Phœbe Onderdonk, if – 'smatter, Teddy?" She caught him by the shoulder and looked up into his face. "Oh, I'm sorry, old dear! Honest, I am sorry! Is it as bad as that? Oh, somebody ought to have drowned me when I was small!"

"It's all right, Kitty," said Teddy, forcing a smile. "I'll pull through. Well, give my regards to Regent Street and the old Kent Road and tell the duke I think you are too darned good for him. Send me a picture post card now and then."

"I'm going with you as far as the gate," said Kitty, and she did. As they were approaching it she caught his hand, gripped it tightly for a moment and held it for the rest of the way. Teddy fancied he felt her sympathy flowing in a warm current from her fingers straight to his heart, and, fancy or not, it was a comfortable thing and he was grateful. He had almost determined to tell her how he felt toward Phœbe, translate emotions not yet self-acknowledged into words. Kitty had somehow, in some part, surprised his secret already, and that was a strange thing. It might be a relief to tell her more. At least, the telling would drag things from the dark corners of his mind into a light, revealing them to himself as well as to her—if he wished to reveal them. If Kitty would only speak, to break down the barriers of his reserve! But she was silent and, although her hand was still warm in his, her face was averted.

Then she stopped. "G'by!" she said and flung an arm tightly around his neck, kissed him and almost ran back to the house. It happened so quickly that Teddy hardly realized it before she passed ghost-like into a patch of light that shone through a window onto the porch and he had heard the door close behind her.

It didn't seem like Kitty to be queer, but this abrupt leave-taking struck Teddy as bordering on the unusual, at least. There was no lack of affection in her hasty embrace, either. Her lips had pressed his hard enough for the instant that he had felt them: her arm had held him tightly, almost roughly, and then, she flew! Not a word more than the "G'by"; not so much as a wave of her hand from the porch! Teddy had called her down often for kissing or attempting to kiss him. But that had been when they were both children. She had been an affectionate little brat in those days. If she loved anybody she wanted to kiss them, just as she would be more than likely to slap, kick or bite anybody who incurred her displeasure: but now it was generally known among the swains of Deepdene, by experience or by hearsay, that Kitty Wallace was firmly and militantly opposed to necking.

"Nice kid!" Teddy thought as he walked home. "Dear, sweet kid. I hope she doesn't pick up any of that foreign trash."

But what was chiefly in Teddy's mind was a thing that Kitty had said regarding Phœbe's reappearance: "Well, you will pretty soon now."

Kitty Wallace had been right when she predicted that it would not be long before Teddy Dunne saw Phœbe again. Her premises may have been wrong, but she had arrived at the right conclusion.

Teddy had returned from a frugal luncheon the afternoon following the Wallaces' departure and straightway plunged head, neck and ears into his work, as his habit was, calculating to dispose of the bulk of it before the return of his chief. Mr. Onderdonk generally took plenty of time to his midday repast, having a robust appetite, a fine palate and a respect for his digestive organs that was incompatible with haste. So Teddy had the room to himself, with no probability of interruption for at least one hour. He was therefore rather surprised to hear the door open and close before half of that time had elapsed; but his mind was so concentrated on the papers before him that he did not at once look up—not until a voice quite unlike Mr. Onderdonk's said, "So, here you are!" And he scrambled clumsily to his feet, confronting Phœbe.

It was a quite conventional smile that she gave him and she only extended one hand in greeting and didn't even allow it to cling. "How do you do, Mr. Dunne?" she said, almost primly. "I must apologize for disturbing you, but I expected to find my father here." Then her smile broadened and her lovely eyes danced. "It would have been just my darned luck," she added in an altogether different tone.

(Continued on Page 95)

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

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Off for Vacation Land!

Work, worry and care left behind! Following the open road to the land of rest and play!

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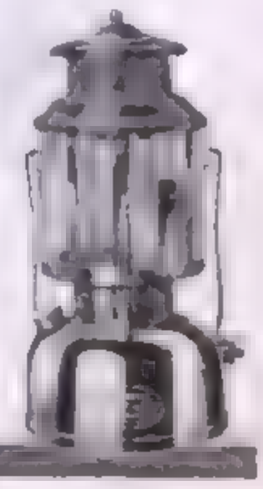

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Style . . . beauty . . . comfort . . . convenience . . . have attained new heights of perfection in the latest presentation of this year's fine motor cars. Fittings by Ternstedt have contributed materially to the creation of a new excellence in body decoration and refinement. The presence of Fittings-by Ternstedt in modern motor cars assures to the purchaser thoughtful design throughout and discriminating attention to details of appointment.

TERNSTEDT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Unit of Fisher Body Corporation
DETROIT U S A

(Continued from Page 93)

Teddy hastened to place a chair for her, but she perched herself on the vice president's desk, from which elevation she swung her extremely noticeable legs, incased in the sheerest of beige silk, and slender feet in the latest and daintiest of shoes. She was wearing a fur coat—probably Russian sable, Teddy thought, in mentally reconstructing the picture she made and a large bunch of Parma violets that matched her eyes to a marvel was pinned to its lapel, while her hat seemed especially designed to disclose the exactly right curve of glossy dark brown hair that lay so lovingly on the pink-and-white cheek.

"He's out just now," said Teddy, referring to her father.

"Are you quite, quite sure?" she asked him, and, sliding off the desk, she looked underneath it and then underneath Teddy's desk. "He must be," she concluded. "So at last we are alone just now. What are you doing? You don't imagine you're going to work while I'm here? Think it over."

"Business hours," Teddy reminded her, unsmilingly.

"Pleasure before business," she rejoined, "and if you tell me it isn't a pleasure to have me to talk to I'll cry and go straight home. Put down those silly papers and tell me why you haven't been to see me when I asked you to. You said once that you liked me, but I suppose you tell all the poor deluded girls you meet something like that. Oh, well, go on working if you feel you must. I'll go on talking, but you don't have to listen to me, of course. You didn't come to see my late artistic triumph either. Kitty said even she couldn't make you. By the way, I've just been seeing Kitty off. I thought you'd be there. Why weren't you?"

"Business hours," Teddy explained in the same brusque terms.

He felt that he had got himself well in hand by this time.

"Otherwise wild horses wouldn't have kept you away. Tell me one thing, tell me truly: Are you and Kitty engaged?"

Would she, as Kitty had intimated, take a greater interest in him if she supposed him to be another girl's property? The question occurred to Teddy, and he was sorely tempted to answer yes; but the truth is the truth, and he answered shortly, "No, of course we aren't."

"I suspected it," said Phœbe Onderdonk. She had resumed her seat on her father's desk and, putting her hand behind her, knocked over the framed photograph and picked it up. "You see how dear father loves me," she remarked. "When he can't actually keep an eye on me, he has to keep my picture before him to console himself for my absence and inspire him in his hours of toil. Does he ever kiss it, Teddy?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Teddy, though he had heard her perfectly. He was still fingering the papers.

Phœbe repeated her question and Teddy answered, "Not that I am aware of."

"If I gave you one, would you keep it on your desk to console you for my absence and inspire you in your hours of toil?" she asked sweetly.

"I would not," Teddy told her with great firmness.

"Wouldn't have it as a gift. What makes you so cruel? Tell me why you spurn me so. Why so stuffy?"

Teddy slammed his paper on the desk and turned on her desperately. "You tell me why you talk to me like this—say things that you don't mean at all, just to —— You oughtn't to, and you know it. It may be a big joke to you, but I can't see it. Why don't you lay off of me?"

Phœbe jumped down from the desk and went over to him. He had turned rather white and was now staring blindly at the paying teller's proof that he held.

"Look at me," she said softly. "What kind of things do you mean? Why don't you look at me? Afraid to?"

The door opened. Mr. Onderdonk came in, hung his hat on a peg of the hat stand and slipped out of his overcoat. After his first quick glance, he seemed quite unaware of his daughter until he disposed of his coat, by which time Phœbe was standing erect. "Daddy darling," she cried, "I thought you were never, never coming."

"Well, you see, my dear child, I wasn't expecting you," said her father blandly as he spun his chair around and seated himself. "In fact," he continued, "I can hardly imagine anything more unexpected than a visit from you here."

"It might have been mother, you know," Phœbe suggested gently.

"Quite true," Mr. Onderdonk assented. "I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"It just seemed long, I suppose," said his daughter. "Your secretary doesn't put himself out to be agreeable and entertaining, I must say."

"We must change that," said Mr. Onderdonk dryly. "I suppose he thinks that this is a bank and that he's paid to work here. I may be partly to blame for encouraging that idea. . . . What did you come here for?" he demanded sternly.

Phœbe sat down on his knee. She put her arm round his neck and rubbed her cheek against his. As she did this Teddy looked up, and she smiled at him tantalizingly, at which he looked away.

"Daddy," said Phœbe, "I cannot tell a lie. I came here to see Mr. Dunne, and he's been treating me shamefully, and I'll never come here to see him again."

"See that you don't," her father cautioned her gruffly.

"He'll have to come and see me," said Phœbe. "I was just on the point of persuading him to when you came in." She gave her father a parting pat on his cheek and jumped up. "On Sunday afternoon, then, Mr. Dunne," she said, raising her voice for Teddy's benefit, "I'll be expecting you. 'By, daddy. I'm sorry I broke your rules and regulations. . . . Am I to open the door myself, Mr. Dunne? Dear me! . . . Oh, thank you so much."

She gave Teddy a bewildering smile as he opened the door for her. He closed it after she had passed the threshold and, returning to his desk, gathered up the papers and laid them before Mr. Onderdonk, who took them silently and began to look them over. After that, Mr. Onderdonk dictated some letters.

"I'd like to have them as soon as you can get them out," he said, looking at his watch; and in record time Teddy had them typed and ready for the bold, complicated scrawl of signature that meant H. B. Onderdonk.

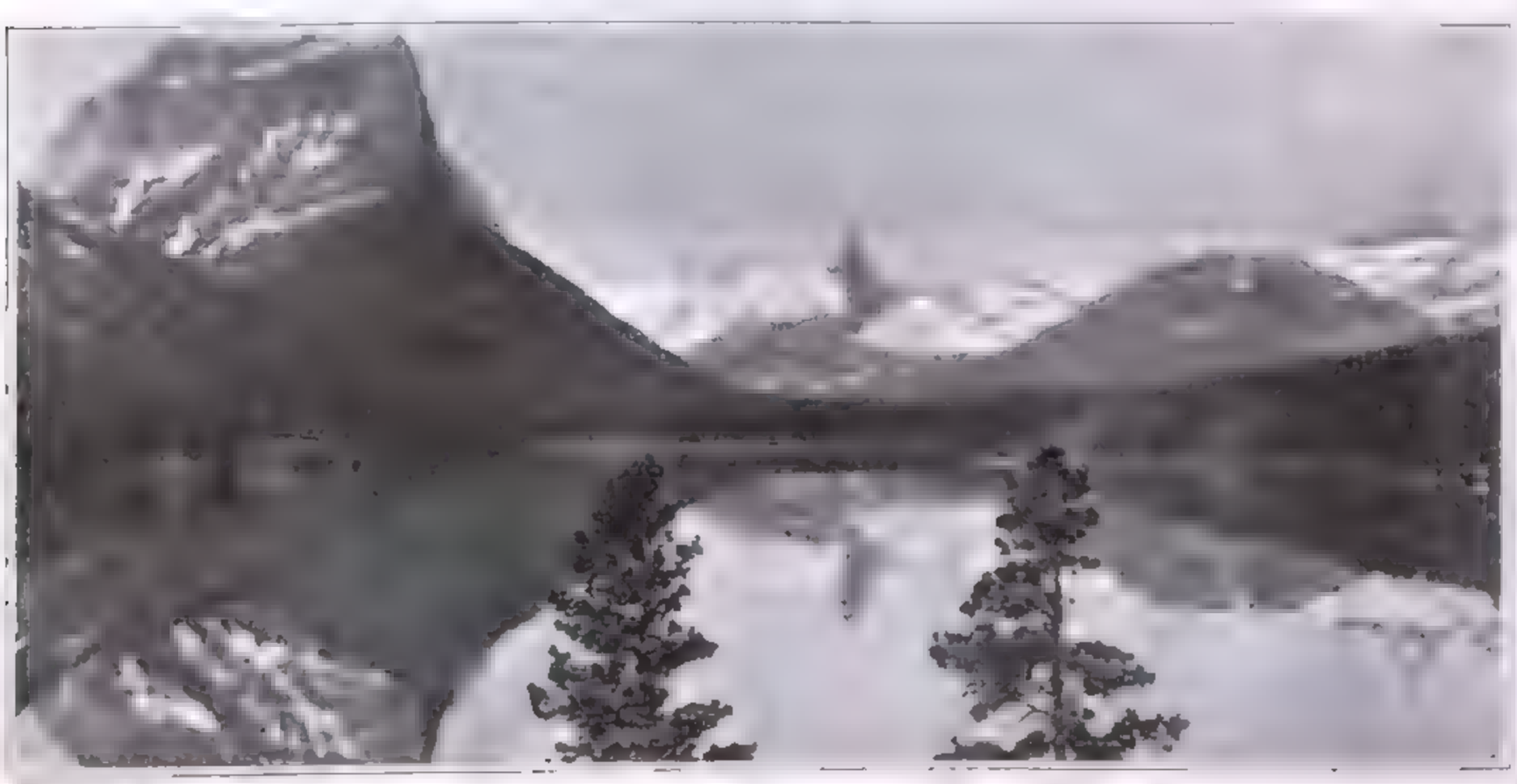
"They seem to be word for word as I gave them," commented Mr. Onderdonk as he signed them. "I expected some mistakes, but the young lady doesn't seem to have rattled you to that extent." He blotted the last signature, laid down his pen, swung round in his chair, crossed his legs and looked at Teddy with one of his infrequent smiles. "What's your opinion of her, Dunne? I'm rather curious to know how you react."

Teddy's answer was almost the same as he had previously made regarding an altogether different subject—that he knew so little of Miss Onderdonk that he didn't feel qualified to form anything worth calling an opinion.

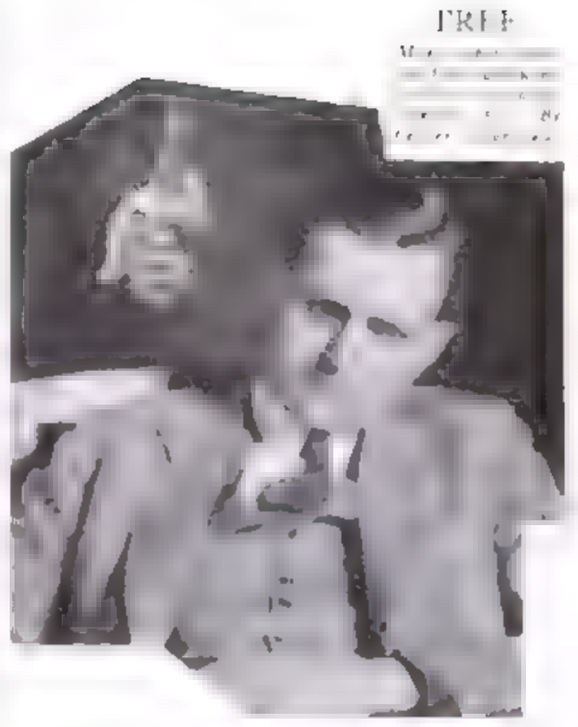
"My boy," said the vice president, "you probably know as much now as you ever will. Women, Dunne, are altogether outside of the field of exact and scientific calculation. They say that figures don't lie. That point may be open to argument, but it is certain that no man can figure on what a woman will do or what she is capable of doing, even when she happens to be his wife or his daughter. The best he can hope for is a sort of a rough working knowledge—rule of thumb—that will carry him along if he's lucky. I've devoted a good deal of time to earnest study of of the subject, and considerable money to experimentation—in my youth, of course—and today I am just about where I started. . . . Are we to have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday afternoon?"

"I'll be glad to come, sir," said Teddy with a promptness that was unusual for him, and the more remarkable because he had not considered the matter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



St. Mary Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana



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Get the good of these good drinks not only when you're thirsty but *when tired.*

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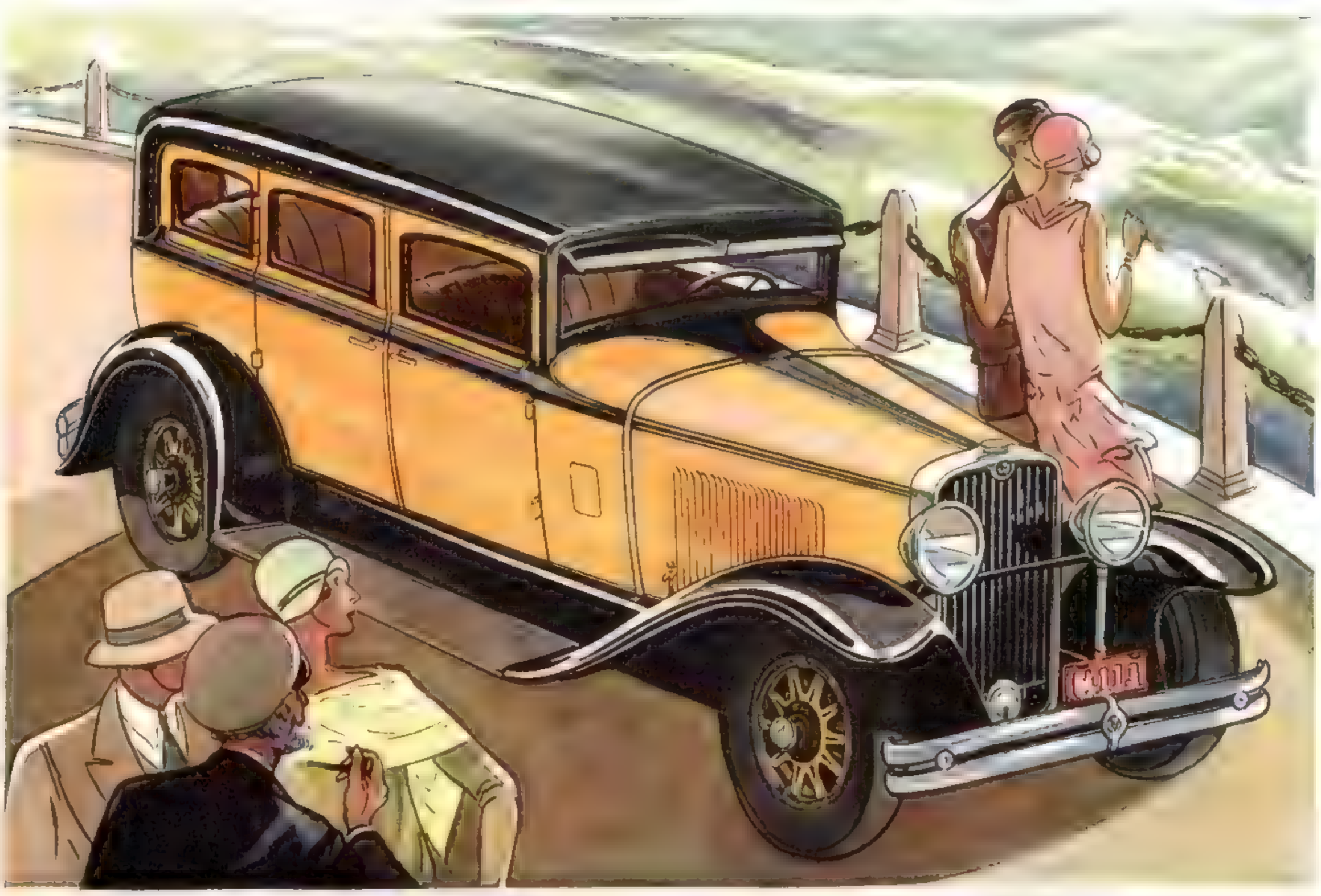

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VIKING

There is one outstanding difference between the new Viking and all other automobiles. The Viking is the only medium-priced car on the market today that provides the definite superiorities of ninety-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder performance.

A demand has long existed for such a car. But it remained for Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers, working hand in hand, to develop an automobile which makes available, at a price within the means of the average American family, not only brilliant V-eight performance, but also the beauty, luxury, comfort, and riding qualities that have been associated with this type of design.

The difference is instantly discernible when you drive the car. The very feel of its power—its smooth, quiet flow—suggests the remarkable performance abilities of its 81-horsepower, V-eight engine.

These abilities become increasingly evident with every performance test. There is indescribable smoothness. Acceleration is exceptionally swift and sure, both in getaway from a standing start and in pick-up at the higher speeds. Speed is easy and effortless, practically limited by the driver's desire. Few motorists drive as fast as this new Viking will travel.

All these luxurious performance qualities are the result of the ninety-degree, V-eight principle, which has been brought to a new high stage of development in the Viking engine by important engineering advancements.

Among the outstanding advantages of the new Viking engine are its simplicity, rigidity, accessibility, and compactness. The valve mechanism is entirely new in design and is more accessible than in the conventional automobile engine. The valves are set horizontally and are unusually simple, quiet, and rigid. Fuel distribution is based on the down-draft principle of manifolding—providing each cylinder with a fuel mixture of uniform quality. Lubrication and cooling are both remarkably efficient. The lubricating oil is cleaned by the new precipitating-trap method—an exclusive Viking feature. Thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters are standard equipment.

Also contributing to this luxurious performance is the sturdy, well-balanced, and carefully-engineered Viking chassis. The turning radius is unusually short for a car of such generous size. The center of gravity is low—an important factor in roadability. Self-energizing four-wheel brakes of the new two-shoe internal-expanding type provide smooth, quiet, rapid deceleration. And four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure restful riding ease.

Viking bodies are smartly tailored and beautifully proportioned. Inside and out, they pay tribute to the designing genius of Fisher artist-engineers. The luxurious interiors are richly upholstered and tastefully appointed. Seats are wide, deep-cushioned, and form-fitting. And the front seat is instantly adjustable to suit the driver's individual preference.

In every way, the introduction of the Viking is a significant event in automotive history. It creates a new standard of value—for the Viking brings to its field characteristics of appearance, performance, and comfort which have distinguished cars of higher price.

If you have not already inspected the Viking, do so today. Get behind the wheel and drive it. Then, and only then, can you fully appreciate the luxury of ninety-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder performance that the Viking brings to the medium-price field.

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SPARE TIRE AND BUMPERS EXTRA
De luxe equipment, including six wire wheels, available at extra cost

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"...

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned...what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white, as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because — teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it . . . costs less to use.

A package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

THE MACHINERY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 31)

Great Britain. British ships controlled the seas, and at least four and sometimes seven copies of every letter were made to insure that at least one of them would reach its destination. On each packet was written the warning: "To be sunk in case of danger from the enemy." Ciphers were freely used and some of the letters were in invisible ink. Nevertheless, a large portion of the correspondence leaked into the British Foreign Office.

The State Department experiences little trouble today, although considerable pains are taken with the code. Last summer, when Secretary Kellogg went to Paris to sign the general pact for the renunciation of war, a copy of the code book was carried along in order that he might communicate with the State Department while on the high seas. The young men who accompanied him were much concerned lest the book get lost. Its loss would have meant about $5000, which represents the work of building up a new code.

We are inclined to think of diplomacy as rather a cumbersome business. Some of the things just described about its machinery, however, may serve to indicate that this need not be at all the case.

The Foreign-Policy Plant

Secretary Kellogg liked to think of the State Department as the production plant of American foreign policy. And to him the most fascinating thing in the Federal Government is the manner in which that production plant has changed and grown and become remodeled with the growth and change of the American nation. This is only natural. Our foreign investment reached a total of $13,500,000,000 in 1927. This was an increase of $5,000,000,000 in only four years. In 1927 our foreign trade was more than $9,000,000,000, which is three times what it was in 1910. Yet during this time the money which the State Department has been given to protect this immense international stake has not grown at all in proportion. In fact, the State Department, through the collection of passports and consular fees, is so nearly self-supporting that last year its vast and far-flung organization cost only $1,387,730.58, or a total of less than two cents for each person in the United States. This is not an excessive charge for insurance against international storm and disaster.

The Department of State, it may be surprising to note, controls only slightly more than half of its appropriation; Congress decides how the balance shall be spent. For instance, Congress has decreed that $250,000 shall be paid annually to Panama for the privilege of constructing the canal. This swells the department's budget, although this amount has nothing to do with the actual conduct of the country's foreign relations. Or if Congress decides to establish a claims commission or to participate in an international conference, the cost of the undertaking becomes a fixed charge which the Department of State must meet. These are classified as nonoperating expenses. That is, they do not help defray the actual cost of operating the machinery of foreign affairs. It is interesting to note that these nonoperating expenses have progressively increased from $933,964 in 1921 to $7,614,831 in 1927. At the same time, the actual operating expenses have decreased from $10,060,008 in 1921 to $9,932,402.69 in 1927. During the four years between 1923 and 1927 when our foreign investments increased by $5,000,000,000, the cost of operating the machinery which protects them actually decreased.

Practically all of the State Department's appropriation is now concentrated upon the conduct of foreign affairs. This was not always the case.

When Thomas Jefferson wrote to President Washington from Monticello on February 14, 1790, saying that he would shortly set out for New York to assume his new duties, the State Department was charged with carrying on a great deal of work which had not even the remotest connection with foreign affairs. It not only handled all the official letters of President Washington but it had charge of patents, acted as repository for copyrights, and even undertook to conduct a census. The ironing out of disputes between the territories also fell to the lot of the State Department, as well as the registration of all American seamen and incoming aliens.

In addition to all these, the Secretary of State was manager of the mint, and one of Thomas Jefferson's first official acts was to send an experimental coin to the President made "by putting a silver plug worth three-quarters of a cent into a copper worth a quarter of a cent." In fact, the State Department at that time was considered, as Jefferson said, to embrace "the whole domestic administration, war and finance excepted."

Today the department is shorn of most of these domestic duties. And although it is still the keeper of the Great Seal of the United States, and although it still issues presidential proclamations, its one chief function—and a most absorbing one—is to direct the foreign affairs of the United States.

The routine of keeping in touch with the affairs of the United States throughout the world is now handled by what we call the Geographic Divisions.

The evolution of these divisions has been gradual. Just as the physical plant of the State Department has been housed in New York, in Philadelphia, in Trenton during the yellow-fever epidemic, in the Washington Orphan Asylum, and in various other parts of Washington until finally a permanent building was erected for it, so we have built up the system of geographic divisions through change and experimentation. John Forsyth, Secretary of State under President Van Buren, in 1834 first inaugurated subdivisions in the State Department. He established a Diplomatic Bureau, a Consular Bureau and a Home Bureau, the latter having charge of copyrights, the seal, and the registration of seamen. Daniel Webster organized the Statistical Office, which later became the office of Economic Adviser. Various other bureaus were subsequently established as the department grew -those of Archives, the Solicitor, Passport Control, and Foreign Service Administration. But for practically the entire century of isolation which followed the War of 1812 the State Department remained a very small organization under the personal and intimate direction of its secretary.

A $900-a-Year Man

This period came to an abrupt end shortly after the Spanish-American War, from which the United States emerged a world power with new international commitments and increased responsibilities. It was during this period, when the attention of the United States was focused, through its newly acquired Philippines, upon the Orient, that the first geographic division was established. It was called the Division of Far Eastern Affairs and its chief was paid a salary of $900 a year. The division was charged with watching the interests of the United States in China, Japan, Korea, the Straits Settlements, Borneo, the East Indies, India, and, in general, the Far East.

There was established shortly thereafter the Division of Western European Affairs, the Division of Near Eastern Affairs, the Division of Latin-American Affairs, the Division of Eastern European Affairs, and of Mexican Affairs. Each of these divisions is under the direction of an expert who has spent several years in the particular area which his division studies and has under him a corps of men who have also lived there. Each man is assigned a group of countries, and he must be so familiar with them that at a moment's notice he can answer a summons from the Secretary of State and reply to any minute and detailed question, from the status of the petroleum nationalization bill in the Argentine Senate to the claims of Great Britain in the Antarctic.

The undersecretary and assistant secretaries, of course, are the most important officers in the department and correspond to the vice presidents of any large corporation. They handle only major problems and work in cooperation with the division chiefs and the secretary himself.

The undersecretary of state is the principal assistant of the secretary and in his absence from Washington becomes acting secretary. The assistant secretaries are all specialists in different phases of international relations and divide the bureaus of the department between them.

Losing Like a Diplomat

In an organization as complex as the Department of State some central agency is necessary to coördinate all the work of the various divisions and to check against duplication. This is done by what we call the Office of Coördination and Review, which was established during the war, when the daily correspondence of the department suddenly jumped from about seventy-five letters a day to one thousand. It might be noted here that the State Department's average daily correspondence is now about 3400 letters, illustrating the increasing interest the American public is taking in the outside world and our relations with it.

The Office of Coördination and Review is the funnel through which all communications between the department and its ministers, consuls and ambassadors pass. There it is checked and carbon copies are sent to officials who need to know what instructions have been sent to various parts of the field. Perhaps most important of all, this office keeps a book of diplomatic precedent in which are tabulated all of the policies of the United States. If some officer of the department sends out an instruction which is out of harmony with previous policy, it is the duty of C. R., as this office is called, to catch the break and send the dispatch back for correction.

There is one office in the Department of State which probably is unique among the foreign offices of the world. This is the press-liaison bureau, which goes under the name of Division of Current Information. The State Department takes the position that representatives of the press have access to this division day or night, and many times the Secretary of State is called out of bed by some urgent newspaper query which has been passed on to him by the chief of the division. Probably few other branches of the Government exercise more scrupulous care over the type of publicity that affects the subject it is handling. This is because the Department of State recognizes that it has one compelling duty which outweighs all others—to keep the peace and maintain friendly relations between nations. And it is further recognized that if the press is indifferent or hostile to what the department is attempting to accomplish, the best-laid plans, the diplomacy of genius, are of no value.

In the old days diplomacy alone and unaided could prevail, because the only objective was to win the esteem, friendship and approval of the sovereign of a foreign power. Often the best equipment for a diplomat was a profound knowledge of the equivalent, at that time, of bridge and poker and the ability to lose gracefully to the sovereign.

In modern states, however, the whole people must be satisfied, which means that diplomacy and the press are inextricably

(Continued on Page 100)

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Continued from Page 98

mingled and that agreements which meet the approval of the heads of the states must not only be approved formally by the ratifying body, as in the United States, but must be approved also informally by the editorial comment from forty-eight states.

To this end the Division of Current Information acts as liaison between the Secretary of State and the press. Five times a week the secretary meets the correspondents and discusses with them, where the situation permits, pending questions throughout the entire globe. However, between these five conferences there are several hundred questions a day which must be answered and it is the duty of C. I. to answer them.

Perhaps the most interesting and important phase of the division's work is what is known as giving "background." Assume a case where a correspondent of one of the press agencies has received a telegram reading: "Beirut. A refugee has just arrived from Damascus who reports that yesterday the French bombarded a section of the city and drove out an attacking party of Druses."

Bringing Background to the Fore

That correspondent must thereupon write an immediate story with a Washington date line; he must tell about the history which led up to this fighting; he must state whether American lives and property are involved; he must find out, if he can, whether this Government has any attitude to express regarding the event. So he hastens to C. I.

In many cases the division is able to answer his questions immediately, since it is constantly in touch with all that is going on in the department. If it cannot it calls upon a Near Eastern expert, a man who has lived in Syria and can tell the correspondent in the fullest detail of the mandate problems, of the French policy under the mandates, of the mandate treaties of the United States, of the American schools and businesses in Damascus, and who can so visualize the scene that the correspondent is able to describe it as if he himself had just escaped in his shirt from the scene of battle.

And so the business of supplying background proceeds.

This is one of the most useful things the division does or could do for the press and for the reading public, in that it tends to make foreign affairs, about which, in general, little is known, intelligible to the reader. It makes it possible to read, with interest, what is going on in the world without having the wide knowledge which is necessary to fill in the gaps left in the cable messages because of the expense of cable tolls.

Two of the decidedly most important cogs in the machinery of the Department of State are the Solicitor and the Economic Adviser. The Solicitor's office is the law office of the State Department. Probably there are few law offices in the United States handling such a volume and variety of general legal questions. Among the routine cases which face the Solicitor's office every day, for instance, are the claims of American citizens against foreign governments, disputes over immigration, extradition, the freedom of the seas and the boundaries of the United States. In this modern day and age of radio and prohibition the Solicitor also handles the problem of smuggling activities along the Canadian and Mexican borders, the legality of seizing rum runners near American waters, and the distribution of radio wave lengths between Canada and the United States.

Probably more different subjects affecting our foreign relations are routed through the Solicitor's office than through any other in the department, unless it be that of the Economic Adviser. All economic matters are referred to him. He prepares the instructions to the American observers with the Reparations Commission. He handles questions relating to the Dawes Plan and the share of the Dawes Plan payments which come to the United States to pay for the costs of the American Army of Occupation in Germany. He also assists in the funding of Allied war debts, and perhaps most important of all, his office is the agency in the Department of State which advises with bankers regarding foreign loans.

There are thirty-one various divisions and bureaus in the Department of State. Space prevents any detailed description of them all. Many of them bear rather ponderous and high-sounding names, and do not appear to merit description, yet they are all rather interesting cogs in the machinery which conducts our foreign relations. Take, for instance, the office of the Chief Clerk. It does not sound very romantic. Yet the Great Seal of the United States, which reposes under lock and key in the Chief Clerk's office, is one of the most fascinating things in the department. The United States existed without a seal of any kind for six years and until Silas Deane, one of the commissioners to France, complained that France would not recognize his communications as official because they lacked the golden seal and red ribbon which adorned all European governmental documents. The Great Seal was finally adopted in 1782, after a committee of Congress had given it nearly as much discussion as the Constitution of the United States received.

Then there is the Passport Division, which has become one of the most efficient governmental organizations in Washington. The conception of the average citizen that a passport is a formidable document tied up in yards and yards of red tape, and that it takes a week or two to receive one, has now become entirely untrue. Practically all passport applications are now acted upon in one day and the passport is mailed out on the afternoon of the day the application is received. Passports are often issued in less than half an hour.

Passports should not be confused with the visas issued to immigrants wishing to enter the United States. These are handled by the Visa Office and in its correspondence a dozen tragedies and romances come to light every day. It is the duty of this office to keep back on the immigration quotas from every country the world over. Some of these countries have so large a number of people desiring to enter the United States that their quotas are full as much as thirteen years in advance. On the other hand, such countries as Borneo, Liberia, Monaco, Nepal and Bhutan seldom send us any immigrants, although each is allowed 100 entries per year. We have now perfected the system of regulating immigration visas through our consular offices abroad, so that practically no immigrants who arrive in the United States have to turn back.

Notes From George Washington

In the Division of Publications is buried a wealth of fascination and romance. In its files are the old notes to diplomats written longhand by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Equally interesting is the original of the first treaty the United States ever signed—a parchment bearing the signature of "the most Christian King," Louis XVI of France. The first treaties signed with Turkey are written on silk and bear wax seals as big as a large box of cigars. These treaties have recently been transferred to the archives of the Treaty Division.

One of the newer bureaus in the Department of State is the Foreign Service Personnel Board, which requires some detailed explanation because it is the pivot around which the new career service, created under the Rogers Act, functions. This office is the planning board of the Foreign Service. Its duty is to keep in intimate contact with every officer in all of the fifty-one diplomatic posts and 373 consulates, to watch their work and their development, to plan their promotion and assignments to new posts, and, perhaps, above all, to maintain the morale of the service.

The problem of morale is important and peculiar to the Department of State. The Department of War, for instance, has little trouble in maintaining morale among its men and officers, because large groups of them are stationed at one post. But when one man is stationed alone at Kalgan, China, on the edge of the Gobi Desert, or at Nairobi, which is just under the equator in Africa, or in any other of a hundred isolated posts, then the problem of morale becomes a very real one. For this reason the principal interest of this office is in the intellectual development, contentment and physical well-being of the individuals of the Foreign Service.

In assigning an officer to a post the needs of the service always come first. If a certain man is required at a certain post, he is sent there. But nearly always it is possible, by careful planning ahead, to send a man where he is best suited and will develop, and at the same time where the department needs him most.

No Round Pegs in Square Holes

This naturally requires planning. And that is one reason this office keeps a record of some of the most intimate details of an officer's life. This office knows, for instance, what languages a man speaks and what his health is. It knows how many children he has, how old they are and whether they need to be in a country where they can be educated. And since it is rather disturbing to be suddenly transferred from Brussels to Rio de Janeiro, with a year's unexpired lease, this office even keeps check on the length of the lease on every man's house.

Another factor in making transfers is the rounding out of a man's training. For instance, it is considered wise to transfer a man from a tropical, isolated post such as Port au Prince, Haiti, to Paris, because here he would get a complete change to a temperate climate and a busy, central post. Moreover, the French he acquired at Port au Prince would be useful in Paris and would be further developed.

Another transfer which is frequently made is that of a man from the Far East to London. This is useful to him and to us because Great Britain's economic and political stake in the Orient is so great that the embassy in London must frequently discuss these problems with the Foreign Office. Consequently we always make it a point to have one man in the London Embassy with a background of Oriental affairs.

In case a man had served in some Balkan country, such as Albania, we should probably transfer him to some adjacent country, such as Bulgaria, with the idea that more time in another corner of the Balkans would really give him a sound understanding of that rather intricate and important part of the world. In Bulgaria, also, he could learn a language which, though not akin to Albanian, is extremely useful in that area.

While a man is at his post the Personnel Office keeps in touch with him first by direct correspondence and second by inspectors. The old days of consular and diplomatic inspectors who examined only the filing systems and the accounts of each foreign post are now gone. The inspector's job today is concentrated on personnel rather than on office routine. He reports on every man in the service—on his standing in the community, on his character, on his work, on his administrative qualities, on the promptness of his correspondence and on his alertness. Another of his important duties is to listen to grievances. If a young officer who has been marooned in a remote post for two years suddenly flares up and tells the inspector what he thinks of the Foreign Service, it is the inspector's business to hear it all and straighten things out. Or if he finds a man who knows Arabic and is interested in Mohammedans wasting his time in Australia, the inspector sees that a shift is made. Most important of all, therefore, the inspector is a morale officer.

A part of his work, however, is to check on the offices of each post. As a result, every consular post from Kobe to Karachi has the same filing system, the same system of handling mail and the same system of keeping accounts, so that a man can be transferred from Antofagasta to Auckland and know where to find a certain document without loss of time.

The newest cog in the machinery of managing our foreign relations is the Treaty Division. This country now has some 700 treaties in effect with foreign countries. That in itself is an indication of the increasingly important part we are playing in international affairs. Although eighty-five of these are commercial treaties, the State Department found some time ago that most of them had become antiquated. Of our general commercial treaties, twenty were concluded prior to 1885 and seven prior to 1850. Negotiations are now in progress to revise these and bring them up to date. Our consular conventions are almost equally antiquated. Three of them were concluded before 1850 and 1860, while seven predate 1910.

One of our most important programs at present, therefore, has been the revision of these treaties. However, when Secretary Kellogg came into office he found that treaties were being negotiated all over the building—in the Western European Division, the Visa Office, in the Latin-American Division and in the Solicitor's office—and that, therefore, when he wanted information as to the number of treaties we had in effect with all countries, it was difficult to get it. Accordingly he established the Treaty Division to handle all treaty negotiations.

One of the most important duties which the Treaty Division has carried on under the Secretary of State is the negotiation of new arbitration pacts to replace the somewhat outworn arbitration treaties of 1908. Already we have proposed thirty-three arbitration treaties to foreign countries, together with twenty-two conciliation pacts. Nineteen of the former have been signed, and thirteen of the conciliation treaties. At the Pan-American Arbitration Conference which was held in Washington last winter, the United States joined with nineteen other American nations in signing the most advanced multilateral treaty for arbitration that has ever been concluded.

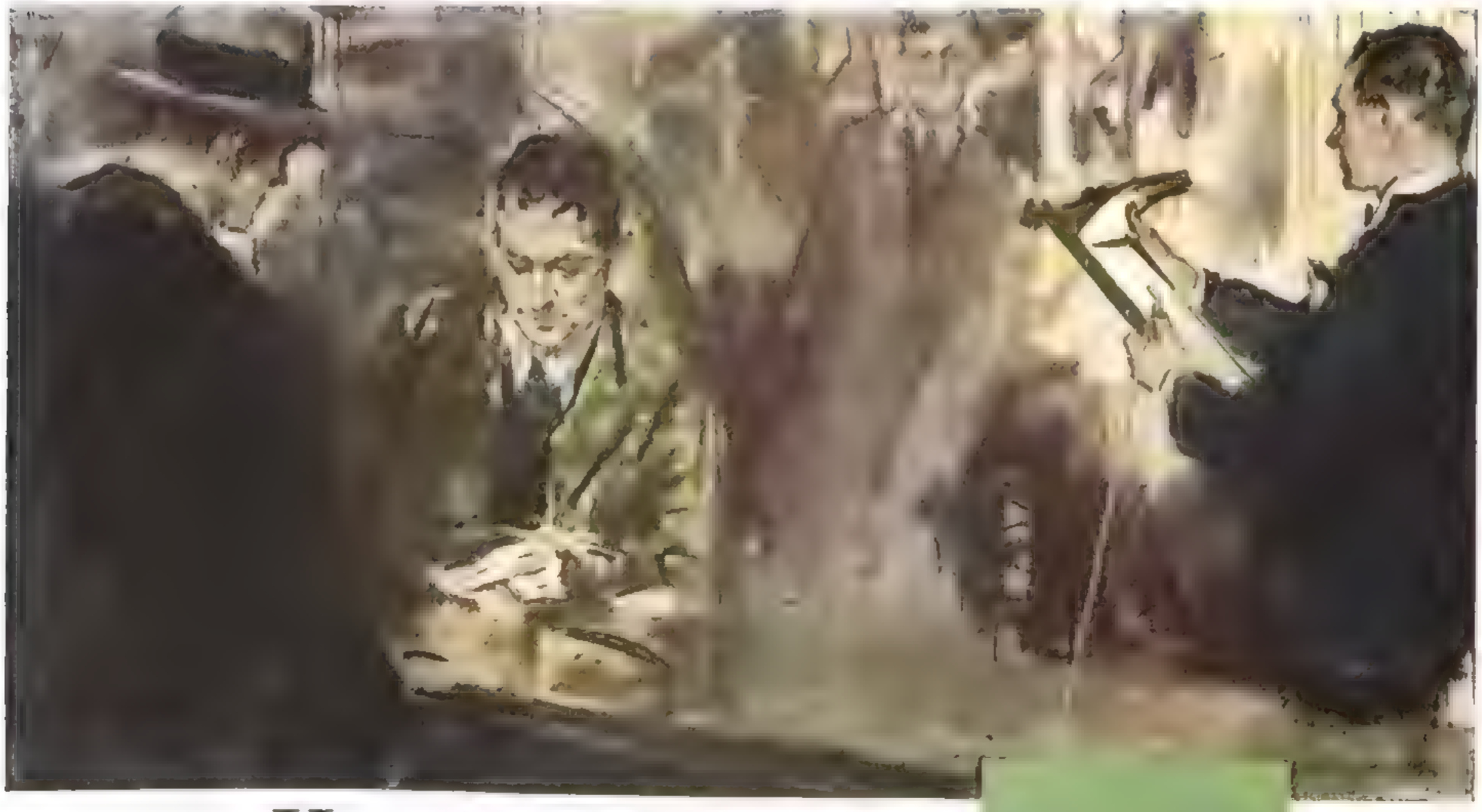
Keeping Us Out of War

The negotiation of arbitration and conciliation treaties Secretary Kellogg considers to have been one of the outstanding works of the Department of State during his administration. From the first instance in which the United States employed arbitration—in the Canadian boundary dispute of 1797—this Government has participated in nearly 100 arbitration cases. More than 100 treaties for arbitration or for the advancement of peace have been concluded with foreign countries.

The conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States in time of war is a special duty of the Department of State many times fraught with difficulties. But the conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States in times of peace is even more important. For while the final action in declaring war rests with Congress, the Department of State, in the last analysis, may by its preliminary steps create a situation in which war is unavoidable. Almost every day the department is confronted with some disturbing situation, such as legislation by foreign countries or private or official acts which tend to injure American interests abroad. These situations contain an element of danger to the friendly relations between the United States and the nation in question.

The adjustment of hundreds of such cases constitutes the principal work of the Department of State and, in the majority of instances, settlements are easily reached by friendly, frank discussions carried on through the ordinary channels of diplomacy. This regular, patient policy, carried on day by day, is perhaps the greatest single contribution of the Department of State to the cause of peace.

TODAY'S *PICTURE* OF YOUR BUSINESS



Kardex flashes *green* . . . and Buick's busiest branch cuts its parts inventory $200,000

TURNOVER up 33⅓%—inventory down $200,000—eliminate obsolete stocks—give instant service on all active replacement parts from the latest down to 1918 models . . . these are the feats that Buick's New York branch expects to put across this year with the help of its Kardex Visible Stock Control Record.

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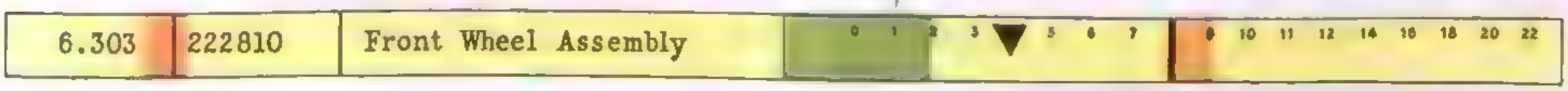

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COLOR

More Than 225 Color Combinations were supplied to buyers of Essex the Challenger, last month, at no extra cost. Your own dealer is prepared to give you almost an individual choice in color selection.

Nearly 200,000 Essex Challengers Now in Service—Yet There is No Monotony of Color

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THE CHALLENGER

The tremendous buying swing to Essex the Challenger—with nearly 200,000 in service in five months—is the popular answer to how it upholds its sweeping challenge to motordom.

Not only the brilliant Performance Car—with speed, challenging up to 70 miles an hour.

Not only the Economy Car—you may expect 18 to 20 miles on the gallon—many get more, as thousands of owners demonstrate.

Not only the Comfort Car—with adult-size roominess, and big car riding ease and roadability.

Essex the Challenger is also the Car of Individual Distinction. Its wide variety of color choices, at no extra cost, is a new step in the industry, and permits almost individual selection.

More than 225 different color combinations were delivered last month. That is why, although nearly 200,000 Essex the Challengers are in service, there is a sparkling variety and individuality about each car, instead of the monotonous sameness expected in big production. Remember you can make a choice of color at your own Hudson-Essex dealer's on any model at no extra cost. Your individual order will be executed at the factory and shipped within 48 hours.

Hydraulic shock absorbers and new type double-action 4-wheel brakes are standard—they do not cost one cent extra. The same with radiator shutters, air cleaner, windshield wiper, safety lock, chromium-plated bright parts. All valuable features—all features you want. Add up for yourself the extras Essex offers at no added cost and you will see above $100 in extra value in those items alone.

Only a very few dollars a month is the difference in price between this big, fine Essex and the smallest and lightest of cars.

For instance, your down payment may be as low as $245, and nowhere within the United States is higher than $295, according to locality. The H. M. C. Purchase Plan offers the *lowest terms available* on the balance.

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Yale Locks and Hardware are sold by hardware dealers.

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THE DAY OF DAZE

(Continued from Page 23)

The announcement had swept Birmingham's dusky élite off its feet, and scores immediately signified their intention of becoming social by learning the fine points of the game at one dollar per hour, while some even became doubly social by paying twice the price

It was generally accepted as being quite the thing. Didn't most of the South Side white folks play bridge for more or less high stakes? Hadn't that game caused poker to become rather *déclassé?* And weren't the white brethren constantly importing famous bridge teachers?

Mr. and Mrs. Trojan Watts therefore met with an immediate and amazing success. They were both impressive. Trojan was a large, flabby, unctuous gentleman who possessed an excellent wardrobe and a flow of language. Azalea Watts was small and skinny and shrill voiced. But each had absorbed more or less of the technical jargon of the game, and this they dispensed fully, if not freely. True, most of their pupils didn't understand what it was all about, but it was a novelty, and interesting.

Within a month of their arrival the bridge professionals dropped delicate hints that they were not averse to taking on all comers at so much a point. A dozen couples, fancying themselves adept, immediately accepted the challenge, and the results had been uniformly disastrous for the Birmingham players.

Unquestionably, Trojan and Azalea could play a good game, but also, unquestionably, it appeared that they had a most effective set of signals. Even Lawyer and Mrs. Chew, considered wizards of the deck, succumbed to the attack of the strangers, with results apparent in the check book of Birmingham's most erudite colored attorney. Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcherson tried their luck with even less success, and rapidly thereafter the Julius Cæsar Clumps, the Simeon Broughtons, the Vivian Simmonses and the Eddie Fizzes contributed to the Watts exchequer.

Florian had taken a few lessons for the purpose of studying the newcomers personally. As early as the first lesson he decided unanimously that he didn't like them. For one thing, they were too dawgone uppity. Mr. Slappey bought himself a bridge book and immersed himself in study, and it had become the ambition of his life to meet these persons over the bridge table in mortal combat.

Now he was paired with Semore Mashby in a game, and he felt sure that success was destined to settle on their banner. In the first place, he knew that Mr. Mashby didn't love a dime any more than he did his right eye, and if he was willing to finance a two-cent-a-point game—well, Florian was willing to back anything upon which Semore was inclined to gamble.

Trojan and Azalea were glad to see them—suspiciously glad. The masculine member of the firm bade them an effusive welcome, which Florian received coldly and Semore grimly.

"I ain't got no time fo' sociability," growled the money lender. "I crave action."

Trojan shrugged. "Suits us, Brother Mashby." He produced two new decks of cards. "What is we playin' fo' —a cent a point each?"

"You know dawg-gone good an' well we is. I has 'scussed that with you a dozen times."

Trojan sank into his chair and unbuttoned his vest. "Well," he announced genially, "we is ready."

"Yeh, an' so is we. On'y one request I ask you befo' we begin, Mistuh Watts."

"What's that?"

"That you an' Mis' Watts don't do too much talkin' across the table."

"What?" Azalea's voice shrilled angrily through the room. "Does you 'sinuate——"

"I don't 'sinuate nothin', Mis' Watts. I just ask, an' what I ask is that us plays a silent game. Now, le's cut fo' cards an' deal."

The game started. At opposite sides of the table sat the pudgy and self-satisfied Trojan and his sour little wife. Florian was trembling with excitement, and Semore Mashby sat hunched over his cards like an undersized buzzard. Mr. Mashby bid and played with maddening slowness.

Beside Florian, on a chair, lay the elegant mink coat which Mrs. Milton of South Highlands fondly believed had been placed in cold storage by the faithful Willie Seep. Mr. Slappey, with the best and friendliest intentions in the world, had completely forgotten it. He was engrossed in the drama of this situation. It had, for him, all the aspects of a great and epic battle, and he visioned the glory of spreading through Darktown the news that he had taken the Wattses for a large sum of cash money.

The cards seemed to run against Florian and his partner. The best of bids went wrong, and it became evident that the Wattses had an uncanny knowledge of the cards in each other's hand.

There was no great amount of scoring below the line, but in the honor column figures grew alarmingly. At the end of the sixth rubber Messrs. Mashby and Slappey were fourteen hundred points down and Semore was furious.

"What you ain't playin', Florian, is bridge," he accused. "How come you to bid two di'monds then, when you had he'p in my spade bid?"

"I didn't have on'y two spades," defended Mr. Slappey, "an' I had six di'monds to the ace."

"Sure. An' Mistuh Watts had six di'monds to the king, queen, jack. How come you di'n't think of that?"

"How I could think of that until us commenced to play? Trouble with you, Semore, is that you want to win all the time."

"You talk crazy. I just want to win some of the time. Now I ask you: Is you gwine play bridge or ain't you?"

"I is," said Florian, "an' all I hope is that you does likewise."

Whereupon Mr. Slappey dealt and bid three spades. Trojan and Semore passed and Azalea doubled. Mr. Watts led the king of diamonds and took the trick. Then he led the deuce of clubs through dummy's ace-queen. Florian, with three losing clubs in his hand, took the finesse and Azalea played the king. Two tricks gone. Mrs. Watts then led a small diamond and Trojan took the trick with his ace. He led another club and Azalea trumped. She promptly led a diamond, which her husband trumped, and he led a club, which she trumped. Later a trump finesse went wrong and Florian was down two hundred points.

Mr. Mashby leaped to his feet and uttered language.

"Of all the crazy-playin', foolish-biddin', no-'count idjits," he raved, "you is the worst, Florian. Ain't you never gwine learn how to bid? Th'ee spades! What made you so proud of them six bum trumps?"

Frankly, Florian was embarrassed. He had prayed for an even distribution of outstanding cards and had run into a tough break.

"How did I know they was gwine double-ruff me?" he inquired, "or that you didn't have sense enough to hold no good cards? Always, Semore, you don't hold nothin' but eights an' nines."

"There ain't no use holdin' no better when a feller has a partner like you."

Trojan smiled in oily fashion. "If you had bid one spade, Florian, I would have bid no trump, and you would have set us."

"Liar what you is!" apostrophized the irate Mr. Slappey. "You never would of bid no no-trump after my spades."

"He would, too," broke in Semore, eager to discomfit his partner, "an' us would of

(Continued on Page 107)

There's ALWAYS *a New FRONTIER*

Daniel Boone blazed the trail. When Yadkin Valley ceased to be a frontier, he moved on from the Carolinas . . . to Kentucky, to the Kanawha, and finally to the region that is now Missouri . . . finding out what was there . . . battling with wilderness and Indians . . . conquering new conditions.

Boone typified the first phase of American pioneer life. But with its passing our frontiers did not pass—they only changed . . . changed from unbroken plains to undiscovered markets . . . from tangled wilderness to unsolved industrial problems. Today's frontiers still have their new horizons of expanding opportunities, advancing standards. But in place of woodcraft the modern pioneer must have *business vision* . . . and the modern business paper is blazing his trail.

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FRIGIDAIRE
The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

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taken anyhow five spade tricks. Well, Ise gwine finish this rubber an' then Ise th'oo, finished an' done. I has lost all the money Ise gwine lose, an' tha's too much."

They lost the rubber and Semore unhappily produced a check book with which he paid his losses and Florian's.

Mr. Slappey was excessively unhappy. Of course he knew that luck must change. All the cards and the breaks had been with the Wattses, and he realized what would happen if the game stopped where it was. Semore, thoroughly incensed, would bruit through Darktown the information that Florian Slappey didn't know how to play cards and he, Florian, would be laughed at.

And then another thought came to Florian—a thought which tickled him mightily. Suppose he could finance the game from now on and they should win? What a joke that would be on Semore! There would be another difference too. Playing with his own money, Mr. Mashby was unreasonably cautious. Having no cash of his own at stake, the chances were he would loosen up a bit; and that was Mr. Slappey's idea of the way to play bridge. Take chances—that was his motto—take chances and play 'em loose.

He made his suggestion and Mr. and Mrs. Watts agreed with alacrity. But Semore scoffed openly.

"Where at you gwine git any money to finance a two-cent-a-point game?"

"Right heah," proclaimed Florian, exhibiting his fifty dollars.

Semore seated himself again and eyed his partner. "You crave fo' me to play 'em like you do, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey smiled soothingly. "You play 'em swell, Semore. Only thing I want you to change is yo' bidding. You ain't wile enough."

Whereupon Mr. Mashby proceeded to bid sufficiently wildly to suit the taste of even Mr. Slappey. But Trojan and Azalea seemed to have changed their style of play. Unless they held game-going hands they let Florian and Semore bid high enough to make a double safe. The professionals lost the first rubber, but came out two hundred points ahead.

"That," announced Trojan, "is four dollars."

"A'right," snapped Florian. "Us plays another. Four dollars is just chicken feeds."

They played a second and a third and a fourth rubber. Slowly but surely Mr. Slappey acquired a deficit, and finally discovered that he was exactly fifty-three dollars to the bad.

"An' now," exulted Semore, "I guess you is content to quit."

"Foolishment you talks with yo' mouf, Semore. I ain't started yet."

"Has you got any mo' money?"

"No, but I can git some."

"How?"

Florian racked his brain. He was in the grip of a profound hunch that luck must change, and it galled him to quit when he felt that his star was in the ascendant. He tried—with a startling lack of success—to borrow money from Semore. He begged the Wattses to play on credit and was laughed at. And then, when he was certain that he must take his losses and call it a night, the vinegar-voiced Azalea made a suggestion.

"Whose coat is that, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Mine," answered Florian promptly.

"How much is it wuth?"

Florian did some quick thinking. He was entirely unfamiliar with fur coats and made a wild guess.

"It's wuth ev'y bit of two hund'ed dollars, Mis' Watts."

"Hmph! You says!"

"It is, just the same, but ——"

"Tell you what me and Trojan will do, Mistuh Slappey: Us don't aim to take no man's money 'thout givin' him a chance to git it back. If you crave to play some more, us will leave you put that coat up fo' one hund'ed dollars."

Florian felt Semore's eyes upon him. Mr. Mashby had his own ideas about the ownership of that mink coat. He didn't know whose it was, but he was willing to bet that it didn't belong to Mr. Slappey.

Florian, however, was bitten by the gambling bug. He knew that he was on the verge of a winning streak. Filled with colossal belief in his own bridge-playing ability, and respecting Semore's play, he felt that he must win with an equal division of cards.

He hesitated and was sunk. He wasn't bothered by ethics. He wasn't doin' nothin' but just usin' the coat for a few minutes. He wasn't gwine lose it, was he? Gosh, even whoever owned it woul'n't mind it bein' up for a li'l' while; and certainly Florian realized that if there was a chance of his losing he wouldn't dream of risking someone else's property. But this wasn't even a chance. He had to win. He wasn't really borrowing the coat; there it was, just sitting on the chair. All he had to do was nod his head and he and Semore were financed for a killing.

The temptation was too great. Florian picked up the deck. The game was on again.

It was a long and bitter session. Semore played soundly and Florian brilliantly. But somehow Trojan and Azalea never seemed to miss knowing what was in each other's hand. It was positively uncanny. Trojan, for instance, would have the lead on Florian's no-trump bid. Twice he ignored a strong five-card suit in his own hand and led to his partner's strong suit through a dummy powerful in that particular suit. And to make matters worse, his partner, after taking the trick, would inevitably lead back the suit in which Trojan was strongest. Their method transcended luck, and inevitably the score against Mr. Slappey grew, until at eleven o'clock Mrs. Watts rose, lifted the mink coat from the chair, draped it around her skinny figure and pirouetted coquettishly before the three men.

"How does you-all like my coat?" she inquired.

Trojan was effusively congratulatory. Semore said nothing, and Florian made even fewer comments.

He was sick at heart. The impossible had occurred and Mr. Slappey knew that a disaster had slapped him full in the face. He turned piteously to Trojan.

"Won't you loaned me that coat, Mistuh Watts? I swear I'll bring you the money tomorrow."

"Nothin' doin', thin boy. Them fur belongs to my wife."

"But, Trojan ——"

"Don't but me. That coat is the most thing Azalea likes, and I ain't gwine loaned it to nobody."

Mr. Slappey's temper commenced to rise. He frowned angrily. "You ain't man enough to gimme another chance."

"Who ain't?"

"You ain't."

"Who says?"

"I says."

Trojan shrugged. "Any time you show up heah with plenty cash an' a partner, Brother Slappey, me an' my wife takes you on for how much a point you crave."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Yes-suh. What time?"

"Eight o'clock."

"You said it, foolish. But remember, I don't take checks nor neither promises."

"You ain't gwine take nothin'," rasped Florian. "Tomorrow night you is gwine get took."

Outside, Mr. Mashby turned accusingly on Florian. "Whose coat was that?" he demanded to know.

"None of yo' business."

"It wasn't yours."

"Well, whether it was or not, it ain't now."

Mr. Mashby chuckled nastily. "It sure ain't, Florian. All you got is trouble."

Florian stared malevolently after the little man. He despised Semore, although he was forced to admit that Mr. Mashby had played fairly and well. It was just the confounded luck that them folks had. They always seemed to know ——

Suddenly Florian grew rigid. His teeth clicked and he stared along Fourth Avenue as an idea struck him in the brain.

Luck? Skill? And then it came to him he knew instantly and positively that the professional bridge teachers had not been playing fairly. He wondered now that he hadn't suspected before. Probably the excitement of the game ——

"Me gittin' trimmed an' never suspicionin' it!" he wailed. "An' I always thought I was wise!"

And now he was filled with a great and righteous wrath. It was one thing to be a good sport when he had lost legitimately, and quite another to take a trimming without a howl. Particularly when that trimming had plunged him into a morass of trouble.

It was a distinctly melancholy young gentleman who eased unobtrusively into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, seated himself on a revolving stool at the counter and awaited the arrival of Mr. Willie Seep. Somehow Florian had a profound hunch that Willie would not be delighted to hear the news about Mrs. Milton's mink coat. Willie might even be annoyed.

At eighteen minutes after twelve o'clock the door burst open and Willie Seep came caroling in. His blatant good humor jarred on Florian's nerves. Obviously Willie had picnicked wisely and well, and he slapped Florian on the back.

"Now," observed Mr. Seep loudly, "I an' you is gwine absorb some barbecue, Florian."

"Us ain't hungry," murmured Mr. Slappey.

"Where at you git that us stuff? Maybe so you ain't hungry, but me ——"

"You ain't hungry, neither. At least, Willie, you ain't gwine be hungry when you heah what I has got to tell you."

A foreboding entered Willie's heart. He clutched Florian's arm.

"Nothin' ain't gone wrong, has it?"

"You states the case wrong, Brother Seep. You oughter ask me if anything has went right. And the answer is 'No!'"

Beads of perspiration stood out on Willie's brow. "Gimme the receipt fo' that coat!" he commanded.

Florian shook his head. "I ain't got it."

"Y-y-you mean you has lost it?"

"No. I ain't lost the receipt."

"Then ev'ything's all right."

"No it ain't, Willie. You see, I never had no receipt."

"Florian Slappey, you is uttering language, but it don't convey no inflammation. Now tell me what has happened to Mis' Milton's coat."

Florian braced himself and blurted the truth. "I lost it! I lost it playin' bridge to Mistuh an' Mis' Trojan Watts."

At first the full force of the blow did not strike Willie Seep. Then he went cold all over and clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he howled. "Oh, my gosh!"

Mr. Slappey was disgusted. "Quit yowlin', Willie. I got a hund'ed dollars in the savin's bank an' tomorrow I draws it out an' gives it to you. That'll buy Mis' Milton a new coat."

Mr. Slappey's words shocked Willie into a semblance of sanity.

"Says how much?" he inquired.

"One hund'ed dollars."

Willie emitted a loud and derisive burst of laughter.

"One hund'ed dollars!" he cried. "Florian, how much you reckon that coat cost?"

"One hund'ed ——"

"If you says anything funnier than that, Florian Slappey, you is gwine make me historical. Listen at me an' heah yo' fun'ral service: That ve'y indentical coat cost Mis' Milton one thousand dollars cash money!"

"One thous—— Oh, lawsy!"

"An' you," snapped Willie, "is in one terrible mess."

Florian sank into the slough of despond and pulled the slough in after him. But he

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Dry, brittle hair made BEAUTIFUL

One of the most common causes of unlovely hair is a dry scalp. Dry, lifeless and brittle hair which breaks off and comes out is the result of a scalp condition which is easily remedied by Sergeant's for the Hair. ▲ This is a refinement of the fifty-year-old Sergeant's Mange Medicine, and possesses all the therapeutic qualities of the old remedy, but there is now no objectionable odor, nor does it leave the hair heavy with oil. The regular use of Sergeant's for the Hair will lubricate the scalp... hair will become glossy and alive... dandruff will disappear... the scalp will be healthy and hair will be beautiful. ▲ ▲ Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair... 75c. Use it daily. Comb your hair with it. Write to us for free sample and a booklet on the treatment of hair. Polk-Miller Products Corporation, 2112 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

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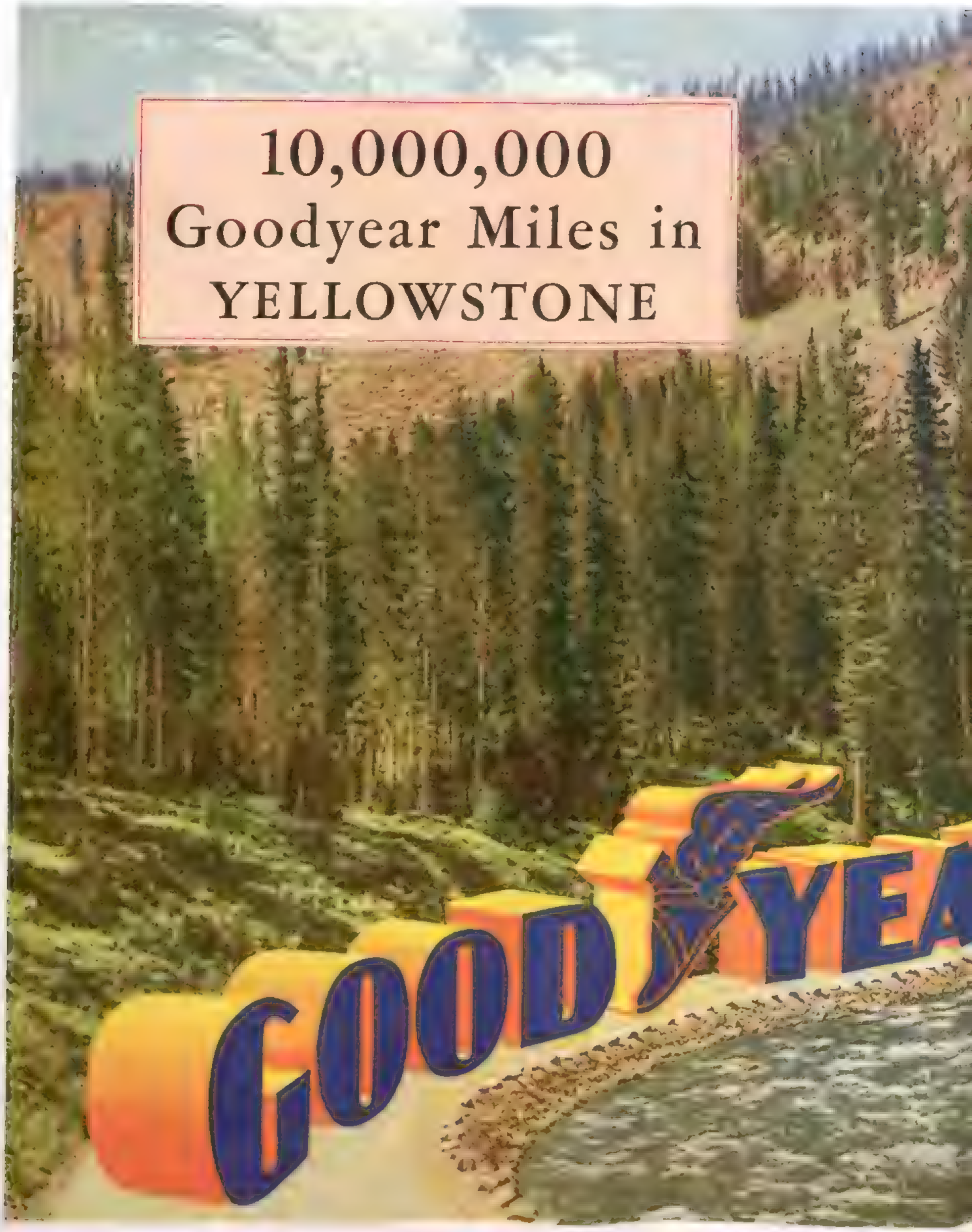

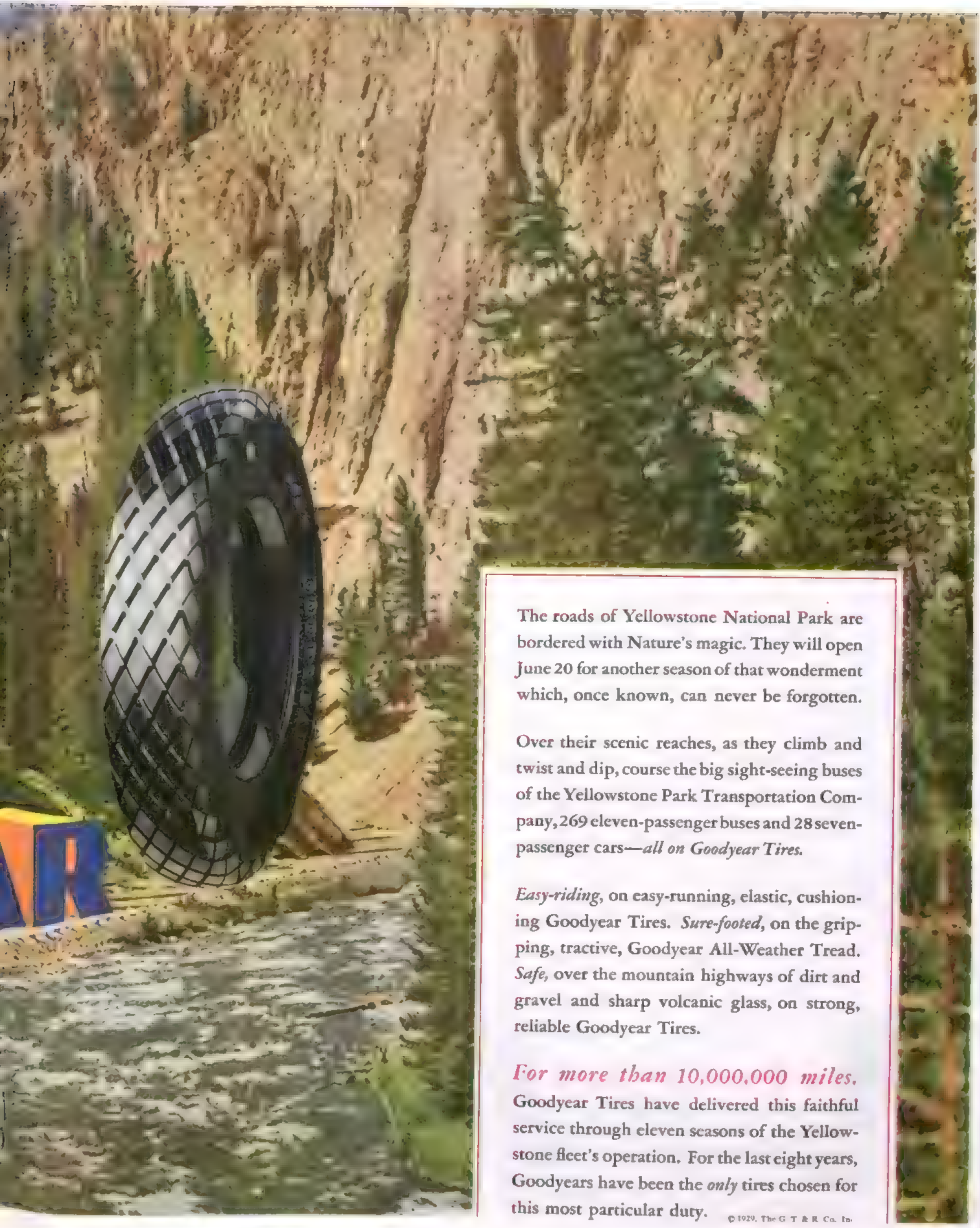

The roads of Yellowstone National Park are bordered with Nature's magic. They will open June 20 for another season of that wonderment which, once known, can never be forgotten.

Over their scenic reaches, as they climb and twist and dip, course the big sight-seeing buses of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, 269 eleven-passenger buses and 28 seven-passenger cars—*all on Goodyear Tires.*

Easy-riding, on easy-running, elastic, cushioning Goodyear Tires. *Sure-footed,* on the gripping, tractive, Goodyear All-Weather Tread. *Safe,* over the mountain highways of dirt and gravel and sharp volcanic glass, on strong, reliable Goodyear Tires.

For more than 10,000,000 miles, Goodyear Tires have delivered this faithful service through eleven seasons of the Yellowstone fleet's operation. For the last eight years, Goodyears have been the *only* tires chosen for this most particular duty.

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Shampooing

done properly . . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

**Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly,
Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre,
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing**

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

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It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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was filled with resentment. Willie didn't seem to appreciate the favor Florian had done in carrying the coat to cold storage. Of course Florian confessed that he hadn't exactly carried it there, but his intentions had been excellent.

"Who's in a mess?" he demanded.

"You is."

"How come?"

"'Cause you lost Mis' Milton's fur coat."

"Who lost it?"

"You did."

"What was I doin' with the coat?"

"I give it to you."

"Who said you had a right to give it to me?"

Suddenly Willie caught the drift of Florian's conversation and his face fell. Mr. Slappey was quick to press his advantage.

"'Tain't me who is in no mess, Willie; it's you. No matter what happened to that coat after you gave it to me, you didn't have no right to let me have it in the fust place. But don't you worry. I ain't gwine leave you suffer."

Mr. Seep pressed a trembling hand against a throbbing forehead.

"What is we gwine do, Florian?"

"Plenty."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

"But," wailed Willie, "tomorrow is too late. I got to go to wuk, an' right away she asks fo' the receipt."

A superior smile flickered across Mr. Slappey's face.

"You ain't gwine wuk tomorrow, stupid, on account you is sick."

"But I ain't."

"Yes, you is."

"Well," confessed Willie, "p'raps I do feel a li'l' bad."

"In the mawnin' early I telephone to Mis' Milton an' say I is a friend of yours. I say you tol' me to phone her an' say you picnicked too much this afternoon an' was feelin' terrible. Also that you will come to work next day sure. An' you know good an' well, with you havin' wukked faithful there fo' seven yeahs, she ain't gwine say a word 'bout that receipt. Ain't it the truth?"

"It ain't nothin' else. But what about the next day?"

Florian's face became grim. "Next day Ise gwine have that coat back or know the reason how come."

The following morning Florian telephoned as per the agreement. Mrs. Milton was quite solicitous and begged Florian to tell Willie not to worry.

"Ise gwine tell him that, ma'am; but Ise sure he ain't gwine listen at me. I never did see a feller worry mo' than what he is doin' right now."

Later in the morning Mr. Slappey wended his way up Fifth Avenue to the Terminal Station. He was filled with ideas and enthusiasm. He walked through the baggage room and into the cavernous train shed and when, just before noon, the New York train rolled under the shed, Florian was standing unobtrusively on the platform.

The passengers disembarked and a few minutes thereafter a long, dark, gangling individual, clad in the habiliments of porterhood, emerged. Florian stepped forward briskly.

"Well, dawg-gone if it ain't my ol' friend Epic Peters!" he exclaimed. "I sho is delighted to meet up with you!"

Mr. Peters' countenance was split by a grin. "It's mutual with me, too, Florian. How's tricks?"

The mention of tricks annoyed Mr. Slappey. But he trailed Epic while that dignitary reported off at the Pullman office and then accompanied him to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house on Avenue F, where they settled themselves in Florian's room for a smoke and a chat.

Florian and Epic were the best of friends, and into the ears of the elongated porter Mr. Slappey poured his troubles. Epic listened and finally shook his head.

"Gee, tha's tough, Florian! What is you aimin' to do about it?"

"Plenty," snapped Florian. "You is a rich man, Epic——"

"Oh, not so very."

"But very enough. Also, next to me, you is the best cullud bridge player in Bumminham. So tonight at eight o'clock you an' me partners against them two sharks and takes 'em fo' a ride."

The idea did not inspire Epic to any loud huzzas.

"I finances it? How much is that gwine cost me, Florian?"

"Not a dime, 'cause us wins."

"Who guarantees that?"

"I do. An' if anything goes wrong an' we lose, then you know my credit is good. Maybe Ise slow pay, Epic, but I pay sometime, an' you don't need the money." Mr. Slappey then launched into an impassioned oration and eventually won Epic's consent.

"But," said Epic as a final demur, "no matter how good us is, Florian, or how much we understan's each other's bidding, them folks is really swell, an' I don't believe we can beat 'em!"

"We don't have to," said Florian curtly.

"You utters words, but I don't get that they mean nothin'."

"I mean this," explained Mr. Slappey: "Yestiddy when I was gettin' trum by them, I didn't notice nothin'. But afterwards, Epic, I started thinkin' back an' I seen good an' well that them two has been cheatin'. They has got a set of signals that I was too dumb to notice when we was playin', an' Semore Mashby never had no eyes fo' nothin' but the money he was losin'.

"Don't ask me how they signals, 'cause I don't know yet. But, Epic, you has been a Pullman porter fo' gosh knows how many years an' you know all the tricks. Me, I ain't so much of an idjit myse'f, an' I just nachelly claim that if us two is in a bridge game an' watchin' fo' funniment, we is sure gwine see it.

"Furthermo', Epic, I preposes to invite a lot of impawtant folks, all of which has lost money playin' bridge with the Wattses, to come an' watch the game an' I is gwine inform each of them to look fo' cheatin'. They is gwine be scattered aroun' the room so all the hands can be seen, an' they will know right away whether them folks is biddin' correck. An' then, Epic, if they play straight, us will win. An' if they play crooked, which they will, we accuses 'em of such an' demands back ev'ything which has been lost.

"Don't you see, Epic? I ain't countin' on luck an' I ain't countin' on skill. All I need is that you should loaned me a bank roll, an' the rest is a cinch."

Epic was fond of Florian and sorry for him. In addition to that, he was friendly with the misfortunate Willie Seep. Of course, it was bad business on his part, but he pledged his word to play that night and to bring with him five hundred dollars.

"We ain't gwine need that much, Epic, but it's best that we should have it there. Just hand it to me befo' the game begins an' I will run things. The only reques' I make is that no matter what I does, or how foolish I seem, you don't say nothin'."

"I promise."

"Cross yo' heart?"

"Absotively."

Mr. Slappey's eyes were shining. "Epic Peters," he declared passionately, "you is the most friend any man ever had."

"Yeh," agreed Epic, "the most foolish."

Florian then circulated through Darktown, visiting dusky celebrities who had been taken by the Wattses. Into the ear of each he poured the story of the impending drama. He told Semore Mashby and Lawyer Evans Chew and Dr. Lijah Atcherson and the monster Simeon Broughton. They promised to attend and to watch closely for symptoms of trickery. All were keen card players and each would be on the alert. And should cheating develop, Florian knew that the strangers would be glad enough to escape with their lives.

Late that afternoon another factor was introduced. A special messenger found

(Continued on Page 112)

(This Is News About A Remarkable New Product)

Two-Fold *polishing* for TEETH

Not scouring, but a gentle, double brightening action that is quick

* * *

THIS modern tooth paste *combines* many important benefits. But the one you *see* quickest is a distinct brightening of teeth. It results from gentle, two-fold polishing action that is unique.

Two very fine polishing agents are used, instead of *one*. Each helps the other. They cannot scour or scratch. But they quickly win back for you that natural brilliant *smoothness* of the enamel.

It is a surprising result. One that will delight you, if you want attractive teeth.

People had long asked us for a tooth paste as good as the famous Dr. West's Toothbrush. In perfecting it we were fortunately able to *combine* the good results everyone desires.

When you use Dr. West's Tooth Paste you experience a delightful *refreshing of the whole mouth*. A clean, sweet *coolness* that lastsamazingly. Smokers welcome this. Children love it.

It neutralizes acid conditions of the mouth instantly. Pure vegetable cleansers dissolve and remove the sticky, staining deposits of saliva, food, beverages, and tobacco.

Gums are not only stimulated, but protected. For this tooth paste does not contain any of the coarse, harsh particles that cause trouble by irritating sensitive gum-edges.

It is unusually quick in action. Purposely made so, to meet the needs of hurried modern habits. And the creamy, cleansing foam is generous—reaching, and washing clean, every part of the mouth.

* * *

You may like it very much. Results may pleasantly surprise you. At any rate, *try* it. Compare its combined results with the dentifrice you now favor. Our name and reputation, valued at millions, back it solidly, of course.

Your favorite store today has Dr. West's Tooth Paste in two sizes: for 25c, a tube larger than any other standard dentifrice today; double quantity, 40c. Get some. See how it brightens teeth; note how it refreshes mouth and gums. (A test of 20 brushings will be sent free, if you write to The Western Company, 402 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.)

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MILLIONS who have brighter teeth by using Dr. West's Toothbrush?
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE
CLEANS TEETH BETTER
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE WECO Product
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE WECO Product

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AN ADVANCE AS GREAT AS THE FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTHBRUSH

(Continued from Page 110)

Florian with an urgent demand that Mr. Slappey was to repair immediately to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, where the ponderous Sally wished to hold converse with him. He went and went fast.

Sally was full of industry and excitement.

"Florian," she whispered, "somethin' terrible is fixin' to happen to you."

"Gal, that ain't no news! It already has happened."

"This thing ain't. Now listen. Is you gwine play against Mistuh an' Mis' Watts tonight fo' big stakes?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, don't do it. You is gwine git skun."

"How come?"

Sally put her lips close to Florian's ear and told the story. It seemed that when she was doing thorough cleaning in the Wattses' suite that afternoon she had seen something, and the something caused her to think.

According to her story, she saw the bland Mr. Watts steam the revenue stamp from a new deck of cards. Then he had spread the cards out on the table in four thirteens and meticulously stacked them.

"An' it ain't the fust time he has done such, Brother Slappey. Once when he was playin' against Lawyer an' Mis' Chew he done that. Then when the game was awful tight, he called fo' a new deck an' used the one he had fixed. He looked like he shuffled 'em, but he didn't really, an' what happened to his proponents was awful."

Mr. Slappey was frowning. "What sort of a lookin' deck of cards was it he fixed today, Sally?"

"I'd know it easy. It had angels an' horses on the back."

"Where at is Mistuh an' Mis' Watts now?"

"They went out a li'l' while ago to eat dinner."

"Then," announced Mr. Slappey, "I crave to borrow yo' master key. Ise gwine git me that deck an' take a look to see what they has done."

Sally demurred, but eventually was prevailed upon. With his heart pounding, Florian let himself into the Wattses' rooms, hunted assiduously and eventually located a new deck of cards which corresponded with Sally's graphic description. He carried these with him to a vacant room and left the large landlady keeping watch in the hall.

Carefully he steamed the stamp from the box. Then, as the dealer, he distributed the cards and spread the hands face upward An expression of consternation settled on his face, which was followed by a surge of anger Trojan sure wasn't taking no chances. Florian saw that the gentleman had dealt himself an unbeatable grand-slam hand for an emergency.

And then the nimble brain of Darktown's champion sheik commenced to function. He studied the cards carefully and finally the ghost of a smile creased his lips. Deftly he manipulated the cards, arranging all four hands instead of only the one which Trojan was due to hold. In Trojan's hand he made only two changes in the entire thirteen cards. Within five minutes thereafter he had resealed the deck, returned it to Trojan's room and exultantly thanked Sally Crouch

"A friend in need is some baby," said he, "an' you is sholy such, Sally An' listen. Be sure nothin' happens to that deck, 'cause it is fixed up so that I crave to have Mistuh Watts use it just like he intended "

Florian was exceedingly happy as he dined luxuriously at Hud Peaglar's place For a few moments he considered telling Epic Peters what had occurred, but he discarded that idea through fear that Epic's anger might cause him to refuse the game. And as for Willie Seep, who hung around in melancholy wonder, Mr. Slappey said nothing to him except that the coat would be on his arms again that night sure.

At fifteen minutes before eight o'clock Epic Peters presented himself to Florian, loaned that gentleman five hundred dollars and accepted Florian's note therefor. He again expressed himself as believing that Mr. Slappey was making a sad error, but announced his willingness to go through with it for friendship's sake.

"An' you ain't takin' no chance," insisted Florian. "It don't matter does we beat them or not. I know fo' sure that they cheat, an' they is gwine do such tonight. You keep yo' eyes peeled an' when you see anything crooked goin' on, you flash me the signal an' let me handle it."

"Ain't I even to say nothin'?"

"Posolutely not. I is plannin' a coupé."

Epic shrugged. "A'right, Florian. It's yo' fun'ral. An' maybe mine if you ain't able to pay back them five hund'ed dollars."

"You git that back tonight, brother, with int'rest. You can take my word fo' that."

"A'ready I have tooken yo' note. I don't crave nothin' mo'."

Florian and Epic arrived at eight o'clock, trailed by the distinctly unhappy Mr. Seep. Mr. Slappey greeted his opponents with enormous effusiveness and then smiled in friendly fashion at former victims of the Wattses who had gathered to witness this great battle of the baise. It was obvious that the presence of so many prominent onlookers pleased the Wattses from a social standpoint and at the same time warned them to go slow.

They seated themselves at the table, cut for cards and deal, and the game was on. It was truly a noble contest. Florian and Epic won the first two rubbers and then lost the next three. Thereafter it was a seesaw game, with the score remaining close.

The quality of bridge that was played was superb. Early in the contest Florian discovered that Trojan and his wife were, as far as he could discover, playing honestly, trusting to their superior skill to even a game in which the cards were unquestionably running slightly to Florian and Epic.

This sudden burst of rectitude on the part of the Wattses annoyed Mr. Slappey. He hadn't come with an idea of winning heavily from them at bridge. He might win, of course, but no such amount as he needed. What he wanted them to do was cheat, so that he might disclose their dishonesty and, with the moral and physical support of former victims, extract from the professionals a full return of all past winnings.

Ten o'clock came. Then eleven, and finally midnight. The score showed Florian and Epic some six hundred points ahead; scarcely enough to extract Mr. Slappey from his predicament or to win the mink coat for Willie Seep. The spectators were leaving They had enjoyed the game, but were satisfied that Mr Slappey's accusation was unfounded Not a person in the room had witnessed any cheating and they concluded that the winnings of the Wattses in the past had been the result of ability

At one o'clock only the worried Willie remained to watch the game He didn't know just what it was all about, and he admired Florian's persistence, but he was woefully afraid that Mr. Slappey's best efforts would avail nothing.

With the room rid of onlookers, Trojan and Azalea loosened up a trifle. Their hands were not being watched from all angles, and again each commenced to exhibit an uncanny knowledge of the other's cards

Florian and Epic played a loose but vicious game. They bid h gh and doubled readily, and with the cards continuing to run their way, managed to keep themselves a few dollars on the credit side of the ledger But at half-past two o'clock, when fatigue was beginning to affect all of them, it became obvious to Mr. Slappey that something had to happen.

Florian and Epic won the first game of a new rubber Then they were set three hundred on the second hand On the third hand Azalea bid an original two spades and uncovered the ace, king and queen of trumps in her partner's hand. The rubber now stood game-all.

Trojan smiled. "It's gittin' on to th'ee o'clock, Brother Slappey," said he. "We has got to make this the las' rubber."

"Gittin' scared, is you?" taunted Florian.

"I ain't gittin' nothin'; 'specially anywhere. I don't see no use of goin' on all night."

Florian thought swiftly. He couldn't quit with matters as they were, and he remembered the stacked deck. The situation was perfect. If only he could force Trojan to introduce that new deck! It was Mr. Watts' turn to make up, and Epic's deal. Of course, Trojan wouldn't shuffle the cards and Azalea wouldn't cut correctly, but that was just what Florian wanted, and he set out to entice Mr. Watts into a little enthusiasm.

"Trouble with you, Brother Watts," taunted Florian, "is that you ain't got no confidence in yo'se'f."

"Who says I ain't got?"

"We do."

"Who you mean: We?"

"Me an' my pocketbook."

Trojan's eyes narrowed. "You mean you crave to bet somethin' special on this last rubber?"

"Yas-suh. Somethin' wuth while. I don't yearn to quit no bridge game even."

"Hmph. How much you crave to bet?"

"You name it, Trojan."

"Fifty dollars?"

"That woul'n't buy me chewing gum."

"Hund'ed?"

"Tell you what Ise willin' to do, Mistuh Watts, to prove is you brave or not: I bet you two hund'ed dollars on the side on this last rubber. We stand game an' game now."

"Take you!" snapped Trojan.

Epic groaned. "Lawsy, Florian, ain't you never satisfied?"

"Not 'til I show these folks how to play bridge. Mistuh Peters, I an' you is gwine git rich offen these four-flushers."

"Oh, is you?" growled Mr. Watts. "How 'bout makin' that bet th'ee hund'ed?"

Florian gave a great display of acting. "Nos-suh, Trojan. Two hund'ed is enough."

"An' now who's scared?"

"I ain't. But neither I ain't a milliumaire, also."

Mr. Watts flashed a significant glance at his wife. Then he turned toward Florian. "I reckon we need a new deck fo' a rich deal like this, eh, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey's heart sang. "Suit yo'se'f, round boy. All I care about is winnin' yo' money."

Trojan walked to the desk and took therefrom a new deck, the cards of which were backed by horses and angels. Florian rose and beckoned to Epic.

"C'mere, Brother Peters. I crave to 'scuss somethin' with you."

Trojan ostentatiously fingered the seal. "Shall I make 'em?" he inquired loudly.

"Go ahead, Mistuh Watts, while I talk to my partner." In the corner Florian lowered his voice: "Now listen, Epic; I cain't esplain now, but this is our chance. Don't you worry 'bout nothin', an' if you see anything ——"

Epic's eyes popped and he gripped Mr. Slappey's arm tightly

"My gosh, Florian, that feller ain't makin' up them cards. He's just creatin' noises with them. I think it's a crooked deck."

"Sh-h-h! Suttinly it's a crooked deck. But don't say nothin'. An' when Azalea completes the cut by puttin' the deck back just like it was, you leave it be. Understan'?"

"Yeh. But it don't make sense to see yo'se'f bein' cheated "

"I got ev'ything fixed."

Mr. Peters was unhappy. "So has they, Florian. An' they is havin' the last fix."

But he agreed to do what Florian wished. They returned to the table and Trojan shoved the cards across to his wife.

"Epic's deal," he said nervously, "an' yo' cut, sugarfoots."

Azalea chattered volubly as she cut the deck and then completed the cut by putting the top half back on top. Trojan cast a lightning look around the board, satisfied that the coup had been unobserved, as Epic commenced dealing.

Epic was excessively nervous. He picked up his cards, looked at them, and decided immediately and positively that Florian had kissed two hundred dollars bye-bye.

The hand which Mr. Peters held was a classic. He was blank in diamonds; held the six, five, four, three and deuce of spades; the five, four, three and deuce of hearts, and precisely the same thing in clubs. He permitted an expression of abysmal disgust to cross his features.

"I pass!" he yelled significantly. "An' how!"

Trojan had his own hand assorted. Save for two cards, which must have slipped somewhere, it was exactly the hand he had known in advance he would have.

He held the ace, king, queen and jack of spades; the ace, king, queen and jack of hearts; the ace and king of diamonds and the king, jack and nine of clubs. True, when he had fixed the deck in the afternoon, he had dealt himself the ace and queen of clubs instead of the jack and nine, but he knew that his hand was unbeatable and permitted a satisfied smile to play about his lips.

He didn't hurry himself. Studying the hand carefully, he saw that no matter how it played he had ten positive tricks at no-trump; more than enough to give him the rubber and Florian's two hundred dollars. And on a no-trump bid, with the lead coming from Florian's hand, he had a certain entry with his clubs.

He taunted his dapper opponent. "Don't want to bet no mo', does you, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Bid yo' hand," snapped Florian.

"A'right." Trojan cleared his throat. "I bid four no-trump."

Florian Slappey did not hesitate the fraction of an instant.

"Five diamonds!" he said.

Epic Peters uttered a desolate groan. "Florian," he mourned, "you sho git too enthusiastic sometimes."

"I bid five diamonds," repeated Florian. "Now, what?"

Azalea passed brightly. Epic inspected his dilapidated hand and gave a sepulchral echo which was intended to convey the impression that something had slipped.

Trojan looked at his hand and debated on a bid of five no-trump. But with the ace and king of diamonds in his hand, and the four tops of each major suit, he couldn't resist the temptation.

"I double five diamonds," he announced.

Mr. Peters raised his head. "I seen that comin' "

Florian seemed worried. "You double my five diamonds, Mistuh Watts?"

"Tha's the most thing I does."

"Gosh!" Mr. Slappey went into executive session with himself. Then he smiled. "Six clubs!" he bid.

Again Azalea passed and again Epic indulged in a spasm of unhappiness.

"I double!" roared Trojan triumphantly.

And then, to Epic's supreme consternation, Florian Slappey redoubled!

"You ain't got a lick of sense, Florian."

"Who says I ain't?"

"I do," interrupted Mr. Watts.

Florian turned on him furiously. "I'll just bet you a hund'ed mo' dollars I make it."

"Where's yo' money?"

"Heah 'tis."

"A'right, Mistuh Biggity Slappey. Le's see you make a li'l' slam. An' ev'y trick you make less than that costs you two hund'ed points."

"There ain't gwine be no less. I got a cinch."

"You got a big mouf, tha's what you got. It's yo' lead, Azalea."

(Continued on Page 117)

John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF Co-eds

by John Barrymore

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

THEY ARE NINETEEN YEARS OLD—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We *love* it!"

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A [illegible] Woodbury set, containing a large cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and booklet, and directions for a complete Woodbury facial, and address [illegible] Ohio, [illegible] 511 Sherbrooke St.,

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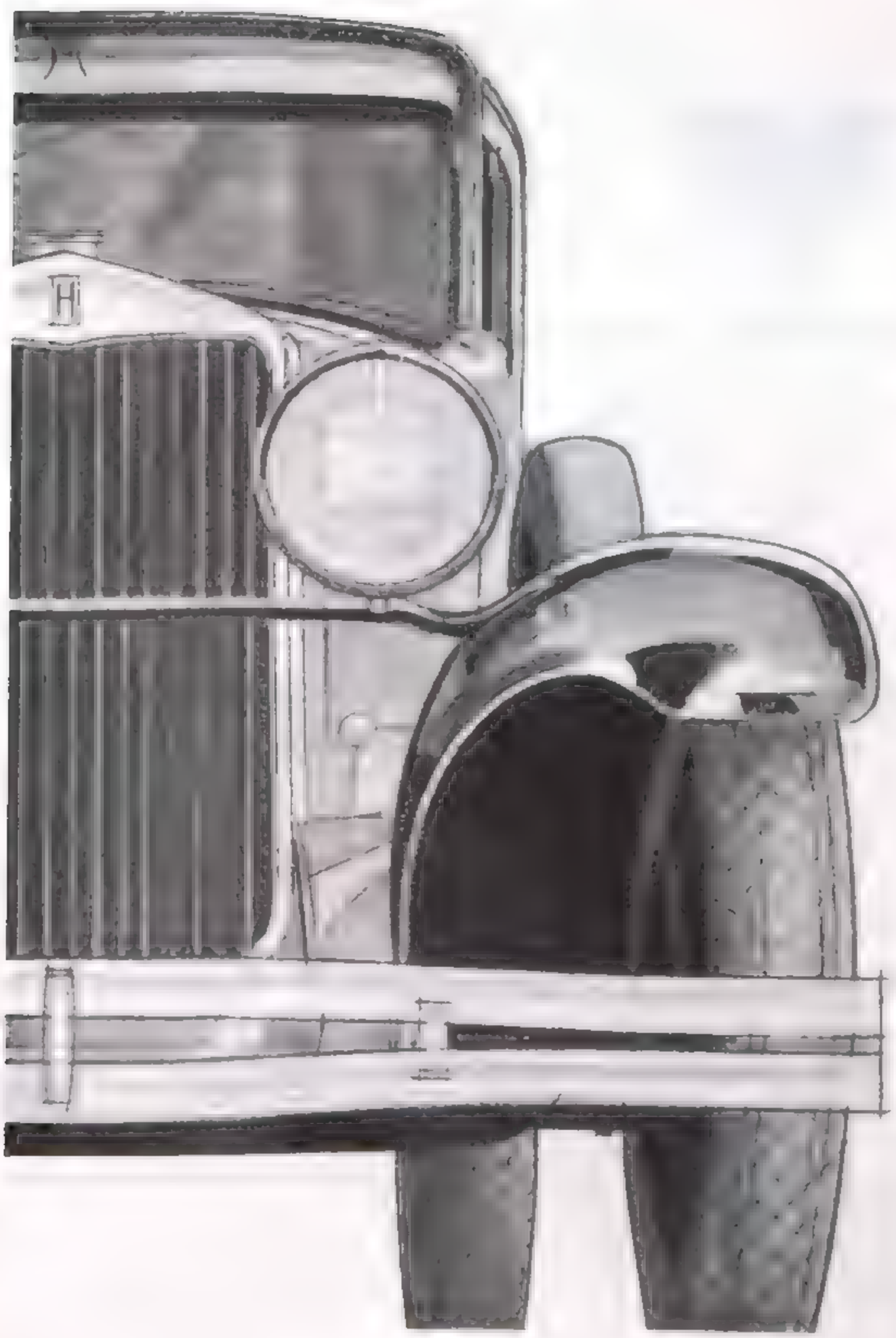
Miss Helen and Miss Lois Dodd of Chicago, Illinois - chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the prettiest of co-eds

The judges could not decide which of these twin sisters was the prettier—so they chose both. Both sisters have dazzling pink and white skins; both have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap. "It's awfully hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously smooth. We *love* it!"

THE CAR THAT TOOK

TAILLEUR BY LANVIN . . . CAR BY HUPMOBILE

ON A NEW PARTNER AND WON A POPULAR LANDSLIDE!



Twenty years ago, a group of engineers decided to build a different kind of motor car. Its specialty was to be transportation, not mere "good looks." It was to be easy-driving, easy-riding, trouble-proof and wear-proof. Its name was to be HUPMOBILE.

For twenty years this car has prospered; always abreast of the field in engineering practice. It has never been a failure. Year after year, seventy per cent of its sales have come from its previous owners. Even its competitors have said: "It's a good car."

And then, a few years ago, the makers of HUPMOBILE put into practice an idea that has proved the most important single factor in HUPMOBILE'S amazing success. They made it smart.

Long before any manufacturer in the automotive field, they glimpsed the lifting force of fashion that now sweeps through every American home . . . changing our lives, our homes, our clothes, our cities . . . creating a thirst for new beauty and new charm.

So these HUPMOBILE makers went to the sources of fashion and created an entirely new mode in motor cars. They created the new HUPMOBILE Century cars. Always the most efficient car, they made HUPMOBILE the smartest car . . . and the only car that could, or can, make a Paris frock happy! HUPMOBILE took on a new partner and its name was style. You can put this down in your book of certainties. When a long established business suddenly surges ahead 60% in sales, luck and accidents play no parts. For, in America, such a reward is paid only to a new and better job.

97

THE NEW Hupmobile

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

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Since the family diet has become a matter of study by the American housewife, and food values a subject of much thought, she has discovered what has long been known to her European sister—that the flavor of most prepared dishes can be surprisingly improved by the addition of good cheese. Besides, it is also known as a healthful, muscle-building food that provides, in greater quantities, the prime essentials of those other protein foods that are so often denied in diet restrictions.

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(Continued from Page 112)

Mrs. Watts led the ten of spades, and Epic mournfully put down his hand. At sight of the Yarborough, Trojan gave vent to a derisive hoot.

"Six high!" he chortled. "An' you has bet a hund'ed dollars you make a li'l' slam! I reckon you is sorry now."

"You reckon wrong," retorted Florian. "An' to prove it, I bets you two hund'ed mo' dollars that I make a grand slam this hand!"

"Florian," screamed Epic, "has you went crazy?"

"He sho has," said Trojan.

"All right, fat boy. I bet you two hund'ed mo' dollars cash money that I make a grand slam in clubs."

"I'll take you." Trojan felt in his pocket. "I ain't got no mo' cash ——"

"All right," said Mr. Slappey. "Last night I bet a fur coat against a hund'ed dollars. Now I'll bet two hund'ed dollars against that same coat. What say?"

"It's wuth mo' than any two hund'ed dollars," objected Trojan.

"Well, you think you can win, don't you? Then why don't you bet it?"

That seemed unanswerable logic. But before Trojan could close the bet Epic Peters intervened. He begged and pleaded with Trojan not to steal Florian's money, and his passionate earnestness definitely decided Mr. Watts.

"I take you, Florian Slappey. It's that fur coat against two hund'ed more dollars cash that you don't make no grand slam in clubs."

"Right!" said Mr. Slappey.

Triumphantly Trojan exhibited his hand to Epic.

"Feast yo' eyes on them pasteboards, Mistuh Peters," he invited.

Epic did. He staggered.

"Florian," he said, "you don't play loose. You play posolutely indecent."

"We'll see." Florian placed dummy's deuce of spades on Azalea's ten. Trojan played the jack from his sequence and Florian trumped in with the six of clubs

He then led the deuce of diamonds. The queen fell from Azalea's hand and Florian trumped with dummy's deuce, at the same time forcing the king from Trojan.

Then Mr. Slappey deliberated. He finally led the three of trumps. Trojan played his nine-spot, and Florian took a double finesse, playing his ten to take the trick over Azalea's eight.

He led another diamond, forcing the jack from Azalea's hand, the four of trumps in dummy and the ace from Trojan's hand. He proceeded to lead the five of trumps from Epic's Yarborough, and played his queen over Trojan's jack, Azalea's seven falling

"An' now," announced Mr. Slappey, "comes Ol' Man Misery to step right on Mr. Watts' physiology."

Out on the table he flipped the ace of trumps, under which Trojan's king fell, and then, with magnificent insouciance, Florian Slappey spread out to the gaze of the dumfounded Mr. Watts his seven perfectly good, unplayed diamonds.

"Tha's all I had," he gloated: "Nine diamonds to the ten an' only four trumps to the ace-queen. It just goes to prove, Mistuh Bridge Professional, that science will always win."

Trojan did not speak. He couldn't. He stared at the seven cards remaining in his hand: Ace, king and queen of spades and the ace, king, queen and jack of hearts. Then he looked again at Florian's good diamonds. Mr. Slappey grinned cheerfully.

"No matter how bad I plays, Trojan, I couldn't play 'em wrong. I ain't got but the seven winnin' cards an' they is foolproof. An' so, Mistuh Watts, I thank you fo' the two hund'ed dollars I git fo' winnin' the rubber, the extra hund'ed fo' making the little slam, an' the fur coat fo' the grand slam. Not to mention all them point moneys you owe me on account of the double and redouble."

Eventually the triumphant Mr. Slappey departed with his two friends, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Trojan Watts in a state of almost complete collapse.

Outside, Mr. Slappey delivered over to his friend the mink coat.

"An' now, Willie," he said, "you can recover yo' health prompt an' report fo' work at Mis' Milton's in the mawnin'."

"Yas-suh, Florian."

"There's on'y one piece of advice I got fo' you, Willie."

"What's that?"

"Don't you never again mistrust yo' friend, Florian."

"Gosh," answered Mr. Seep, "I sho won't." And then, being not entirely lacking in brain, he grinned. "Nor neither I won't trust him too much."

Florian and Epic walked downtown toward the succulent allure of Bud Peaglar's place. Epic was still in a daze. He knew, of course, that Trojan had stacked the cards and that Florian had restacked them. But making a grand slam against Trojan's unbeatable hand! Epic had witnessed the miracle, but was a long way from understanding it. Finally he spoke.

"Florian," he murmured in an awed tone, "you got away with it, but, man, you sure took an awful chance."

Mr. Slappey chuckled.

"Shuh, Epic," he answered. "You don't know nothin'. The only chance I took was that Trojan would drop dead befo' I finished playin' the hand."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

SHE: That's the way you catch cold. You better stop reading your old paper just for one second and shut the window.

HE: ——

SHE: In a minute you'll be coughing and starting another cold.

HE: No I won't, either.

SHE: Yes you will too. You'll come down with one of your terrible head colds. In about a minute you'll begin to cough.

HE: No, I tell you I will not cough. *(Coughs.)*

SHE: What did I tell you! You coughed!

HE: That was just a little nervous tickle in my throat. I was just clearing my throat.

SHE: You coughed! You coughed!

HE: I was just clearing my throat like this: *(Coughs.)*

SHE: No, it wasn't like that: *(Coughs.)* It was like this: *(Coughs.)*

HE: I guess I know how I coughed. I'd been coughing for twenty-five years before I met you, and now you think you can tell what every little grunt I make means. You think you know me so well you can tell when I'm going to yawn, or get affectionate, or change my shirt, or get sore at the boss. Well, you don't, that's all. There's an awful lot about me you don't know.

SHE: I know you're going to cough again pretty quick.

HE: I am like—like fun. I know when I'm catching cold and when I'm not. *(Coughs.)*

SHE: Are you going to shut that window or aren't you?

HE: No.

SHE: Aren't you going to shut that window?

HE: No, I'm not going to shut that window.

SHE: Then I will. *(She jumps to her feet and goes toward window. He springs up and slams window shut.)*

SHE: Ho, you wouldn't shut that window, hey?

HE: I was going to shut that window anyhow. But your everlasting nagging——

SHE: Nagging! Just because I see you sitting there catching cold, and I know how disagreeable you are when you have one of your head colds ——

HE: Disagreeable, am I? Well, one thing you haven't found out about me is just how disagreeable I can be. And let me tell you that I'm just about sick of your fussing around me as if I was a chronic invalid. I can take care of myself, see? And I don't want you to come pawing around me as if I was your rag dolly or something, see?

SHE: Sometimes I think ——

HE: You astonish me.

SHE: Sometimes I think it would be a good thing if I just let you have your own way, and get sick, and me not pay any attention.

HE: Sometimes we even have the same idea.

SHE: And get sicker and sicker, and me just laugh, and have the cold perhaps settle in your lungs, and maybe give you pneumonia and a high fever and all sorts of terrible things, and me just laugh! *(Cries.)*

HE: Oh, come now, darling!

SHE: And you'd get sicker and sicker, and nobody would pay any attention, and then maybe you'd—maybe you'd ——

HE: *(Coughs.)*

SHE: Darling! I'll get you a tablet and make you some hot lemonade, and you must go right to beddy-by!

HE: Well, possibly it would be a good idea to go to beddy-by. I feel a little sleepy anyway.

SHE: Here's your tablet. Oh, did my poor baby feel so tewwible!

HE: Come sit on papa's lap.

SHE: Do you love me, sweety darling?

HE: *(Coughs.)* —MORRIS BISHOP.

Another Bête Noir

May he in Tophet fiercely burn
Who mails me clippings marked "Return."
—*Strickland Gillilan.*

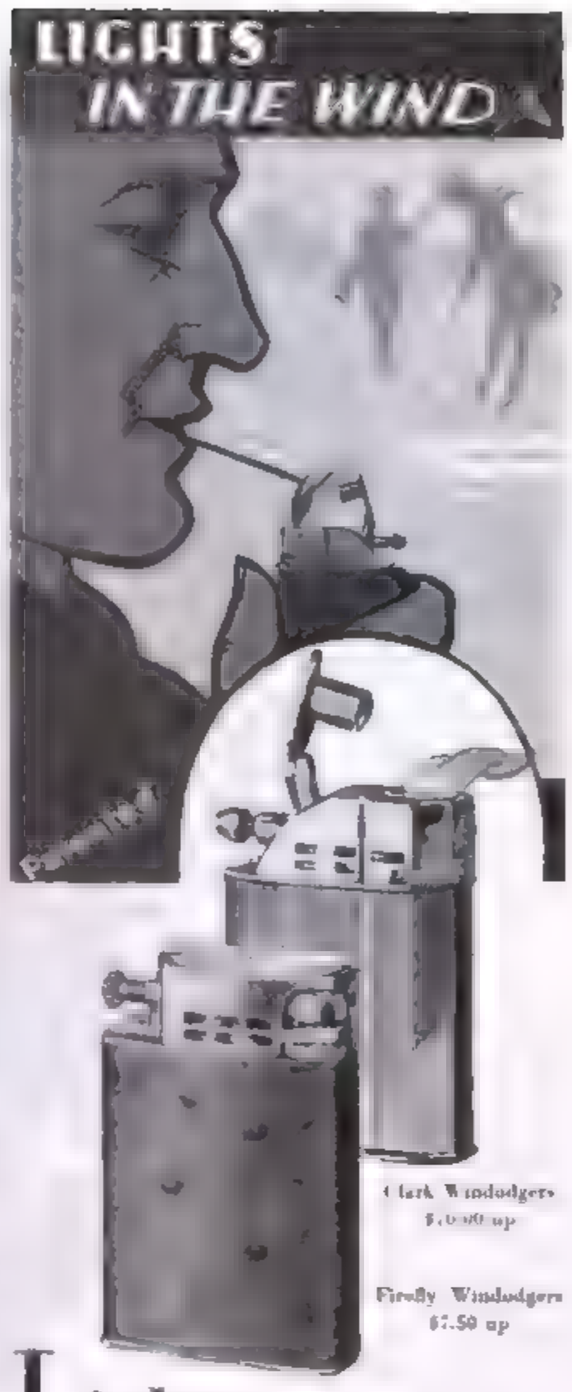
In the Modern Manner

GO TO sleep, darling, sweet peace to your soul!
Mother will pray for your motor control.
Check up statistics on mental hygiene;
Look at your brain through an X-ray machine;
Hushaby, darling, it's mother's ambition
To get your reflexes into condition.
Mother is wise to the new sociology,
Psychoanalysis, endocrinology
She'd like to sing to you, but the psychologists,
Preschool authorities, learned biologists,
Ban lullabies for the kids of the nation
Lest you develop the mother-fixation.
Make your good night scientific and formal—
Experts say kissing will make you subnormal!
Angels are watching o'er each nerve and gland—
Hushaby, lullaby—ain't science grand?
—*Dorothy Ashby Povenall.*

Song of the Can Opener

I'M BOSS of the kitchen today,
I'm boss of the kitchen, you bet!
The rolling-pin bows to my sway;
The frying pan pales at my threat.
The egg beater stifles its whir;
The gridiron is mourning in rust;
The oven addresses me, "Sir";
The molding board's molding to dust,
Yes, just!
I've told 'em they must and they must.

Oh, crunchety, crunchety, crunch!
I open the multiple cans
For breakfast and dinner and lunch,
And laugh at the pots and the pans.
I'm certainly boss of the place
And purpose to make it my own.
The other utensils must face
Extinction however they moan
And groan,
For soon I shall lord it alone!
—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*



Clark Windodgers $5.00 up

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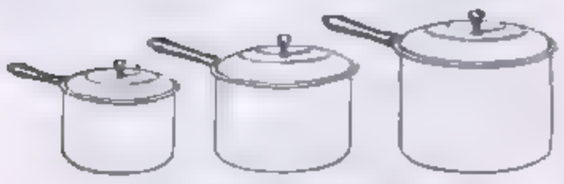
A little more in the Far West and South

These finest utensils for Waterless Cooking are inexpensive. The two-quart triple-thick MIRRO covered pan, for instance, is only $2.75. It saves fuel because it cooks with low heat. Full instructions come with the Pan if you wish to try Waterless Cooking immediately—or the booklet is mailed free, if you send the coupon.



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A CROOK'S A CROOK

(Continued from Page 25)

fist ground against Ganvent's face. The officer sank to his knees with a grunt, but his huge arms encircled Dolly's body and dragged him down. They rolled onto the floor and the officer, underneath, raised his big knee and drove it into Dolly's stomach.

The room whirled before the burglar's eyes, weird lights flashed about him, and he felt sweat breaking on his forehead. But he clung, fighting now with hatred as well as a desire for freedom. He gave the huge officer a dose of his own medicine and knew a thrill of delight when the big man groaned and sagged in his arms.

So they fought. Their rolling bodies crashed against the legs of the dining-room table and knocked them at dizzy angles. It was an abysmal struggle. No rules governed it. Once Dolly felt his own shoulders rolling over the silver he had piled on the floor. At the same instant he slackened his hold long enough to reach for a heavy candelabra, but immediately he sensed that Ganvent was reaching for the gun, which lay a few feet away. He returned blindly to the struggle.

Time and again the officer's big fists crashed against Dolly's face and body. He stood the agony of the blows; fought blindly and threw into the battle every ounce of his strength and courage. Soon, he knew, must be the end. Either Ganvent or himself must wilt under the terrific punishment. He drove his fist upward and felt the blow land home. The body of the sergeant lunged backward and Dolly, fighting fair or foul, with only the thought of winning, twisted his leg sideways and again drove home his knee. Ganvent groaned and relaxed. His heavy body toppled off Dolly's and with his remaining strength he reached again for the gun.

Sensing victory and freedom, Dolly found the power to lunge upon the extended arm and crush it to the floor. He glanced for the weapon and saw it, out of his reach. Ganvent was beginning to recover from the blow and struggle again. Wildly, Dolly sought a weapon that might finish the fight and give him victory. The heavy silver candelabra lay near at hand. He leaned over and seized it, his knee pressing deep into the gasping sergeant's stomach and one hand holding the man's right arm fast against the floor. His left had twisted under him as they rolled.

His fingers wound around the silver ornament and he straightened, raising the thing above his head. Ganvent was gazing upward with sheer terror blazing in his eyes. His lips were bloody, his cheek cut and his hair matted and disarrayed. But his blazing eyes saw that which was in store for him.

"Don't!" he gasped. "I'm a married man! You'll kill me with that thing! Gimme a break! I'll play along with you!"

Dolly poised the candelabra and returned the pleading gaze.

"You big skunk!" he panted at Ganvent. "You great, big, yellow skunk!"

"My babies!" the officer whined. "They won't have a nickel, kid! Not a cent! They'll starve! Fer their sake, kid! Gimme a break!"

"You pulled that knee trick first," Dolly panted. "I'd 'a' fought you on the level ——"

"I ain't kickin'," Ganvent whined. "You win. Just gimme a break. My wife ain't any too well. You'll kill me sure with that candleholder."

So they remained for a moment, Dolly poising the heavy candelabra, Ganvent pleading for his life.

"Awright, sarge," Dolly said at last, "I'll give 'em a break. I oughta spatter your dome, that's what I oughta do, but I'll give 'em a break."

"I knew you would!" Ganvent chortled throatily. "It was a fair fight, kid. You win. I'll play along."

"You promise, now," Dolly demanded, "that I walk outa here clean?"

"Word of honor!" Ganvent swore through bloody lips. "Abs'lute word of honor, kid. An' you can trust me. You can even take the stuff you had laid out. What of it? This guy's got more'n we'll ever have an' it's prob'bly insured anyway."

"I believe you, sergeant," Dolly said sneeringly. "I'll give any guy's kids a break. But you're a skunk, see? A skunk that fights crooked "

He straightened to his knees and let the heavy, silver weapon clatter to the floor.

"Git up," he told Ganvent. "Git up an' go home to them kids. If they ask you who beat you up, tell 'em a great, big police sergeant with a gun in his hand."

"That's all right, kid," Ganvent mumbled as he struggled painfully to his knees. "I won't forget the favor."

"I ain't takin' the junk now," Dolly answered, with a nod at the carefully selected silver littered about the floor. "I'd be picked up in two minutes with my face all battered up like this."

He started toward the back door and Ganvent, his face distorted again with rage, dropped to his knees over the heavy pistol, seized it in his right hand and taking careful aim, fired.

Dolly staggered, his hand jerking spasmodically toward his back. He lurched against the door jamb, cursed violently and whirled toward the sergeant. Again Ganvent aimed and fired, and the report of the pistol drowned out the vile name he called the burglar.

Dolly lurched again, coughed queerly, then stooped over, his arms folded about his stomach, and staggered through the door into the yard. Ganvent rose and followed him, firing again. The burglar, thinking only of stooping so that he would leave no blood trail, fought his dizzy way to the board fence. He caught the top and shinnied up. As he balanced there, Ganvent braced himself in the doorway and aimed again. The shot toppled Dolly Pitts off the fence, but he fell beyond it, in the back street.

People were shouting now; women screaming and men running toward the yard. Another tenant showed the reeling Ganvent the way through the fence by a narrow gate; went with him. The two found Dolly crumpled on the sidewalk.

"A burglar," Ganvent said wearily. "The toughest and most dangerous burglar in town. One of you men call Station 11 an' tell 'em to rush men out here in an ambulance."

Then the big sergeant sank to a sitting position on the sidewalk and leaned back against the fence for support. He clutched the gun greedily and kept it trained on the twisted form of the burglar. A morbid crowd gathered around and gazed upon the still form of Dolly Pitts while they looked with awe and admiration upon the battered, heroic sergeant.

Dolly regained consciousness when they loaded him into the patrol. He looked upward through glassy eyes and sensed the meaning of the uniforms he saw about him. A crooked smile gripped his lips and his eyes sought Ganvent.

"I guess," he muttered weakly, "I didn't—win—at that, sarge."

"I'll say you didn't, you little hellion," Ganvent growled.

"Mebbe," Dolly muttered weakly, "I'm goin' to—die."

"Small loss," Ganvent avowed, "if you do! You an' your kind!"

"Yeah," Dolly agreed, the ghastly smile still clinging to his blue lips, "better if I do die. Better—fer you—sarge." He coughed and twisted in the pain of it, but managed to finish. "'Cause if I don't die—I'll live—to win yet "

II

THE business of a criminal courtroom is always mysterious. Soft-footed attendants move about on silent missions. Lawyers whisper among themselves, and juries look vacantly upon the legal procedures in which they find themselves enmeshed.

Tight-lipped men may be seen about the rear of the courtroom—men with shifty eye and overelegant clothes. Their mere glances seem to convey more than the continued whisperings of the attorneys and the mysterious journeyings of the attendants.

And that morning was no exception. Detectives who had evidence to offer gathered among themselves and eyed the tight-lipped fraternity knowingly.

"Dolly Pitts," one of the detectives whispered, "comes up for sentence this mornin'. There's somethin' queer about that rap."

"He'll get plenty, too," another ventured. "Funny he'd take a plea an' then have nothin' to say."

"He's a cute one," the first responded "I'd like to know the inside of that case. There's more'n came out in the papers," he added sagely.

"A nice pinch fer Ganvent, though," the other shrugged.

"Yeah? What did he look like up on the stand there testifyin' to the lickin' he took from a mug half his size? His testimony sounded phony to me."

"Just the same, it was a nice pinch."

"With Dolly not armed an' Ganvent carryin' a rod loaded to the muzzle?" the first sneered. "Ganvent never had a chance to frame the kid with a rod, either. There was witnesses everywhere. . . . He looked like a big cow up there on the stand. An' take it from me, we don't know the inside of the case. He didn't tell it all. I been in this racket long enough to know when a guy is scared to death. Ganvent was scared blue even in the courtroom! All through the trial he never even give Dolly a tumble; couldn't look at him at all. Yet he was tryin' to go easy on the kid."

"If there was anythin' in his favor, Dolly would crack it," the other avowed. "He's due fer a tough stretch if he don't talk this mornin'."

"You know how queer these crooks can be," the first man insisted. "You never can tell how deep these things go. If you ask me," he confided, leaning close and lowering his voice, "Ganvent put the double-o on this kid Pitts an' the kid is takin' the fall an' leavin' it to somebody else to square with Ganvent "

"I doubt it," the other shrugged. "Your idea don't stick when you savvy the weeks this kid Pitts spent in the hospital. Pitts ain't even his right name, an' he wouldn't tip his mitt even when they told him they was goin' to operate fer them bullets an' give him one chance in three at the best. He's a tough kid, all right, but you're buildin' up too big a case in your mind, Eddie."

"Yeah?" Eddie added confidently. "Well, what about the fight? He certainly put Ganvent in the hospital fer a week an' never hit him with nothin' but his fists. Do you think a kid as tough as that would shut up an' take the fall with a plea unless he knew where he was comin' out?

"Mebbe you do," he sneered, "but that don't ride fer me. An' look who's in the courtroom here: Tight Willie Logan, Shifter Cantonere, Chubby Kapish. Do you think them guys is layin' around fer the scenery?"

Nevertheless, when Dolly Pitts was called before the bar for sentence, he kept his lips sealed. He was pale from his long sojourn in the hospital. His lips drooped with the traces of his suffering and his eyes were sunken with thinking. But he did not speak.

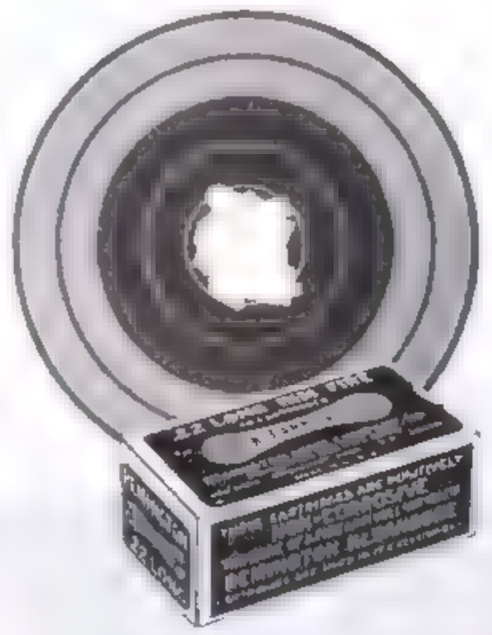
"By your own plea you stand convicted," the judge told him, "of attempted burglary, illegal entry and resisting arrest. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

"No, sir," Dolly answered steadily.

The judge, along with many others in the courtroom, seemed surprised. He paused in his speech and appeared to consult some papers on the bench before him.

(Continued on Page 122)

Another World's Record with KLEANBORE



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Second " "	175	5
Third " "	154	4
Fourth " "	83	1
	78	2
Totals	868	35

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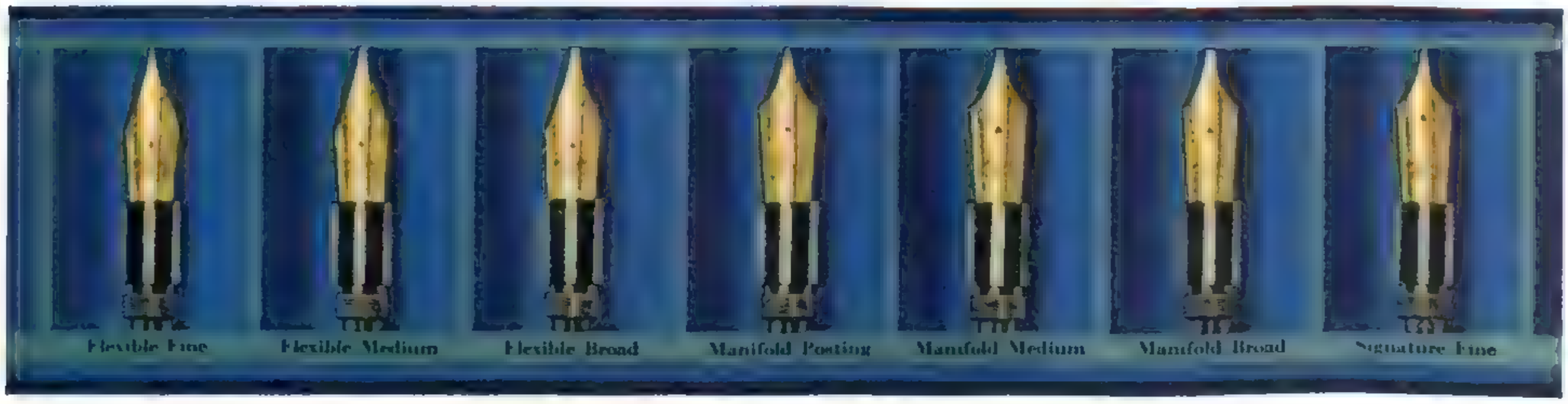

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(Continued from Page 119)

At last he said: "The fact that you plead guilty to the indictments as charged should revert to your advantage. We cannot, however, lose sight of the fact that you are unsocial and distinctly dangerous. Had you submitted to the arresting officer I would feel that leniency might be more in order."

He paused thoughtfully, ponderously. Somewhere in the rear of the room a foot scraped across the floor. From the coterie of tight-lipped men there a faint cough sounded.

"The fact that you were unarmed is in your favor," the judge went on thoughtfully. "In passing sentence this court desires to be fair. Fair to society and fair to you. In the hope that your incarceration will rehabilitate you, and that at the end of your term you will return to society equipped to fulfill a commendable place, it is the sentence of this court that you be confined in the state prison for a term not less than four or more than eight years."

His Honor raised and dropped the gavel, and a deputy sheriff caught Dolly Pitts by the arm and led him away.

As they passed through the halls of the Criminal Courts Building and so toward the passage to the jail, Sergeant Ganvent approached them. He held out his hand toward Dolly.

"No hard feelin', Dolly," he said. "You seen for yourself that I made it as easy as I could. He would have slipped you ten to fifteen if I had put the rap in hard."

It was as though Dolly Pitts had gone deaf and blind. He gave no sign of hearing or seeing the sergeant. The guard on each side of Dolly had paused as the sergeant approached them. They watched this by-play with high interest.

"You're a sucker to take it that way," Ganvent protested. "I could still make it a tough stretch fer you."

Still Dolly made no answer. His sunken eyes blazed hatred and his drooping lips drew back into a sneer.

"You feel somethin' personal toward the copper that put the collar on you?" one of the guards asked in surprised tones.

"He's a yellow rat, see?" Dolly said quietly. "The tougher he makes my stretch, the more reason I'll have to think about gettin' out. . . . What are we standin' here for?"

So they led him away, and when Ganvent turned to leave the hall he saw that three men were standing near at hand, smirks upon their lips and scorn in their eyes. They were Tight Willie Logan, Shifter Cantonere and Chubby Kapish. Any one of them was enough to make a police officer worry. All three at once, Ganvent found inexpressibly dire.

"Sergeant," Chubby Kapish said gently, "that Dolly is a queer kid, ain't he? He swears he never'll talk to you any more, so he asked me an' my friends here if we'd just deliver a little message fer him. He never told us nothin' about the meanin' of it all, just asked us to tell you. . . . O' course, you see things different than us, but we kinda like the kid. Game, he is, if you know what I mean."

Ganvent wet his lips and blinked his eyes rapidly. "What'd he say?" he asked nervously. "What was the message, fellers?"

"'Tell Ganvent,' Dolly says to us," Chubby went on, "'that my friends understand. They know he's a tough guy an' they'll never take no chances of bein' pinched by him.' That was all he said, but he made us promise to tell you."

"He's threatenin' me!" Ganvent snarled over pale lips. "That's like tellin' me that every man I try to pinch will shoot first."

"Holy Moses!" Tight Willie interrupted through a sneer. "You don't think he meant nothin' like that? We thought he was payin' you a compliment. All his friends is goin' to reform because you're so tough—that's what we thought he meant."

Ganvent, pale and frightened, turned away from them and walked down the hall. He had caught the taunt in the glances and faces of these men. They knew, he was sure, what had happened in the Robbins apartment; knew that he had broken his word of honor. They had from Dolly's own lips a death sentence that they might be glad to carry out when the hour struck. What could be worse than notice to thieves to shoot quick if Ganvent appeared?

"I bet he's goin' to the police fer protection," Shifter grunted as Ganvent walked unsteadily down the hall. "First thing we know, he'll have the law on poor Dolly!"

III

MANY there were who claimed that Dole never should have been made keeper in a prison. He was too kindly by nature, they pointed out, and too kindly of manner. He never cursed at people and he carried a habitually sorrowful mien.

"It's pretty easy," he frequently said, "for a youngster to get himself into prison these days. Sometimes I think that most of the trouble is with the lawmakers instead of the lawbreakers."

He was always sorry to receive a new protégé and always glad when he viewed released men as they passed through the great, ominous prison gate to freedom. As a natural result, prisoners liked and trusted him, and none will ever know the secrets that repose in the fertile memory of the man.

In the very nature of things, he learned of the story surrounding the capture of Dolly Pitts. Three men who had, at one time or another, served sentences took particular pains to tell Dole the facts. Whether Ganvent was right or wrong, they did not attempt to say. They merely told the facts and, as it later came to light, the facts were interesting.

Ganvent had no children. He was a mean man, according to those who knew him best, and something of a petty grafter. His wife lived with him, but she already was bent and aged, and neighbors were of the opinion that her lot was not a happy one.

"His police shield cast a shadow," one of his subordinates explained, "and it went right through onto his heart."

Thus equipped with the facts, Dole was even more sympathetic toward Dolly Pitts than ordinarily might have been the case. Dolly had scarcely been received into the prison before Dole talked with him.

"The fellows," he said, "that spoke to me must have spoken to you too, Pitts. I guess you know 'em. They're friends of yours and I guess they're friends of mine too. Though it's a little hard for a fellow to make folks like him in a job like mine."

He spoke in a drawling tone and captivated people with a wide, slow smile that seemed to affect his entire face. Dolly nodded.

"I understand," he agreed. "I know who you mean. They're good guys, Dole, an' they tipped me off that you are regular. I know you can't give me anythin' but a fair break here, but that's all I want. I can do four to eight standin' on my ear if I have to."

"You won't be stood up if I can help it," Dole promised frankly. "I guess you figger that Ganvent may try to put the works on you?"

"I figger him a yellow rat," Dolly said quietly.

"Mebbe so. Mebbe he is," Dole admitted. "But yellow rats don't click over here. He'll have a tough time botherin' you."

So it proved as months passed.

There were several times when Dolly Pitts was convinced that old-timers in the prison and new ones coming in had been approached by Ganvent; planted by the sergeant to sound out Dolly and learn if his silent hatred was fading. But in every case he avoided the pitfalls of confiding in questioners. Once his cell mate was changed. The new man was a steely-eyed individual doing three years for badgering. He was a smooth talker and seemed to have developed a deep-seated hatred of all that stood for law and order. Dolly found the

(Continued on Page 124)

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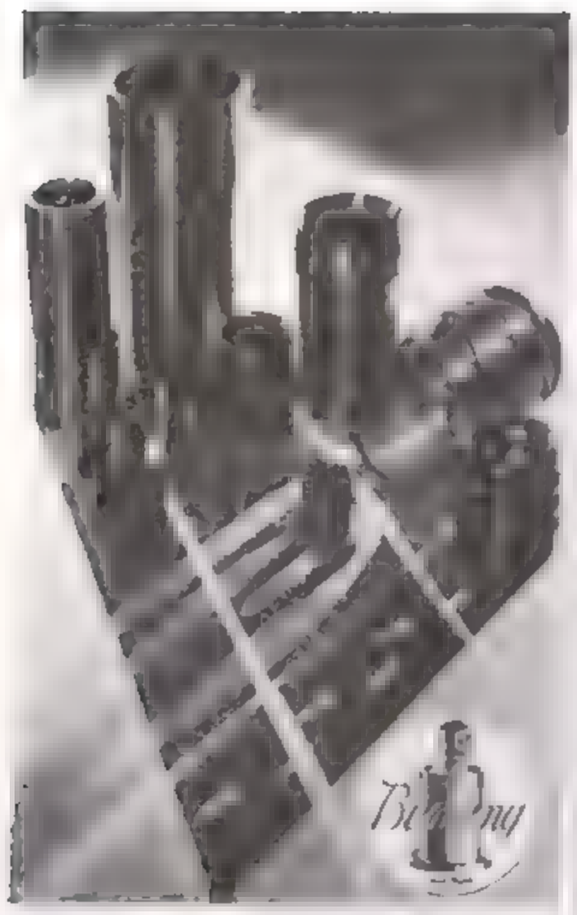

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BUNTING
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(Continued from Page 122)

fellow actually bloodthirsty. But he confided nothing. In that, the friendly keeper helped him.

"I don't know your new bunkie," Dole had told him when the change was made. As a result of that simple remark, Dolly stood fortified against incautious confidences.

Nights, when the standing lights of the prison cast their glow across the shining bars, the man tried to talk confidentially with Dolly. He gave his own secrets openly; admitted that this three-year sentence should have been thirty had they caught him on all the counts for which he was culpable. He admitted to Dolly enough to win anyone's confidence. But Dolly remained silent.

In a week the fellow was transferred to another prison. Dole winked at Dolly when the announcement was made.

"You do any talkin', kid?" he asked.

Dolly smiled scornfully.

"Spotter," Dole nodded. "I can't get to like the breed."

"Ganvent sent him in," Dolly avowed. "Ganvent seems to be scared."

"Somebody sent him in, all right," Dole agreed.

"You were dead white about tippin' me off," Dolly thanked the keeper.

"You ain't the kind that needs a lot of tippin'," Dole complimented. "You know how to do time, Dolly."

"It passes." Dolly shrugged. "The governor thinks four years is like a month. So does the President. Why should I worry about it?"

Dole laughed. "That's a good angle," he said.

"A guy can think," Dolly assured him. "They can't change that, even here."

"Don't think too much," Dole advised. "Especially about Ganvent."

"He never worries me," Dolly answered quietly. "But I bet he worries himself plenty."

"It wouldn't pay to let him worry you, kid," Dole went on. "Thinkin' in a place like this is worse if it gets started on the wrong track."

"I guess Ganvent is worryin' about things more'n me," Dolly shrugged again. "He's a yellow rat, an' he's afraid now."

Dole's eyes narrowed. "I been wonderin' about that," he said. "Do you suppose a guy like that really does worry?"

"Ganvent's a coward," Dolly said simply. "I can always tell a coward. It ain't his conscience that bothers him, keeper. It's his nerve."

"Yeah." Dole nodded. "An' I suppose Chubby an' Tight Willie an' that bunch don't help him any."

Dolly raised his eyebrows as though surprised. "Do you think," he asked, "they'd go so far as to bother poor Ganvent?" There was nothing but innocence in the prisoner's expression as he put the question.

"I was wonderin'," Dole qualified.

"I wouldn't have 'em do that," Dolly said earnestly. "After all, it's my battle, ain't it?" Dole did not make answer and the prisoner seemed to be thinking intently. After a moment he said in the same earnest tones, "Tell me, Dole; are many guys goin' out these days?"

"A couple, mebbe, every day," the keeper answered casually. "Some days more, some days none at all."

"Any tomorrow?" Dolly asked.

"Yeah. Flip Tasker goes out tomorrow, come to think of it," the keeper answered. "You remember him, don't you? He done a short bit this time for a scratch racket."

"Yeah, I remember him." Dolly was thinking again. Dole waited. "I'd like to gab with him a minute before he goes," the prisoner said at last. "Just fer a minute. Y'see, I wouldn't want the boys to be worryin' Ganvent. I figgered mebbe Flip could tell the sergeant ——"

"Tell him what?" Dole asked, his eyes narrowed almost to slits.

"Just tell him that," Dolly shrugged. "Tip him off that I don't want him worryin' about me. You know, kind of tell him that I ain't worryin' about him. Let him know I'm feelin' fine an' the stretch is passin' quickly for me."

Dole's eyes still squinted, but there was a light of understanding in them.

"I don't see no harm in that," he answered finally. "It strikes me like a pretty decent break you're givin' Ganvent, kid. He oughta be right glad to git a word from you."

"Sure." Dolly nodded agreeably. "He's scared to death an' mebbe I can cheer him up a bit."

"I'll tell Flip to see you," Dole promised.

IV

WHEN Flip Tasker agreed to carry a message to Ganvent from Dolly Pitts, he did it without the faintest notion of what it was all about. To begin with, he was not the sort to ask questions. Messages between convicts and police officers were things about which he desired to know little. However, as Dolly had planned, he was willing enough at any time to do an officer a favor. His feeling in that matter was that he never knew when an officer might be in a position to return it with interest.

So it was that he went almost directly from the prison to Station 11. He always got more or less of a thrill out of walking alone and unaided into police stations. It was thoroughly nice, Flip found, to turn around and walk out again.

"I was lookin'," he said to the desk sergeant, "fer a gentleman named Ganvent—Sergeant Ganvent. I got a important message fer him."

"I oughta know you," the sergeant returned frankly, "because you're certainly one of the boys, but I got to admit I don't make you."

"Well," Flip grinned amiably, "mebbe that's a break fer me, huh?"

The sergeant was studying him closely. "You been away?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just got out." Flip nodded. "I was framed-up on a phony charge of scratchin'." He laughed as he spoke and the sergeant grinned with him.

"Oh," he grunted, "a forger, eh? What do you want of Ganvent, then? He ain't workin' on forgers. He's in harness."

"It ain't really business I wanted to see him on," Flip said. "It's a personal matter. A pal of his sent him a little message."

"Has Ganvent got a pal?" The sergeant grinned broadly.

"I never seen the man in my life." Tasker shrugged. "All I know is I come all the way over here just to do him a favor. I spent two hours of my time ——"

"Cheer up," the officer grunted, "you'll be out just that much longer. Anyway, Ganvent ain't here now. He's doin' his rounds."

Tasker looked disappointed. "When'll he be back?" he asked.

"Mebbe in two minutes, mebbe in two hours," the sergeant guessed. "You can sit around an' wait if you like. Just so long as you don't horry any pens."

"Mebbe I could leave the message with you," Tasker said. "I never liked the idea of leavin' things with cops, but this ain't very hot."

The sergeant took the gibe good-naturedly.

"Leave it if you want to. Ganvent ain't the most popular guy around here, but we do deliver messages fer him. . . . Who's it from?"

"A pal of his that's doin' a bit," Tasker explained. "I don't know none of the facts, see, but I wasn't born yestiddy an' I kinda figgered that Ganvent knocked this kid over an' then went to the front fer him in court. He got him a light stretch, I guess, an' the kid likes him fer it."

"Say," the sergeant interrupted suddenly, his eyes alight with a new interest, "your message ain't from a kid named Dolly Pitts, is it?"

"Darned if I ain't glad finally to run across a cop that knows somethin'." Tasker nodded in mock pleasure. "That's just who it's from."

"An' what's the message?" the sergeant demanded eagerly, his shoulders hunching over the desk at which he sat and his features twisted with intense interest.

"Little enough," Tasker shrugged. "Dolly just asked me to say to Ganvent that he wasn't worryin' a bit an' didn't want Ganvent to worry. He said his stretch wasn't hard an' the time was passin' easy an' quick fer him. That's all. I promised to do it."

"Lordy me!" the sergeant sighed. "I wish Ganvent was here. I'd love to watch his pan when he gets that one. . . . Say, would you mind tippin' me off who you are?"

"Me? No, I don't mind. I'm Flip Tasker, what was framed on a forgery rap."

"Well, can you beat it?" the sergeant muttered again. Then: "I'll deliver your message, all right," he promised. "Holy Jupiter! I'd rather miss a wake than Ganvent's face when he gits a load of this!"

Tasker left with the consciousness of a favor well done. Because the needs of his craft carried him away from the city, he soon dismissed the matter from his mind. Such affairs, he knew, were common enough. A few weeks later, when another of his escapades had culminated in the inevitable result and he again became the guest of society for a prolonged visit, it was in another state. As a result, Flip Tasker never knew that he had been the opening gun, so to speak, in a campaign that had the police department of a large city and the underworld of a whole state in a delirium of curiosity and interest.

Flip was the first to carry that harmless message to Sergeant Ganvent. Following him at regular intervals came others. The message never varied. The men of the police stations whispered of it and marked the change in Ganvent. The man was growing old; seared, they said, in the fires of his own imagination. As the time neared for Dolly Pitts to be paroled, Ganvent became absent-minded. Several times he forgot essential duties and twice drew severe reprimands for his delinquence. His station mates claimed that he grew morose, sorrowful, and so brought trouble upon himself.

The conditions under which Dolly Pitts had been sentenced recurred to the mind of station-house gossipers. They looked askance upon the sergeant and among themselves indulged in conjecture. Before Flip Tasker was well initiated into the new prison, the Pitts-Ganvent case was the cause of more talk among police officers than any other one thing.

Because they knew so little that actually could be talked about, they enlarged upon their own ideas. It became generally understood that for some reason unknown to them, Pitts and Ganvent must clash as soon as the latter was free. Ganvent heard the talk in a round-about way, and his shoulders stooped the more, his eyes became the more furtive.

As the police waited, so waited the underworld. Twisted lips offered ideas of the clash to come. Men fresh from the prison reported Dolly Pitts as silent as ever. Like a sphinx he waited the day of his release. No one could learn anything from him of his plans. No one had ever made him speak of Ganvent except those men to whom he intrusted his simple and seemingly friendly messages.

In due time it became a mark of distinction to carry a message from Dolly to Ganvent. It placed one definitely in the most-talked-of situation the city had ever known. It ushered one into the best circles of the underworld and gave desirable entry to police gossipers.

"If we knew the whole story," men said, "we'd know a little better what to expect. Ganvent won't open his mouth and neither will Pitts. They seem to be the only ones who know what it's all about. But it's big, and it's hot, as a glance at Ganvent will show. He's dyin' on his feet!"

So the whispering continued and there were plenty of men who saw to it that each

(Continued on Page 128)

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Now for a nice big Switzerland Cheese sandwich.

(Continued from Page 124)

dire whisper, often magnified, reached the burning ears of the sergeant.

"I heard the other day," a station mate said to him, "that Dolly Pitts is goin' to bump you, sergeant. I'm only tippin' you off so's you can watch your step. You know what them guys are. A crook's a crook, an' there's no changin' that. The story is that there were two or three guys ready to do it for him, but he waited out his stretch so's he could do it himself. He's due for parole in a month."

"There's nothin' between him and me," Ganvent growled, fear unconcealable in his voice. "I caught him cold an' even give him a break when he took that plea. A lot of people are just tryin' to start trouble."

But it was whispered that patrolmen who had long feared the petty discipline of the sergeant now enjoyed being detailed to his squad.

"He never catches you stealin' a smoke any more," one of them explained. "Years ago he used to creep around an' try doors after you an' wait in dark places to get a line on what you were doin'. Now he don't. He never goes anywhere but the main streets; he stands under bright lights all the time. You can see him a mile away."

As the last month of Dolly's sentence dragged to a close his release had come to be regarded as a huge sporting event. The police talked of it and wondered what he would do.

The underworld whispered and bet on the length of time that would elapse before Dolly got Ganvent or found himself framed up on some charge and shot back into prison through the sagacity of the sergeant and his police connections.

Just one definite thing had come from Dolly's lips. And that was amazing. It was brought out by a man released only a week before Dolly himself.

"I asked him," this man reported to Tight Willie, "where I had to sit in order not to miss nothin' when he bumped Ganvent. I never seen a man change so in my life! He looked at me till I thought he was goin' to make a battle of it right there, then he laughed the queerest laugh I ever heard an' said: 'Bump him? Why, say, I never had a gun in my hand in all my life!'"

Of course, Dolly was a thief and no one believed him.

DOLE saw Ganvent as the sergeant entered the prison yard. The lips of the keeper tightened against his teeth and his eyes narrowed. He had heard that Ganvent was aged. He saw for himself now. The officer was scarcely recognizable. The keeper waited at the little desk near the window. Behind him the steel bars of the door to the main ring twinkled in the late afternoon sun. Now and then prisoners came close to the bars and spoke to him, and he always turned, nodded, called them by name.

Ganvent entered and stopped beside the desk.

"Hello, keeper," he said. "I'm a sergeant of police on the city force. My name's Ganvent."

"Yeah." Dole nodded without rising from his seat. "I know you. Anythin' I can do for you?"

"Yes. Yes, keeper, there is. I want to see a prisoner."

"You got papers?" Dole asked narrowly.

"No. It ain't business, keeper—that is, not exactly. This is a kid I knocked off for the stretch he's doin'. He'll be paroled in a week or so. I thought mebbe I ought to—talk to him."

"Oh"—Dole nodded pleasantly—"goin' to give the boy a straight steer, eh? Well, sergeant, that's fine. Noble of you, I'd say."

Ganvent laughed uncertainly. There was a light, a something about Dole's eyes that he could not fathom.

"Of course," the keeper continued, "it's after regular visitin' hours, but I guess we can make an exception in a case like this. Who was the boy, sergeant? Who was you wantin' to see?"

"A youngster named Pitts," Ganvent answered, putting into his voice as much of magnanimity as he could summon. "Dolly Pitts they call him."

"Oh, sure thing!" Dole exclaimed. "Dolly Pitts is one of the nicest kids in the place. He knows how to do time, Dolly does. Well liked here, he is." He paused a moment; then, slowly and with an emphasis that came from no particular effort of inflection: "You know, sergeant, there's one boy I never knew to break his word. Once he makes a promise, it's as good as gold. . . . Wait, I'll send for him."

Ganvent licked his lips and shifted from one foot to another. In the magic manner common to prisons, news of the police officer's presence had spread. From behind the bars of the main ring half a dozen prisoners paused momentarily to stare at him. It was almost as though they looked through the bars into the cage of a zoo. Their frank interest terrified Ganvent. He felt like a condemned man being viewed for the last time by a wondering public. All these men seemed to know what was in store for him, and he could only guess.

Dolly Pitts came to the bars and spoke to Dole. Had it not been for the sergeant himself, the prisoner never would have noticed the man's presence.

"Don't pretend you don't know me, Dolly," the officer whined. "What's the use of you an' me hatin' each other? That's what I come over fer, kid. Let's patch this here up an' come to a friendly understandin'. I know you're gettin' out in a week or so an' I thought I'd come over an' shake an' call it square. If you need a little dough or anythin' like that for a fresh start, I've got it. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Did you want me, keeper?" Dolly said to Dole. "They told me you sent ——"

"The sergeant wanted a talk with you, kid," Dole answered, his lids almost touching and his spatula fingers drumming soundlessly against the desk top.

"The sergeant's a yellow rat, keeper," Dolly said steadily. "I wouldn't speak to a yellow rat." His voice was matter-of-fact, as though none could possibly question his statements.

Ganvent broke in with a vehement denial and the start of a thousand explanations.

"It's like I said, keeper," Dolly said again, without so much as a look at Ganvent. "I couldn't speak to a yellow rat. I'd a lot rather not listen to him, neither."

"If you ain't got papers, sergeant," Dole said quietly, "I can't keep this boy standin' here."

"But I gotta talk to him!" Ganvent pleaded. "Everybody knows he's only waitin' to bump me off. He's said so himself a thousand times. Just as soon as he's sprung he'll come fer me!"

"He's a liar as well as a yellow rat, keeper," Dolly said. "I'll be goin' back."

Dole nodded and Dolly turned and walked away. Ganvent caught the bars and his voice trembled as he called after the prisoner.

"What's worryin' you, Ganvent?" a trusty near at hand asked. "You're twice his size an' the law lets you pack a rod all the time."

VI

DOLE arranged the meeting with the police commissioner.

On the morning that Dolly was released on parole he went with him direct to the commissioner's office.

The official received them and gave them each a cigar.

"I suppose," he began, "you had something definite you wanted to talk about, Mr. Dole."

"Exactly, Mr. Commissioner. Dolly Pitts here is a burglar, sir. We've had him with us on a four-to-eight sentence. He's done just short of five an' was paroled this morn n' "

The commissioner eyed Dolly and nodded.

"The arrestin' officer was Sergeant Ganvent," Dole went on.

Instantly the commissioner showed increased interest. "Oh, yes," he nodded, puffing harder at his cigar. "I've heard something about the matter."

Dolly laughed bitterly. "Heard I was goin' to bump him off?" he sneered.

"I've heard only talk," the commissioner grunted.

In Arrowhead Woods, California

"Tell him about that pinch, Dolly," Dole cut in. "Give him the works from start to finish."

So, for the first time since going to prison, Dolly talked. He told the exact happenings at the Robbins apartment on the day of his arrest. Simplicity strengthened his words and their truth was evident. The commissioner listened avidly. When Dolly had finished he glanced at Dole.

"Well?" he asked noncommittally.

"I figgered you'd like to know the story," Dole said simply. "There's been a lot of talk about Dolly bumpin' Ganvent. He ain't goin' to do it. He's promised me, see? An' I'd believe anythin' he said."

"There has been a good deal of talk," the commissioner nodded.

"I don't want this kid framed," Dole said steadily. "I ain't accusin' anybody, but I'm sort of servin' notice where I know it'll do some good."

The commissioner puffed in silence for a time, then laughed softly.

"Quite a situation," he admitted. "But you haven't told the whole story. How about those messages from the prison that have been coming to poor Ganvent?"

"The kid here was afraid he'd be framed," Dole said simply, "because some ill-advised friends of his on the outside were botherin' Ganvent. I knew every message that was sent, an' they was all friendly."

The commissioner threw back his head and laughed. "If what you tell me about that arrest is true," he said—"and I believe it is—then you knew that Ganvent was a coward, didn't you, Pitts?"

"He's a yellow rat," Dolly answered simply.

"Pretty smooth." The commissioner nodded frankly. "The more I think about the thing, the more I feel I'd rather have done your sentence than Ganvent's."

He paused and regarded his cigar intently.

"I wish I knew," he continued at last, "if you really have that much brains, Dolly."

Dolly merely raised his brows inquiringly.

"What do you mean?" Dole asked.

"It'd be a great story," the commissioner grunted. "Great. What a way to break a man and beat him down with the sledges of his own cowardice!"

"I don't get you," Dole admitted.

"These messages," the commissioner snapped. "Dolly sent them an' they broke Ganvent. His cowardice whipped him completely. You see, Dole, Ganvent came in here a week ago and begged to be retired on quarter pay. He'd had a breakdown, he said. I've got to admit that he looked the part. The department doctor, after looking over his record for the last four years, recommended retirement. I acted accordingly."

"You mean ——" Dolly Pitts interrupted.

"I mean that Ganvent's retired. He's gone away for his health. Florida, they said, but that's probably camouflage."

Dole's chin dropped and his lids almost met. He made a clucking noise with his lips; then said: "Dolly, how about all this?"

"He's a yellow rat!" Dolly Pitts answered simply.

"The first job of a policeman," the commissioner pointed out seriously, "is to get his man. A cop's a cop, you know. I'm not going into the virtues of your arrest, my young friend. But I certainly admire that cupidity of yours for what it is."

"Cops ain't all alike, you bet!" Dolly snapped.

"I'd give a good deal to know ——" the commissioner ventured again.

"Know what?" Dolly asked complacently.

"Never mind," the commissioner grunted. "There's no danger of any frame-up, though. I'll promise that. But watch your step. A crook, you know, is a crook! We know that as well as you do. Maybe a little better—now."

"Yeah"—Dolly nodded simply—"a crook's a crook, a cop's a cop, an' no matter where you find 'em, Mr. Commissioner, a yellow rat's a yellow rat!"

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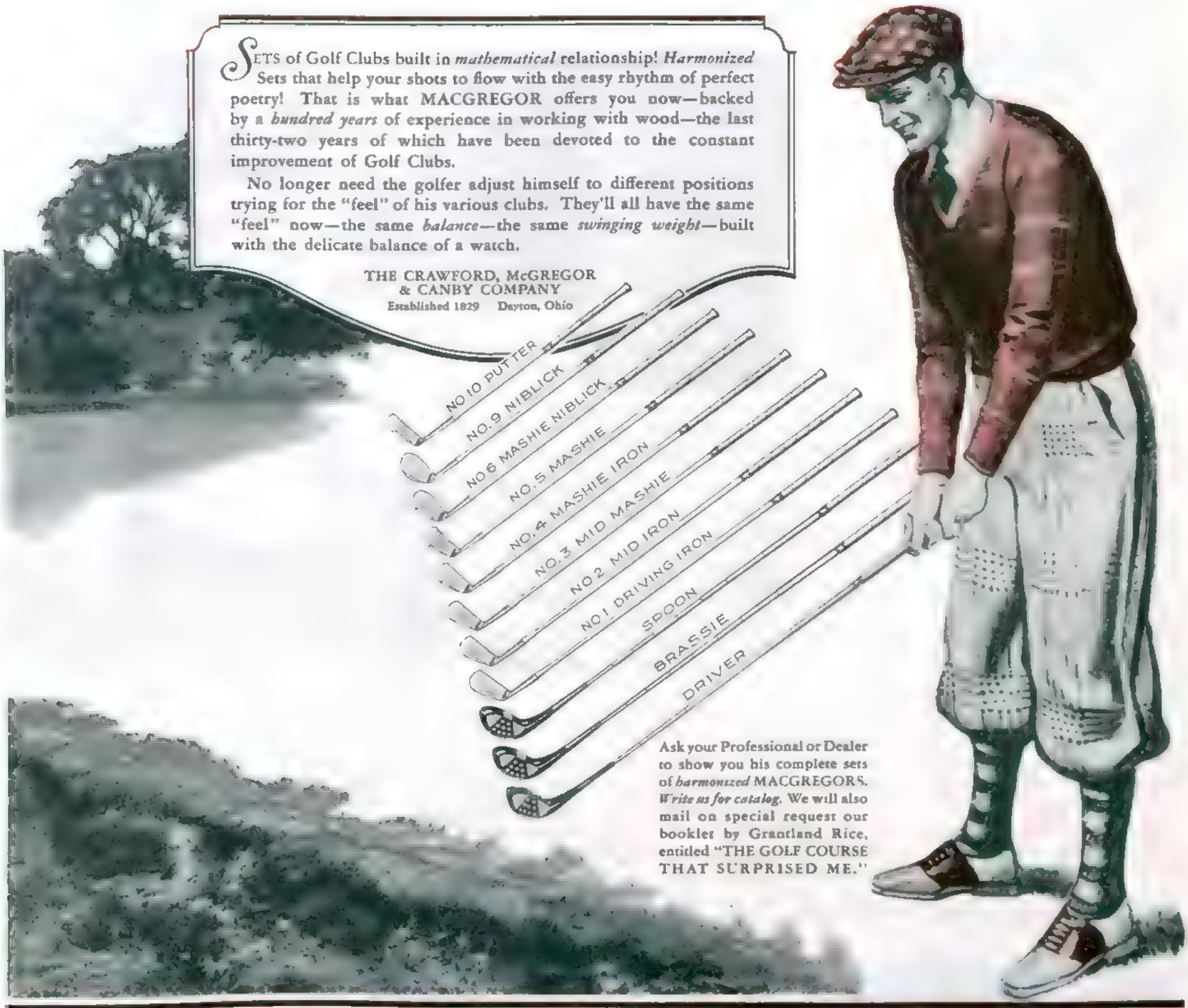

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I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 36)

politeness, the satisfaction of seeing it favorably reported and duly placed on the calendar. You know that the recommendation of this committee is not a certain passport to final passage. You know and I know what the members will do with this bill. As a matter of fact, I think it ought never to come up, and that can also be arranged. Now let's agree to a discreet silence about this executive session, let's bring it to a close, readmit the author of the bill, and solemnly vote for or against recommendation."

Five minutes later the astounded author heard his bill recommended unanimously. He knew that I had done it, but not how. Nor did I tell him until the session was over; by that time he had gained sufficient experience to see the joke. The immediate effect of this little intermezzo, however, was to break the phalanx of eight and give me one more reliable supporter. I told him that the basis of my political power was fighting corporations. We were then ready to take up the governor's program of legislation, and with Mike Callaghan camping across the corridor from my quarters at the hotel, equipped with an arsenal of information, I managed to suppress most of the high-explosive measures. Watching Mike Callaghan delve into these bills on behalf of his corporate clients gave me no small delight, for if there was one thing more than another that would have made that old war horse happy, it would have been to fight on the other side. He had been a corporation baiter so long that even when he and I and his clients were in intimate conference, he would use the old familiar epithets when addressing them.

"Look here, you crooks," he'd say, "how about this levy on gross revenue? What would that do to your net?" Or, "How about this House Bill 108? Looks to me like you traction highbinders are going to get stuck there just as hard as the steam-road wolves." Such terms rolled out so naturally that no one ever resented them. Moreover, old Mike was rendering remarkable service. He had been allowed a generous expense account in addition to his salary, and having very little use for it, insisted upon playing host to as many of his employers as he could gather together for each meal, totally unmindful of the fact that they were also on expense accounts. For the first time in his life Mike was fairly wallowing in money, but he was about the cheapest and certainly the most industrious lobbyist for big-business interests that I have ever known. Throughout the long and tedious ordeal of that session, when so many corporation executives spent anxious days hoping that their businesses were not going to be ruined, Mike not only worked like a Trojan but kept everyone smiling. That session gave him a lifetime job.

On the whole, we did our work well, and the shifting of the tax burden as well as the regulatory measures caused less disturbance than other states experienced when they passed through this phase of development. As the session drew toward a close I went to the governor and asked him straightforwardly if he could grant me four or five pardons. My success during the preceding administration had made me famous and applicants simply couldn't understand why I was now doing nothing for them.

"Pick three that have merit," he said, "and I'll hear your argument." I did so, and he granted me a whole evening, but he went to the bottom of every application before granting it.

"Now that," he said, after affixing his signature three times, "is the end of that business as long as I'm in office. There will be a pardon board and I shall follow its recommendations. I can't waste time this way."

He was a remarkably honest man, even when he played politics. He knew that I had received good fees for those pardons and that they were granted to repay his political debt to me for my help as a member of the judiciary committee; nevertheless, he couldn't conceive of granting pardons without knowing something about the cases. I put through the bill for a pardon board at his request and he appointed its members before the engrossing clerk's ink was dry. Eager to have done with my importunate clients and quit this field of operations, I went before the board as soon as it organized and submitted all the applications I had pending. My promptness led the board members to believe that there must have been an understanding between me and the governor. Eight of my applications received favorable action at once. It was the most profitable traffic in pardons anyone had ever engineered.

When the governor learned that the board's first eight recommendations were my cases, he held a secret inquiry in his office. This disclosed, of course, that I had simply dumped the applications and not tried to insinuate anything about my relations with the governor. All of us laughed and it was agreed all over again that I had retired permanently from that field of activity. I cite the incident to show how firmly the tradition was established that governors paid debts with pardons. Many of them still do.

After adjournment the governor went on a tour of inspection, visiting all the important state institutions. Before returning to the capital he visited me at my office.

"I've been finding out things about you," he said. "In every state institution I found men who didn't think it worth while to discuss their problems with the governor because you are looking after their interests. You've got a good start toward a strong state machine. I thought I detected it during the campaign, but I wasn't sure. What are you planning to do with it?"

"I don't know, governor," I said. "I'm mixed up in state politics just as you are and I'd rather be strong than weak. I've been doing all I could for able men I discovered working for the state. In return I have their friendship. What did you think of them?" He nodded vigorous approval.

"Playing politics is lots of fun, isn't it?" he finally asked.

"Yes," I agreed, "but it's dangerous, because it's habit-forming. The thought of being broke and still intensely interested in politics terrifies me. You don't have to worry about that because you have other resources. I haven't. Aside from the necessity of making a living, I'd play the game very much as you do. Things being as they are, we play a slightly different game."

"I've been watching you," the governor said. "I don't mind your making a living, now that your town has been cleaned up. As for me, though, I haven't done half the things I want to do for this state and I need a shrewd politician for a partner—someone who will look after the fences while I indulge my fancies. Do you think we could work together?"

"Of course we can," I answered. "The proof is that we've been doing it."

"How'd you like really to cut loose and do big things?" he asked.

"Such as?" I queried.

"Well, to begin with, how about a new party?" He had been elected as an independent, and therefore didn't bow down to party discipline, but he overlooked the fact that everyone knew his party affiliation; so his one outbreak of independence had not been alarming.

"Nothing doing on a new party," I said. "The more radical your program the more important it is to invoke the names of Washington and Lincoln, and sing hymns of praise before the constitution. If you are going to abolish the constitution, by all means do it in the name of constitutionalism. We haven't got the same government that the founders set up, nor do most of us subscribe to their principles, but we think we do. You can lead us anywhere in the name of conservatism and under familiar banners, but if you admit that your radicalism is radicalism you couldn't even collect land taxes."

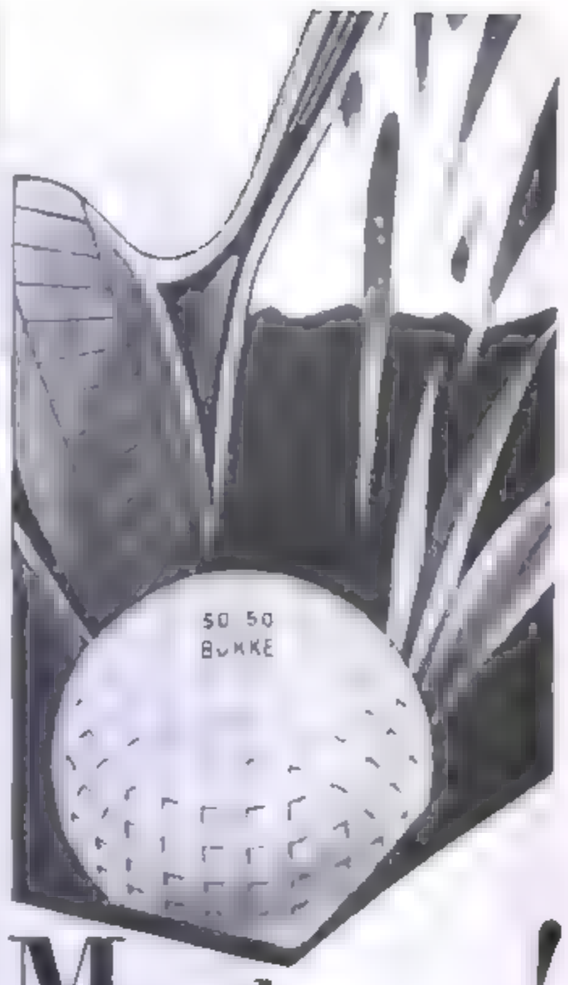
"You're probably right," he mused. "All right, then, no new party. But a lively old one, eh?" I agreed heartily. He was a man of very active mind and constantly making news. However, this is not a record of his administration. State affairs were never so important to me as control of our local machine, and I found it necessary to develop new points of cohesion, since we no longer had a wide-open town. At first my control of contracting firms and the stimulating of public works held our machine together. Later I eagerly adopted almost every suggestion for the extension of governmental activities.

When I took over the reins from Mike Callaghan we had on the pay roll of the municipal government only five men designated as inspectors. Ten years later we had one hundred and eighteen. We inspected soft-drink establishments, restaurants and, for a time, barber shops, to enforce the sanitary laws. We inspected the whole city to enforce fire-prevention laws. We even inspected vacant lots—the purpose of this being to discover the breeding places of mosquitoes. In twelve years the revenue of the city government increased nearly 500 per cent. And not more than three or four of the new activities which made it possible to develop an army of city employes were first suggested in the city hall. Virtually all of them came from well-meaning citizens, many of whom at the same time expressed amazement at the mounting cost of government. Ten years after Mike Callaghan surrendered his leadership of the machine we had as its nucleus nearly as many persons on annual salaries as it had been his custom to hire by the day in anticipation of an election. But even our large and steadily increasing horde of employes could furnish nothing more than a nucleus, so I frequently went afield in search of additional allies who could be welded into a faction.

You will recall that we had captured the courthouse in order to get control of the local justices of the peace. I found that the sheriff's office was a promising center of conflict, owing to the fact that the lawyers who had supported the sheriff got better service from his deputies than did those who had opposed him. The sheriff's office is extremely important to a law firm that tries many cases. Deputies can use their wits to find needed witnesses or they can fail to summon them because the addresses given are not quite adequate or the name is spelled wrong or the person was absent at the moment. Also, deputies can be prompt or laggard even when there is no excuse for failure.

The long tradition of favoritism had gradually developed little groups of lawyers with similar interests who endeavored to elect a friendly sheriff. One of these groups comprised the most successful damage-suit lawyers; another, the more important public-utilities lawyers, who defended against the other group. Sizing up this situation from the standpoint of practical politics, it was obvious that the damage-suit lawyers were more numerous and more prosperous. The corporation lawyers were paid salaries; the others collected contingent fees as a rule. This meant in practice that they got about half of the sums awarded their clients. I decided to ally them with the machine, and it worked splendidly, because they not only contributed liberally to campaign expenses but provided us with able platform speakers. This placed me in the amusing position of being very friendly with the public utilities corporations and big business in state affairs, but sniping them in our courthouse;

(Continued on Page 135)



Murderous!

S-W-I-S-H!...and the steel head of your mashie iron slashes into the ball like the axe of an executioner!

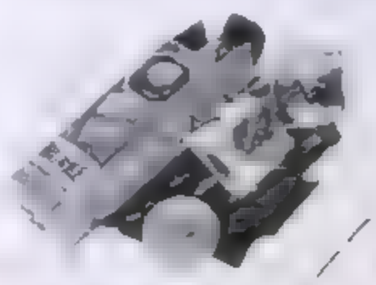
Another good ball gone wrong! Another addition to the high cost of golfing...UNLESS...*unless* the ball is a Burke *Fifty-Fifty*...This score-reducing ball, which sells for 50c, absorbs punishment like a sponge absorbs water. Top it with a mid-iron, chop it with a niblick, slam it with a misplaced mashie—it survives, uncut!

So convinced are we that once you try the Burke Fifty-Fifty you'll play it for economy as well as for results, we are making a special proposition. Until June 15, 1929, we will redeem the coupon below and $1.00, with a carton of three Burke 50-50's.

BURKE 50 50

And with every Burke 50-50 goes our unqualified guarantee. Any ball that cracks, cuts through or gets out of shape in 50 holes is replaced free. We can afford to do this because we know the ball will hold up.

Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar to it and mail today to The Burke Golf Co., Newark, O.



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Coupon good until June 15 1929, only this one carton to a reader

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I will give the 50-50 and its guarantee a fair trial. Here's my dollar for a three-ball carton.

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Waffle Iron $9.95, Percolator $10.00, Toaster $5.00

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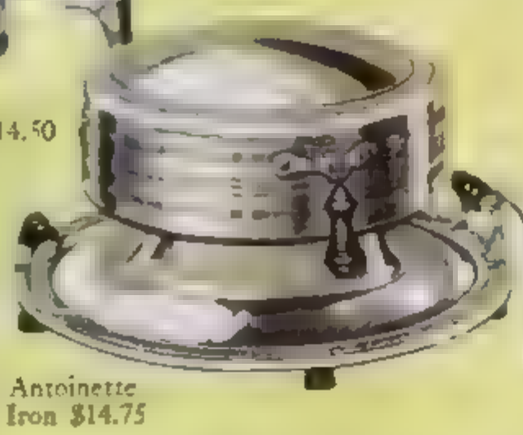
The Electric Ware Beautiful

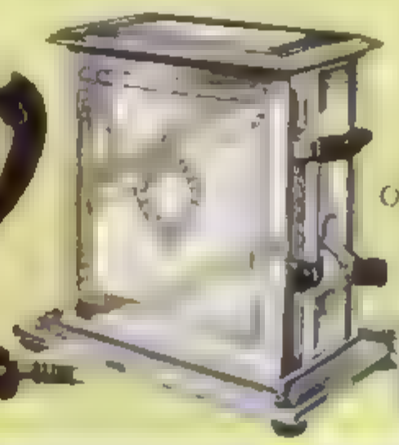
NO name on appliances has stood so consistently for quality year after year as the brand UNIVERSAL. It is your guarantee of absolute satisfaction. Now through mass production these appliances of real quality may be had in popular models like those shown above at prices little or no higher than the unsponsored products of unknown manufacture.

Marie Louise Urn $14.50

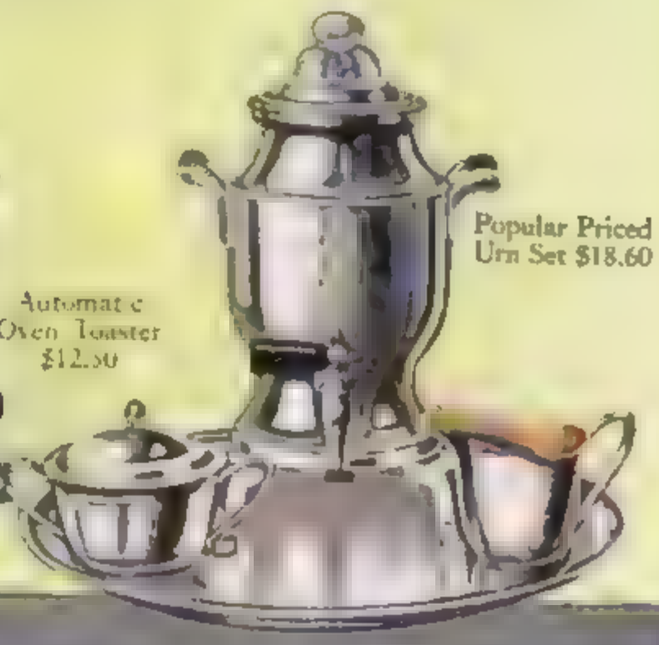


Marie Antoinette Waffle Iron $14.75

Paneled Percolator $10.50 to $13.00



Automatic Oven Toaster $12.50



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Electric Appliances

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DELICIOUS electrically made toast, coffee or waffles are now within reach of almost everyone, through the low prices made possible by improved manufacturing processes and increased volume on the UNIVERSAL line. That pride of possession always experienced by owners of UNIVERSAL appliances may now be realized by housewives everywhere.

Sponsored by a manufacturing experience of over seventy-five years, our trade mark UNIVERSAL assures a lifetime of satisfactory service. It has stood the "test of time" and represents the best value obtainable whether that value be measured by quality of materials, workmanship, attractiveness of design or by performance in the home.

Special Spring Offer on UNIVERSAL Irons

From now until July 1 you will have an unusual opportunity to purchase the high grade $5.00 value UNIVERSAL Iron shown on this page for only $3.95 at all first class stores. Or if you wish to own the peer of all irons, the UNIVERSAL Super-Automatic ($7.75 regular price), $1.00 allowance will be made on any iron, electric or non-electric, traded in. A strictly limited offer—get your new UNIVERSAL iron now!

On sale at Lighting Companies and the leading Electric, Hardware, Housefurnishing and Department Stores everywhere.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

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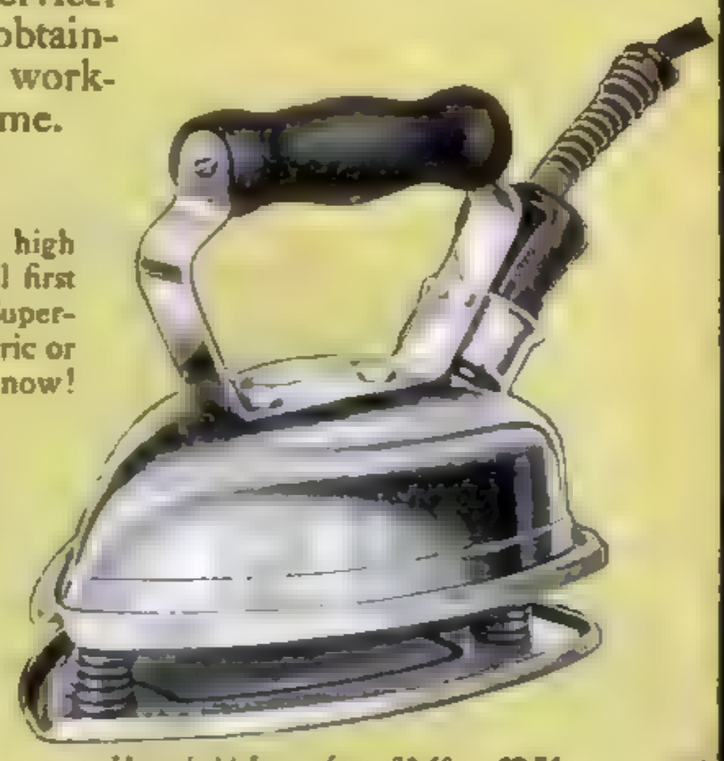


Household Irons from $3.50 to $7.75

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, 200 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO, 225 N. Wabash Avenue
MONTREAL, CANADA, Cortaitne Building
PARIS, 107 Avenue Parmentier
LONDON, 30 Drury Lane, Kingsway, W. C. 2
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, 279 Clarence Street
DPTO. EXPORTACIÓN LATIN AMERICA, New Britain, Conn

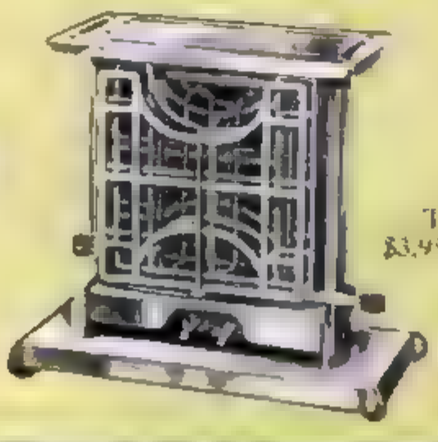
Table Stoves
$3.25 to $15.00

Curling Irons
$1.50 to $4.00

Percolators
$6.00 to $32.50

Oven Cooker $10.50

Corn Popper
$5.00



Toasters
$3.95 to $12.50

Heating Pads
$4.75 to $9.00

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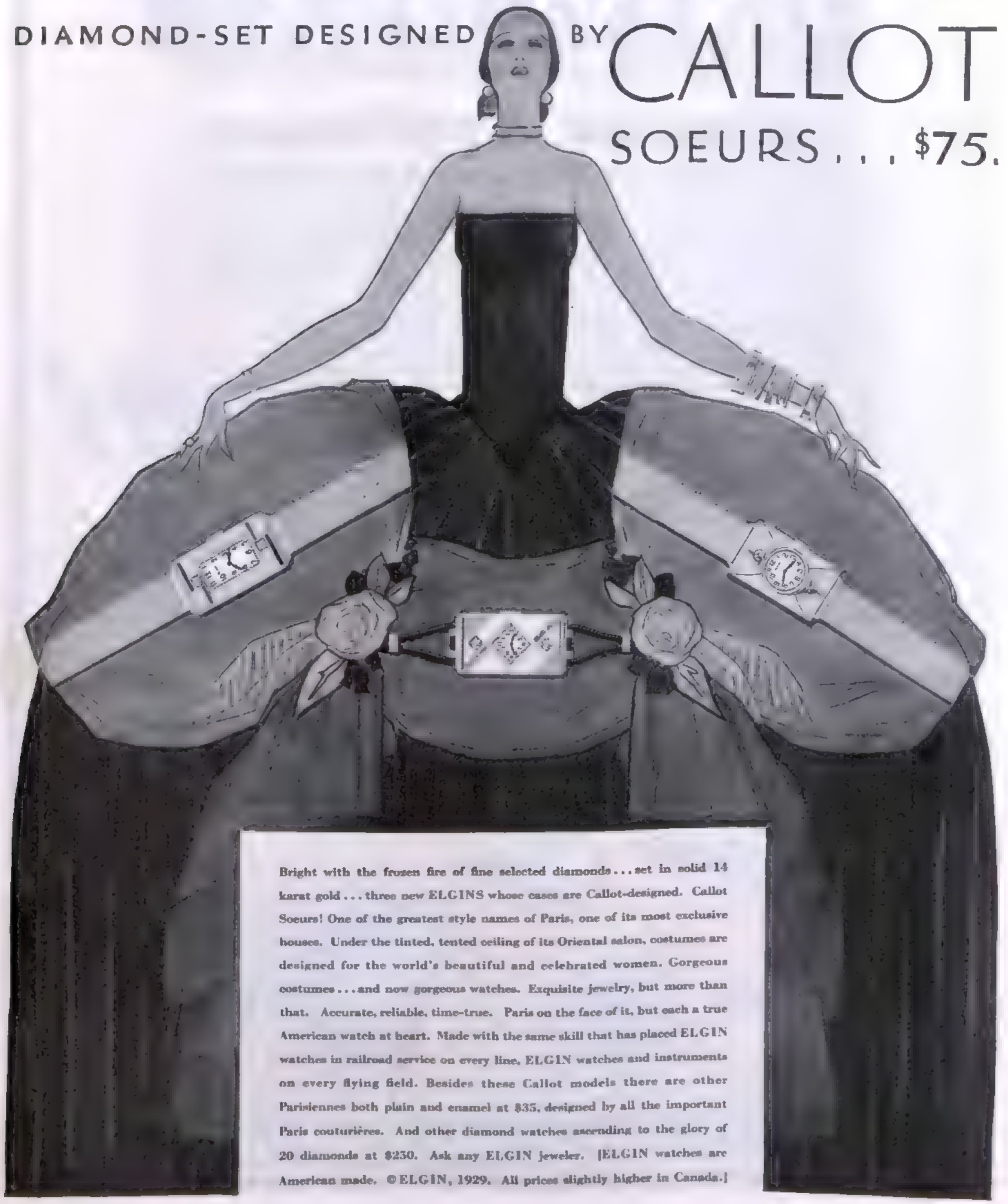
DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED BY CALLOT SOEURS . . . $75.



Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry, but more than that. Accurate, reliable, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at $35, designed by all the important Paris couturières. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at $230. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. [ELGIN watches are American made. ©ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.]

(Continued from Page 131)

but the expedient was necessary to hold our machine together.

Eventually, however, our alliance with the damage-suit lawyers caused us more trouble than ever we had experienced during the days when revenue came from vice. Lawyers occupy a position of much greater importance under our form of government than either they or the public seems to realize. When they forget their professional ethics there usually seems to be no stopping place for them short of actual criminality. At first the group with which we worked merely profited by better service from the sheriff's office, but within a short time some of them were trumping up false claims and influencing the selection of jury panels. Still later they tried to use their influence to drive away opposing witnesses, and frequently with success too.

The possibilities of unfair practices of this kind naturally appealed to the small fry among our criminal lawyers and they joined the faction; the result, of course, soon became evident in too many acquittals and too many cases dropped because the state's witnesses had disappeared. In time we developed the vicious type of criminal lawyer who is really the confederate of his client and accessory to the crime. That type still flourishes. I have pointed out this highly dangerous fact many times in talking with lawyers, and invariably their reply is: "But the vast majority of lawyers are honest." That is no answer at all. I readily admit that the percentage of honesty among lawyers is high. It ought to be. Indeed, it has got to be, unless we are headed toward anarchy. Lawyers are specially trained men, usually educated at the public expense. They are the high priests of our governmental system. They are not private citizens, either. One dishonest lawyer can do more damage than ten murderous highwaymen. We seem to forget that they are sworn officers of the court, with extraordinary powers and privileges which impose upon them a professional duty that ranks above their duty to their clients. To say that even 90 per cent of our lawyers live up to high ethical standards is not enough. Lawyers must do even better than that. Under our system of government any boy or girl can become a lawyer, and therefore it is only reasonable to assume that some of those who receive their licenses would lack the requisite character to discharge their responsibilities. We ought to face that fact frankly and get rid of the chaff.

What this country needs is a housecleaning conducted by the lawyers themselves, to raise the standards of their profession. And along with that we need some kind of arrangement to limit the number of lawyers. We cannot afford to crowd such a vitally important profession. These men have such power that they can go out and make business if there is not enough to go round. No other single group of men in this country has the power to wreck our Government. I wish to set down the opinion solemnly and without qualification that they are wrecking it now, and have been for a long time. The task is enormous, however, and there is still plenty of time for them to undertake a mighty reform.

The greatest mistake I made during my entire career as a political boss was to form an alliance with the group of attorneys I have mentioned. Originally all that I did was to take advantage politically of a situation that had long prevailed and organize it, but in doing so I opened a floodgate and loosed a torrent of corruption. It was never my intention that we should finally number among our staunchest supporters all of the notoriously crooked lawyers in the community. We finally came to such a pass that the proper place to look for stolen goods or contraband, such as habit-forming drugs, was in the safe of the lawyer known to be allied with the criminal under arrest. Once thoroughly tied up with people of that kind, a political organization can't get rid of them. I must cut short these observations, however, because I wish to complete my account of the new elements which kept our machine vigorous after the abdication of Mike Callaghan.

With the development of our local industries we began to receive large numbers of European immigrants, and these also proved to be allies. We gained their allegiance naturally and honestly by befriending them when they most needed it. Our precinct captains did their best to protect the newest arrivals and the more gullible from crooks of their own nationality, who continually preyed upon them. When they were in trouble we supplied legal advice; when they wanted peddlers' licenses or a permit to build a house, the precinct captain convoyed them to the city hall and quite overawed them by knowing exactly what to do and where to go. Not only that, he made them gasp when he called the officials by their first names. Within a very short time there were three wards in our city that returned almost a solid machine vote. To this day they have never wavered in their allegiance. To tell them that there is or ever was anything wrong with our organization would be a waste of time. They know better. They tried it when they had nothing to give but a "thank you," and it never failed them. For many of these people it is still the very heart of all that is good in the spirit of America. It gave them the only warm and generous welcome they received.

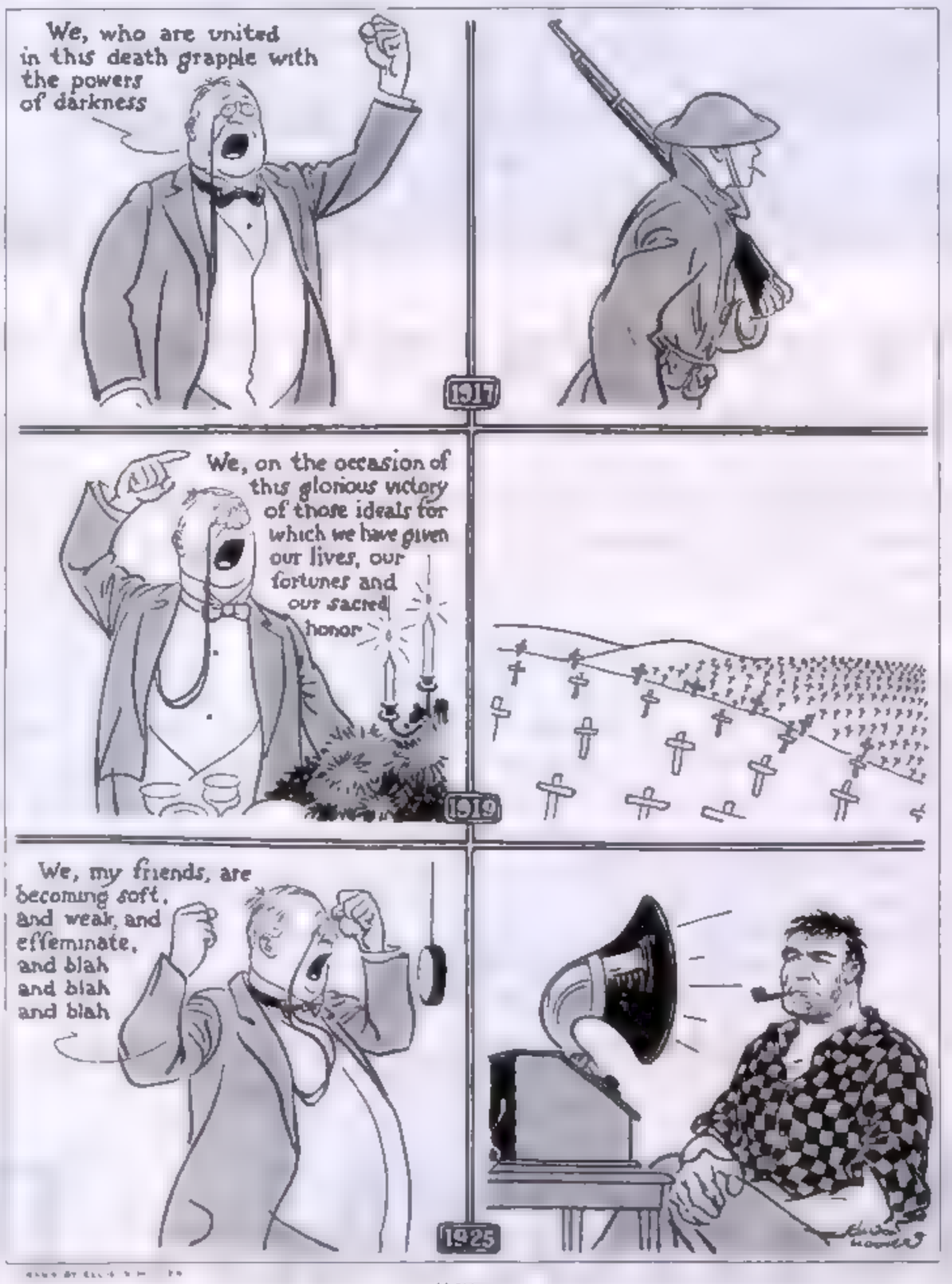
There is so much to be said on the credit side of our dealing with these people that I must not omit the debit account. It is that we made no effort to induct them into full citizenship. We addressed them as Poles, Italians, Germans or whatever they happened to be, without once contemplating the incongruity of their voting as American citizens if they were still foreigners. As a matter of fact, they weren't half as foreign in spirit as we thought they were; therefore, to the extent that our attitude had any influence at all, it must have been against Americanization rather than otherwise. Our lesser politicians praised them—as foreigners—with the most shameful flattery. Shameful, I mean, to the politicians, nearly all of whom were native born. I realized, hazily, at times that the performances of our petty candidates were disgusting, but I didn't know what to do about it. The full import of their ignorant slobbering did not dawn upon me until the sudden flaming of nationalism when the World War broke upon us. We had what we called a German colony, although it proved to be loyal almost to a man. The city councilman who represented it suddenly became afraid that he would be regarded as pro-German, in spite of the fact that he had not a drop of German blood, and deliberately picked a quarrel in a public place with a middle-aged baker who, as a matter of fact, was a German-speaking native of Switzerland. He beat this man outrageously. At the time I could do nothing about it, but when the opportunity came I banished him not only from politics but from the city.

There was a brief period beginning just before the World War and ending shortly after its close, during which the strategic position of my organization approached perfection—and then came the deluge. Bear with me a moment while I linger over the days of my glory and then I will bring this story to a close. In state affairs I worked in harmony with the emerging big-business interests that needed protection from ignorant demagogues. I did this without ever becoming subservient. Indeed, my connection with them was not even known, and they themselves never felt sure of me beyond any one pending issue. In local affairs I completely broke away from all vicious elements and made constructive work the basis of our machine control. I sedulously avoided flaunting my power as an individual and delegated a great deal of power to local political clubs. To the extent of my ability I tried to bind men to us by gratitude for real help. By that I mean helping them to help themselves, not to become idle tax eaters or plain grafters. However, not long after the World War closed there came a renascence of prosperity that reached clear to the bottom of the economic scale and simply robbed me of nearly 100 per cent of the honest, industrious, home-owning good citizens who had constituted my margin of safety. They had no more need of me or my machine. Where once I had been able to do a little more for them than others, now I couldn't do as much. Hundreds of them moved away to other cities. You will recall that there was a mighty shifting of population during the five years following the close of the World War. Presently I found that the sturdiest elements of strength in our machine were all more or less dishonest, and some of them outrageously vicious.

National prohibition brought back in place of the saloon the bootlegger. Then there were drug peddlers whose operations mounted into big business. They insinuated themselves into the organization by direct bribery that in many instances I knew nothing of. Law enforcement, even in murder cases, became complicated with the danger that something incidental to bribery might be disclosed if vigorous measures should be adopted by our police officers. We began to accumulate an astounding list of unsolved murder mysteries, most of which grew out of feuds between lawbreakers. The public knew that the victims of these assassinations were probably good riddance; consequently there was no great pressure for arrests and convictions. On the whole, I saw myself, as the titular head of my organization, sinking to a position that I would not have at any price. Unlike Mike Callaghan, my predecessor, mere power to swagger and rule does not intoxicate me. I had always put money in my purse and tried at the same time to be able honestly to regard it as a commission for good service rather than as a bribe.

We had now reached a situation where that was no longer possible Either I was the ally of criminals, crooked lawyers, bootleggers, racketeers and drug rings, or I was out. I preferred to be out, so I quit. If I could have reformed my machine I would have done so, but I don't believe that that course was possible. I have told you that in the early days of my association with the Callaghan machine we regarded a campaign contribution of five hundred dollars from an open gambling house as large. It is also important to remember that some of those gambling houses were much older than the machine to which they contributed. Now we had reached the era of five, ten, fifteen and in some cases twenty-five thousand dollar bribes. Racketeers rode in the most expensive automobiles in the city. The machine, they thought, should be their servant. And so it is. But by the same token it is doomed. During the past six years quite a number of machines have been wrecked, and more of them will be. As long as they served honest poor men they had a semblance of excuse for their existence. Now they have none. They have sold out. Honest poor men no longer need them. The sooner they go the better. And they are going, never doubt it! I am sure of this, because the way to wreck them is to send many of their principals to the penitentiary. That could never have been done to Mike Callaghan, because he wasn't a criminal. He was just a swaggering boss with a cigar in his mouth, a derby hat tipped sidewise, a splutter of oaths ready for utterance, and a heart bubbling with generosity. His day is done. It is time now for the clean-up. And the clean-up is in progress.

(THE END


We, who are united in this death grapple with the powers of darkness
1917
We, on the occasion of this glorious victory of those ideals for which we have given our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor
1919
We, my friends, are becoming soft, and weak, and effeminate, and blah and blah and blah
1925

"WE"

INTERNATIONAL

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS

"By reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures International Trucks have an important bearing on our profits"

This unsolicited testimonial, based on the costs sheets of a great business, gives the facts about International Trucks and International Service in a nut shell.

This endorsement comes from the Hathaway Bakeries, Inc., whose headquarters are in Boston. In New York and New England they operate 196 International Trucks, and experience speaks when they say:

"We have found the International Harvester Company a splendid organization with which to do business, and further, that our great fleet of International Harvester Trucks, by reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures, has effected economies which have an important bearing on the profits of our business."

We could tell you of the years of manufacturing experience that goes into every International — of the punishment given to experimental models on our testing grounds —of the improvements that are constantly being made in the line—but the proof of it all is in the profits these trucks are producing for their owners.

So go to an International Branch or dealer —there is one near you—select the International that meets your requirements—there is one for every hauling need. Try out the truck on your own job and you be the judge. There is no obligation.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ½-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1½, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

MR. HANNA

Continued from Page 21

Mr. McKisson was an agreeable minor politician of Cleveland to whom Mr. Hanna had refused his support for an election to the mayoralty. In 1895, however, Mr. McKisson was elected mayor. The truth is that Mr. Hanna's control of the Republican Party in Cleveland was never so absolute as journalists assert, in order to throw the struggle of his opponents into lighted relief.

Mr. McKisson was elected in an atmosphere of reform, and then commenced building a machine for himself "McKisson," Tom Johnson chose to remark in 1908, "was just as practical a politician as Mark Hanna ever was."

Practical or not, on January ninth it was known that Mr. McKisson had offered himself as a candidate to a caucus of Democratic legislators, saying that, if he was sent to the Senate, he would be loyal to the Democratic platform of 1896. This somehow upset the political stomachs of three Democrats who heard it and they declined to vote for Mr. McKisson. It was no sudden decision of Mr. McKisson that brought him to this performance. Over in Crawford County a retired judge of the Circuit Court, an abiding Democrat, had written to his son in New York on December twenty-third, "It passes my understanding how Bushnell" the governor—"and his gang mean to get McKisson elected when they can only pull it through by making McKisson over into a Silver Democrat. . . ." This was what Mr. McKisson strangely attempted. But an astonishing thing occurred within five hours of his stunt: Farmers and people of the small towns came stamping into Columbus, and rural Silver Democrats were heard bawling that Mark Hanna, the Republican "money king" of Cleveland, had to be elected senator.

What had happened? It had happened in September and October. Senator Hanna came before the plain people not as a smiling image in a white waistcoat behind speakers on a platform but as a speaker. He could never make an oration. He stood and barked out short, blunt sentences at the crowds, challenging anybody to prove that he had ever been an enemy of labor unions or that he did not pay the best wages in the state for a day's work. The farmers grinned when the senator stopped to rub an ear between two challenges or calmly said "Wait a minute" and pulled up a loose garter. He went on this way: "Mr. Bryan said just one thing in his big speech last year at Chicago that strikes me as true. He said that farmers and workingmen are business men as much as any banker or lawyer. Well, that's true. I like that. If you men will study business methods and learn how to look after your interests, we won't have to hear any more wishy-washy stuff about how Wall Street's abusin' you. Now, Johnny McClean went to the trouble to bring Mr. Bryan all this long way from Nebraska—hope he got a pass on the railroad for him—to tell you that Mark Hanna is a labor crusher, and God knows what all. My brothers and I employ six thousand men. Some of them are here in this crowd. Let any of them come forward and say that he hasn't had a square deal from M. A. Hanna & Co., and I'll shut up!" It was not oratory, but the plain people stood silent under it, and perhaps some of them wondered whether they were not business men, with a dairy for a store and their hired men for clerks. Anyhow, Mr. Hanna had a kind of success. He might nefariously control the town council of Cleveland for the sake of his street railways, but he did not seem unfriendly.

At Wooster an old man pushed up to the senator in the railway station and said, "I hear how you git things done for your car lines in Cleveland."

The senator said, "Well, now, if you wanted to have a new road run past your farm, would you go and talk to the surveyor with a cigar in your pocket, or wouldn't you?" The farmer chuckled. The senator grinned and handed out a cigar.

On January 11 and 12, 1898, the legislature of Ohio balloted, and Mr. Hanna was returned to the Senate. A handkerchief flaunted at the State House and the signal passed to his hotel. "I'm too fat for a Juliet," he said, staring from a window into the street. He then sent word to Mr. McKisson that, if he ever tried to be mayor of Cleveland again, a baby in diapers would be able to beat him. Mr. John Farley, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty in 1899, was not a baby, but he did beat Mr. McKisson, and nobody was much surprised at the feeble support given to the Republican candidate. As to the spectators from New York who had been watching the election at Columbus, they now disappeared. Mr. Walter Held ranged the hotels, trying to collect some small bets, and couldn't find the makers. Four or five days later—it was before the nineteenth of January—Mr. Edward Lauterbach idled up to Cornelius Bliss, who was lunching at the Lawyers' Club in New York, and told the Secretary of the Interior that he knew a couple of men who were worried for fear Uncle Mark had been hearing nasty stories about them.

"They might send him a bunch of violets and a pretty note," said Mr. Bliss.

"I told them not to do it," Mr. Lauterbach answered, "but they wouldn't listen to reason."

"You might tell Tom Platt to send a hymn book and some cigars along," Mr Bliss suggested.

Everybody grinned around the table, all these powerful men were amused, watching the machinery twinkle. Power had become their amusement, though the journalists talked about their mania for money. Some of them had no money at all, but they had power. They would spend a month of intrigue on the finding of a place in a governmental bureau for a widow in Oregon, and the point was not that they liked the widow. They had never seen this woman. But it was something to do. It was a minute display of force.

Their bodies thickened. They died at ages of fifty-two and fifty-three. They swooned on the mahogany tables at meeting of directors and were lugged down to bright, private cabs waiting on the slope beside Trinity Church. Their courage shredded under the shock of a favorite daughter's death, and they were loaded on steamships for some weary expedition into Europe. They took no exercise, trying to fire their energies on sweet foods, while they watched John Jacob Astor disapprovingly as he sipped white wine at luncheon. They lurched into Turkish baths to be kneaded into life by masseurs for an evening conference. But this was their pleasure. They did not live to explain it in memoirs. Few of them had time to make their wills, death was so importunate at the end, announced in a secretary's scream or a rush of servants to a figure tottering in the lobby of a club. Wives shivered, doctors cursed and friends advised. They might drag out two months abroad and be seen busy with American newspapers at Karlsbad. But their game went on—a tangled movement of hustling agents on the way to Washington or Cleveland or, later, to Oyster Bay. Most of them wanted nothing except this thrill of having made a point—an official had been created, a bill had been killed. It was something to do; it was not just making money. "See," one of them shouted to Stuyvesant Fish, "I got my man in!" He had put a collector of customs at a trivial port, in the face of Tom Platt, after spending ten thousand dollars on mighty dinners in Washington. This was pleasure—to be able to show a telegram to Stuyvesant Fish in a club. One of them saw most of the others buried and then gave up the sport. He roamed, and came yearly to a hotel in Budapest where the gypsy violins told him stories of idle love while he sat out the nights. And the last of them, much the finest, began to telephone one afternoon, his dry voice speeding into offices where old clerks shuddered as he summoned dead men to a meeting. A friend got his doctor and brought a closed car to the door on Broadway before intruding. He was raging. Some fool in the central at Cleveland had told him Mark Hanna was dead! The exquisite machinery of the broken mind was reversed to the year 1896. He could be persuaded that Mr. Hanna had rooms at the Holland House; the doctor and the hidden needle filled with sleep were in the car. After a few days he joined the rest of them. . . . But they had a good time. This was their pleasure. They had power, of a kind.

President Roosevelt at the Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Hyde Park, New York

II

A BURLY gentleman kept jerking his elbow back against Miss Henriette Adler and finally swept a false rose and a lot of gauze clean from her shoulder. She said, "*Mon Dieu!*" and the gentleman began his apology in French that wholly disregarded nouns, but made itself understood. A lady addressed as "Nannie" had a pin. Senator Orville Platt, of Connecticut, and the bald Senator Davis screened the committee on reparations. Mr. Hanna came down the room to demand what was being done to his guest, and then the talk was a vortex, because the battleship Maine was in the harbor of Havana, sent there to notify the Spanish Government that American citizens in the island were not to be molested Senator Davis thought this a good move. The burly gentleman whose teeth flashed as he talked agreed with the eccentric from Minnesota. Senator Hanna said nothing, his chin sunk on his white tie. But Miss Adler found the talk so queer, They all spoke as though Europe did not exist for them. Anyone in Paris knew that France and Germany, or the emperor of Germany, would resent a move toward the freedom of Cuba.

She said so, quoting what she had heard in Paris two weeks ago. It did not seem to impress the senators and the talkative charmer with the white teeth.

"I hope to see the Spanish flag and the English flag gone from the map of North America," he said, "before I'm sixty."

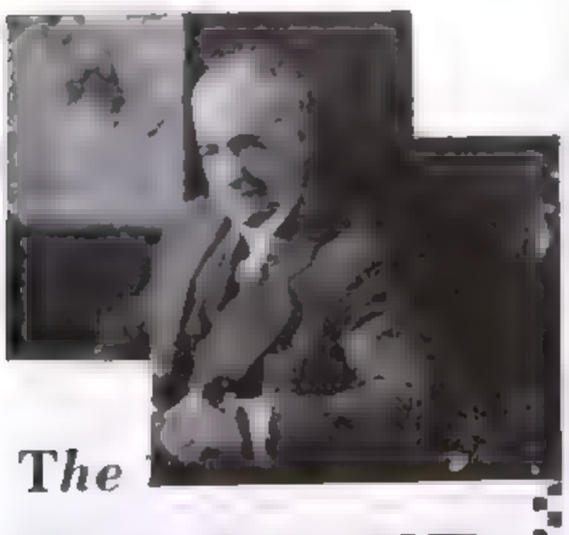
Senator Hanna stared and drawled, "You're crazy, Roosevelt! What's wrong with Canada?"

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy had not said that anything was wrong with Canada, except its English flag. He was in some state of mind. He wrote this wish in almost the same form to his friend Mr. Moore on the ninth of February, 1898. Mrs. Hanna explained Mr. Roosevelt to her guest as the party broke up and carriages removed the high Republican set from this house. Mrs. Hanna liked Mr. Roosevelt because he was really amusing and his wife was one of the nicest women in Washington. He just got violent about things. The senator grunted behind his cigar in the cab and observed that, thank God, they hadn't put Roosevelt in the State Department. He was a pet of Cushman Davis, and the senator from Minnesota had been howling to have Roosevelt in the State Department.

"We'd be fighting half the world," Mr. Hanna brooded.

Mrs. Hanna went to bed. The senator sat with Miss Adler in the restaurant of the Arlington over a pint of champagne and asked questions about Paris. She saw him only this one day and he seemed a grave, worried man of sixty. Her brother always talked of his friend as a comedian. But Mr. Hanna was serious. He had not liked the sending of the Maine to Havana. It was "waving a match in an oil well for fun." The reports of European opinion depressed him. We never got credit for our motives in Europe, he said. And what did she think of the French army? They talked a long time. In the morning he sent roses and a bale of magazines to her train, with a graceful enough little note of apology for keeping her up so late.

The Maine was destroyed on February fifteenth. On February twenty-third Mr. Hanna's secretary telephoned to William Beer, saying that Mr. Hanna had heard he was in Washington and must see him directly. Mr. Beer was abruptly ordered to get back to New York and find out what the biggest international bankers thought of the French sympathy for Spain. Mr. Beer declined the job. He had come to Washington to secure some information about a bank in South America for the New York Life Insurance Company. "I'll wire the damn thing's pedigree to the company before you get to New York!" said Mr. Hanna. He did so. Mr. Beer returned to Washington three days afterward with a statement that J. P. Morgan & Co. thought the French would restrain their sympathy for Spain to the newspapers, but that Germany might be expected to make trouble. In this transfer of opinions it seems curious that Mr. Hanna, dramatized as Wall Street's man in Washington by the journalists, had to appeal to the banks in New York through an attorney of an insurance company. Mr. Beer was daring



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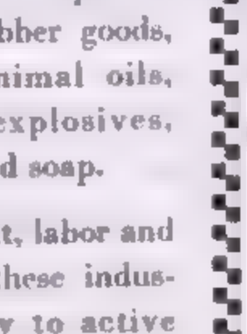

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

enough to ask why the senator had not simply telephoned to Mr. Morgan's offices.

"Too many —— ears on the wire," Mr. Hanna grunted.

Callers came into the smoky room. The war had already started for some of these legislators and there was an awful oration made on the strength of the Spanish fleet. Mr. Hanna listened, fiddling with his cigar, and his lips trembled. He began to grin

"Bah! We can lick Spain in six months," he said.

But nobody believed that. The group walked down from the Capitol and ended in the bar of the Raleigh, where Mr. Beer was introduced to a tall young representative, Mr. Oscar Underwood, described in his next letter as "one of the nicest Southerners I ever met," and it was argued in the Raleigh that Mr. Hanna would do everything he could to force a war, because of his friends in the steel business. Next week it was being argued, here and there, that Mr. Hanna was trying to force a war because of his friends among the railroads. It was not until after the first week in March that Mr. Hanna was discovered to be the demon who was trying to prevent a war, for the sake of his friends in Wall Street. Mr. Beer's head spun, at the end of March, when he heard in Washington that Wall Street was solidly lined up against a war. For three days of each week he was in New York, where men grabbed his arm as he entered the Lawyers' Club and demanded what this insane Hanna meant by trying to head off the war? John Jacob Astor was wearing a buttonhole of red, white and blue flowers. John Gates, Stuyvesant Fish, Thomas Fortune Ryan and William Rockefeller all had been sounded, before March twenty-fourth, by the life-insurance companies and were found to be feeling militant. On March twenty-eighth, precisely, it was announced through George Walbridge Perkins that Mr. John Pierpont Morgan was going to put his yacht at the service of the Navy Department and that the well-informed financier saw nothing useful in more arbitration. This news circulated the tables at luncheon, and men thought of their grown sons.

Mr. McKinley did not deliver his message to Congress for two weeks after Wall Street's most powerful personage had spoken. He was risking his indubitable popularity in the West for one known reason—the safety of Americans leaving Cuba—and for another which was stated by Mr. Hanna to Mr. Joseph Kimball on April eighth—the President still hoped that the civilized nations of Europe—the little gentleman had never been in Europe—would come to their senses and force Spain to ask for an international commission impowered to arbitrate the dispute.

But the United States wanted this war. It is now fashionable to sneer at McKinley for yielding to the war fever. Mr. Leonard Hanna, after his brother's death, once swung on an impertinent man in an argument, saying, "According to you, it was cowardly of Mark not to stop Mr. McKinley from declaring war on Spain, but it was wonderful of Mr. Roosevelt to help persuade Mr. McKinley to send his war message to Congress. Now, what do you want?" Our historians have not made their choice. If Mr. Roosevelt, Cushman Davis and many others were right in urging the war on Mr. McKinley, it is idle on the part of historians to sniff at the President.

Senator Hanna dreaded the results. "And now," he said in the Marble Room, two or three days after war was legally declared, "look out for Mr. Bryan. Everything that goes wrong'll be in the Democratic platform of 1900." His audience broke out in hoots of laughter. Bryan! What about Bryan? The man was a political cipher. You never heard of him any more. Uncle Mark was crazy. Only Senator Spooner shook his head. Bryan might be nominated again, he wisely thought.

"But," said Henry Cabot Lodge, "will not the Democrats hesitate before offering Mr. Bryan the nomination?"

Mr. Hanna now growled out his famous epigram on the hesitancy of dogs looking for a marriage license and left the group. Some kindly correspondents were asked not to print Mr. Hanna's opinion. He might not want to have it known that he thought such a thing. The Senate was developing an affection for Mr. Hanna. He made no speeches, even during the debates on the tariff, but he was useful in so many ways. His passion for arbitrating a row was useful, and he was an encyclopedia in awkward moments of debate. Questions of fact whispered along to his chair brought back the depth of the bay at Mobile, the number of negroes in Arkansas, the size of a railway station in Chicago. He was a good neighbor in the Senate, and he gave a good dinner at the Arlington.

III

THE war ended. Mr. McKinley sent for John Hay to come home from England as Secretary of State and the gay man's conversation succeeded the silence of Mr. Day at the department. His frankness about everything seemed frivolous. He drove up to the Senate to gossip with Mr. Hanna and was lunching with the senator when Cushman Davis' wonderful interview in Paris with an English reporter came back to Washington on Monday, December 12, 1898. The peace commission was still abroad and Mr. Davis had helped to give the Philippine Islands to the United States. He now arranged a configuration of nationalities in the Orient, opposing England, Japan and America to the *Dreibund* of Russia, France and Germany. Mr. Hay gazed at the message sent over from the White House telegraph office and said cheerily, "Heavenly union! Davis has run amuck!"

Senator Davis has no biography. People forget the extraordinary scholar who launched an economist's demand for the control of great corporations in 1886. In 1892 a certain Herr Cahensly presented a memorial to the Reichstag, suggesting that European nations plant colonies in the territories of the United States to civilize and control that mad population by breaking up its force. Mr. Davis arose in the Senate and retorted that Confucius was more civilized than Herr Cahensly. His speech of rebuke wandered abroad, much copied in newspapers. But he seldom spoke. He had taken fever on the Mississippi in the Civil War and was lethargic for the rest of his life. His office was crammed with books. In 1896 a reporter found him reading something called The New Spirit, by Havelock Ellis, twenty years before Mr. Ellis was discussed in the United States. He somehow managed to be an interesting economist, a collector of rare books, an essayist on Shakspere, an imperialist and a sentimentalist. But the Civil War had done for him, he told his friends. He would never amount to a damn. Still, in the autumn of 1898, John Hay watched this emissary of the United States with amused wonderment. "Do let me hear," he told Colonel Montgomery at the White House, "if Mr. Davis has another attack of statesmanship."

Mr. Hanna wished to heaven that Davis would keep his mouth shut. The cabinet divided on the question of retaining the Philippines, and the Senate riled itself. But Mr. Bryan appeared in the Marble Room and begged Democratic senators to accept the peace treaty in order to end the war. Cuba was free. The Philippine issue could be adjusted presently. Imperialism was not yet a rampant evil, to be cured by orations. Mr. Hanna watched the tall, easy man standing among the senators and said sidelong to Orville Platt, "I'd like to see him play Hamlet."

He examined statesmen as he examined actors. These externally cultivated personalities entertained him. He always sat through speeches of Senator Foraker and admitted that he enjoyed hearing his opponent talk. But the trouble with Mr. Foraker was that he exasperated. His method was vituperative. He conciliated nobody in public, and got for himself a wholly false reputation of being mean. He was not mean, but he was proudly autocratic. His underlings must not criticize him where they could be heard in Ohio. An interruption, even friendly, of a speech in the Senate was an offense. He remained unmanageable and had the name of being tricky, when he was simply a political casuist. If it was necessary to join Mr. Hanna in some move for the Administration, he did so gracefully. The rivals appreciated each other's merits. The stake between them was not the patronage of Ohio but the leadership of the Republican Party. 1896 had made it clear that a chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee was a terrible entity. Mr. Hanna had altered the management of campaigns. In 1898 there was already a shuffling for his favor, with Mr. McKinley's next election two years away.

But people who hated Mr. Hanna were plentiful. Some of the Silver Republicans who had bolted from the St. Louis convention of 1896 made overtures and wrote gentle letters of thanks when Mr. Hanna lifted the tariff on wool in 1897. The silver-mining states were also states where wool was sheared Mr. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, was not moved to make friends with the junior senator from Ohio.

He did not take economics and policies of government with any detachment; they were utterly personal, "moral issues" in his mind Before Christmas of 1899 he showed

Continued on Page 141

President and Mrs. McKinley in the White House, 1897

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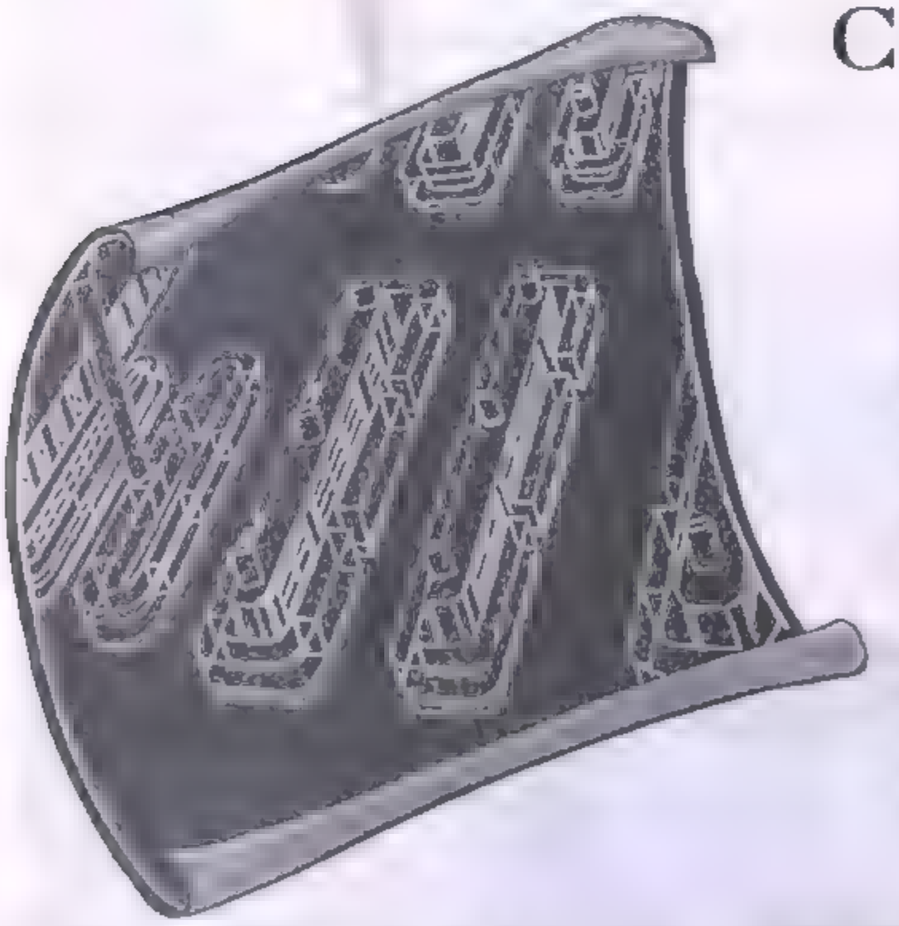

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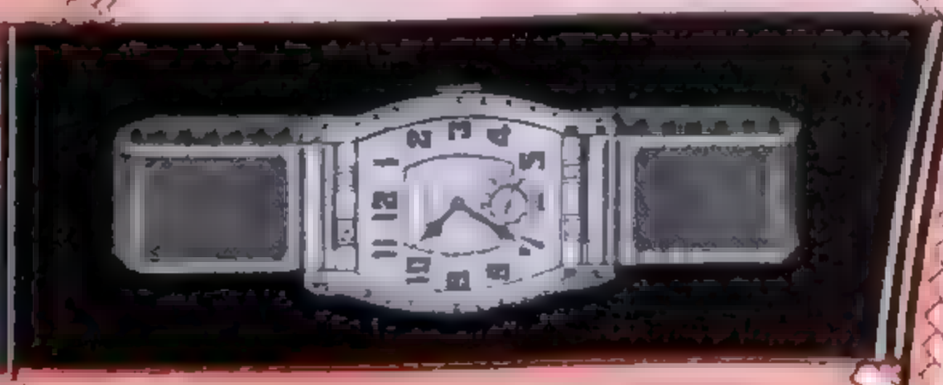


[illegible] 5 jewel movement; handsomely engraved radium dial; woven mesh band $37.50

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 138)

himself to Mr. Oscar Underwood as rather a petty man, on the steps of the Capitol

Senator Hanna told his street-car men in Cleveland that they would not strike if the other lines struck, as a favor to him, in the summer of 1899 and went unwillingly abroad. He took the cure at Aix, dodged into Prussia to consult the American consuls about the exclusion of American life-insurance companies from Germany, and sailed home, still rheumatic, outraged by the absence of the American flag on the high seas. "It's just a shame!" he said, in New York, at a luncheon in the Holland House. "Where the hell are our ships?" Mrs. Hanna put her hands on her ears and hurried him to Cleveland, where Maggie, his legendary cook, was waiting to soothe him with corned-beef hash, hot biscuits and corn stewed to the turn of perfection. His car men had not struck. Mr. Hanna gave them each a gold piece in the next pay envelope and praised them to Charles Nolan as the train took him to Washington, although he wanted mostly to talk about a canal through the Isthmus of Panama or by way of Nicaragua. He saw American flags drifting along that canal—lots of flags. He was going to get something done about American shipping, at least, whether the canal was feasible or not. If Germany subsidized her shipping, why shouldn't we?

Mr. Underwood was thinking of warm weather, on the steps of the Capitol, and chatting with Mr. Pettigrew. Senator Davis and Mr. Hanna were comparing socks a few yards away, when a Yankee legislator approached the senators and put in a request for a detail of the fleet to appear at some anniversary in a port of Massachusetts. Mr. Hanna rubbed an ear and denied the favor. The congressman simmered and puffed steam. "You had a consul sent to Aix," he snapped out, "to doctor you! It doesn't matter what you get out of the Government!" Mr. Hanna stiffened his neck and rose to his full height for a bit. "It cost the Government two dollars to send a cablegram. I paid his railway fare from Nuremberg to Aix an' back. Do you know what it'd cost in coal to send some battleships to this show? . . . No? Well, go and ask the Navy Department!" The congressman was blown down the steps. Mr. Pettigrew then lectured Mr. Underwood for an hour on the horrors of privilege and corruption. The gentleman from Alabama discovered that he did not like the senator from South Dakota.

Mr. Pettigrew now sailed toward his doom. Mr. Hanna was almost voiceless in the Senate. He had spoken briefly, four or five times, on a question of the price of armor plate for battleships, correctly pointing out that it would take years and millions of dollars to produce an efficient government factory to make the plate, and incorrectly urging that the steel companies should be allowed to name their own price for plate. This debate gave Mr. Pettigrew his chance. He accused the Republican Party of trading government contracts for campaign contributions with a certain shipbuilder, in 1892. Senator Carter denied the charge, and Mr. Pettigrew shifted to an attack on Senator Hanna, claiming that he had attempted, through an agent, to bribe a Mr. Otis to vote for him in the fight at Columbus in January of 1898. He read from the report of a committee which investigated the case in the Ohio legislature—a committee composed of three Democrats and an open enemy of Mr. Hanna. This report was indecisive, as there was no proof of anything save persuasion of Mr. Otis and no claim that money had been offered for his vote. But Mr. Hanna was denied the right of appearing by counsel, and the Senate Committee on Privilege had not seen fit to chase a wearisome tale in a scandalous row of local politicians. Mr. Pettigrew ended his attack and sat down.

When Mr. Hanna yelled "Mr. President!" and got to his feet, the Senate rippled. He whipped long sentences, comma by comma, on Mr. Pettigrew's shoulders, and senators poured into the chamber to listen to him. His words were not undignified, but he chanted a war song. He really said nothing much about Mr. Pettigrew. He stopped in ten minutes, and Senator Foraker read the minority report of James R. Garfield at Columbus in defense of Mr. Hanna, while the newborn orator huddled in his chair and glared at Mr. Pettigrew's head. Something had happened. Mr. Hanna had violently announced that he was tired of being traduced in this unreasonable way. He had been persuaded not to answer the newspapers in 1896 when his son's lawyers listed one hundred topics in a possible action against Alfred Henry Lewis for libel. But this was different. He doubly proposed not to have this yarn spread in the coming campaign and not to have it unprotected on the records of the Senate, and his funny triumph as a public speaker was the result of his angry forethought. After this he often spoke with some elaboration, although Mr. Pettigrew was not there in 1901 to hear him.

He was going to "see about" Mr. Pettigrew. The matter had to be delayed. There were preliminary irritations at the Republican National Convention, where he was obliged to accept the crazy Mr. Roosevelt as the nominee for the vice presidency. And then he had to argue with some omniscients in New York, explaining that Mr. Bryan would take a good deal of work once more. Mr. Bryan, with a black handkerchief looped around his neck, had bobbed up again, supported by Tammany Hall this time, and supported, of course, by the silver mines. Mr. Bryan was now an anti-imperialist and a friend of governmental ownership of railways. Mr. Hanna set his oiled machinery to work. Mr. Roosevelt was shot into the West on a speaking trip. Pamphlets, posters, orators and bands were financed and placed. There was now no talk against advertising McKinley and Roosevelt. Mr. Hanna's orders were sweetly obeyed. Prosperity, unless you were a coal miner, was actual. Money stirred; the farmers were calmer at Democratic rallies in July and August. But Mr. Hanna deferred his own share in the campaign until October.

Mr. McKinley did not want the Senator to go into the Northwest. It was Populist territory and silver territory beyond Iowa. Mr. Hanna sent back word from Chicago that God hated cowards, and went off to see about Pettigrew in a special train, with assistants, a secretary, a stenographer and some reporters. He was announced by telegraph. If anybody was going to shoot him, he said, there would be time to get the guns well loaded. He meandered through Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Wives fried a breakfast at two in the morning and drove down to the railroad to see Mark Hanna. The plain people crowded at stations, waiting for the mountainous creature built for them by the newspapers, and a man in a gray suit came trudging onto the brass balcony of the coach and told them that protected industry meant "more wages for the working man, more money in the banks, better prices for your crops." William McCready's Populist father turned to his son in the crowd at Lincoln and said, "But he don't look like he ought to, Billy!" The human asserted itself against the cartoon. Mr. Hanna pounded his ruddy fists on the rail and repeated his simple doctrine. He told the people of Lincoln that Mr. Bryan's statements about the great fund to purchase votes and corrupt election judges were incorrect. He waited when he was interrupted, and let the hecklers say what they pleased. News scattered back to the East that the senator was having a success. Crowds bigger than those greeting Roosevelt had come to hear him. When he passed up into South Dakota, the crowds saw him from all angles, as a law compelled speakers to leave trains and make themselves audible at least two hundred feet from the tracks. In this way the Populists protected themselves from luxurious oratory spilled out of private cars. Mr. Hanna spoke just as roughly and simply from a wooden platform erected on solid earth. Boys crawled so close to the senator that they could smell his cigars. The effect of 1897 repeated itself. Mr. Hanna might be mistrusted as a rich man, but he could not be hated as a demon pock-marked with dollars. So Mr. Richard Pettigrew was not elected to the Senate in November, and the state of Nebraska was disloyal to Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Hanna rested, in his manner, at Cleveland, playing bridge in the Union Club and speaking impolitely of Tom Johnson, who was preparing to make a quantity of trouble in the city's affairs. He seemed definitely an old man when Henry Adler called on him at the house beside Lake Erie; there was some rust on the human machine. But the senator was gay. His chase of Mr. Pettigrew had amused him and he was in a good humor with Mr. Bryan. The man always did the wrong thing. His governmental ownership of railways was stale; the Populists had talked it ten years back. Free Silver was a dead one, and the people didn't care a hang whether the Government kept the Philippines or not.

"And do you?"

"Not much," said Mr. Hanna.

But why had he made a kick against mentioning an interoceanic canal in the Republican platform? Mr. Hanna did not answer. Mr. Adler pressed the question. They had talked of the canal years ago. He had always seemed to be fascinated by the scheme. His mouth hardened and he shook his head. He hadn't wanted Mr. McKinley committed to a canal through Nicaragua or to one through Panama. But why not?

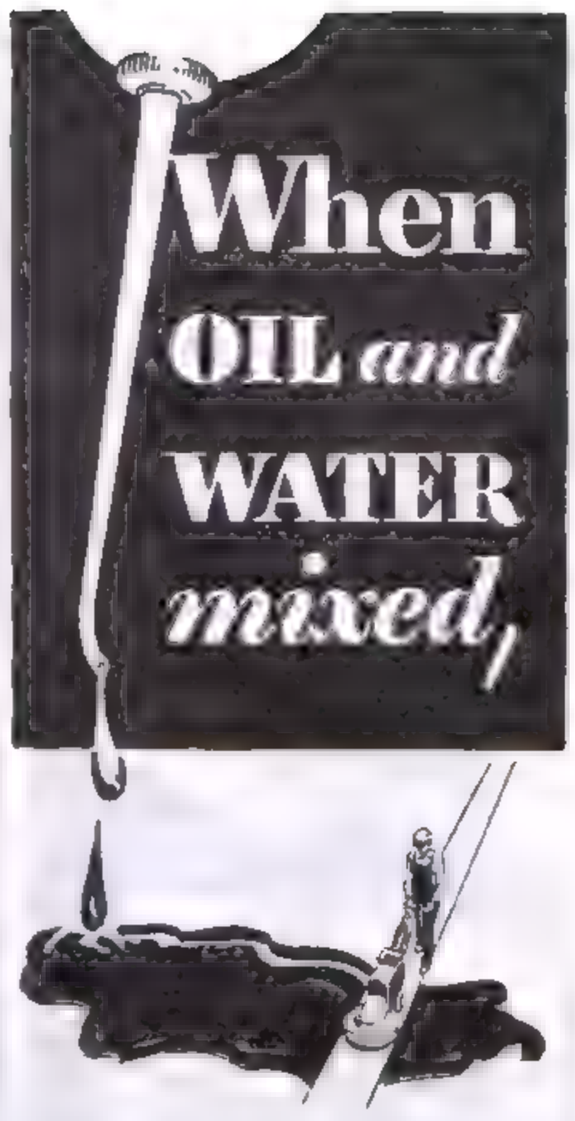
"I hate being bulldozed into doing a thing, even if I want to do it," he said

His power was, privately, a deep pride to Mr. Hanna. He could use money. He could throw an energy among feebler men by his own force. He knew, just then, that he had made himself known to the people who were raving against him in 1896, and that they were not now his enemies. He had shaken the bosses in the East and had made New York regard him. He had destroyed Mr. Pettigrew and banged Mr. Bryan. His identity was quite apart from that of the President. Even when the rumors of descending tariffs annoyed New York in the summer of 1901, the indignant millionaires hoped to woo back Mr. Hanna to a sense of what was owing to them without approaching Mr. McKinley. The murder of the President in September tossed all the calculations in a heap. There was a pause, and a new dramatization of Hanna's personality. Journalists and manufacturers came to the same easy picture. Mr. Roosevelt would have no use for the senator. But in the middle of November a messenger went down to see John Hay about a complicated matter of life insurance in China that must be handled by the Government. Mr. Hay was delightful, but evasive. The President must be invoked. Could Mr. Hay get an early appointment for the messenger with Mr. Roosevelt?

"Certainly," said Mr. Hay. "Come along. We're both lunching with Mr. Hanna."

For Mr. Hanna had not fallen. While the journalists talked of Mr. McKinley's friend, Senator Hanna had established himself in his own right, a large, solid object in the middle of things at the capital. He had always generated his own power. He made money, or friends, or superstitions, and, most uncomfortable for the tacticians, he was served by people to whom he had become a fetish, an emblem of luck and force. And there was something else. Rather dazedly and unwillingly, people had come to understand that the old man loved his nation, and thought of it as a great scene in which he was helping to lead somewhere, in a cause that seemed good to him.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Beer. The next will appear in an early issue.



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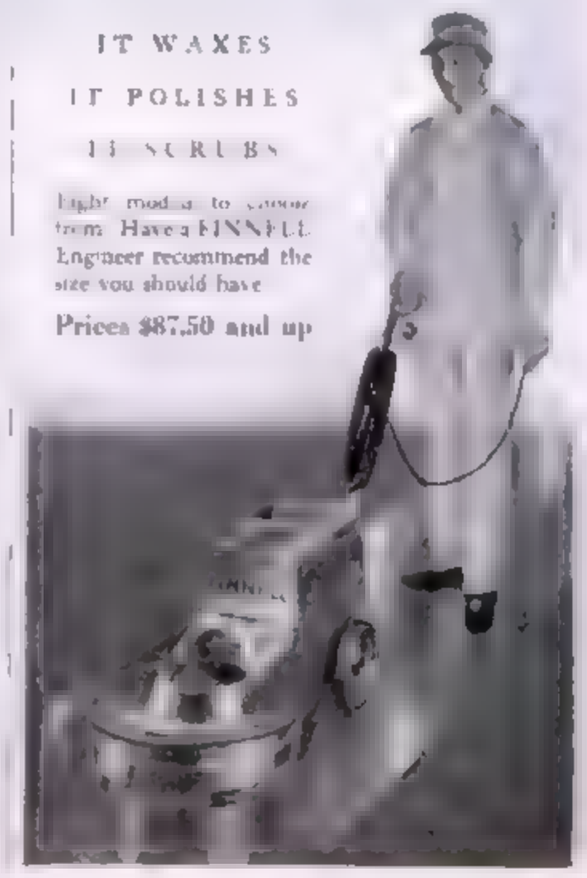

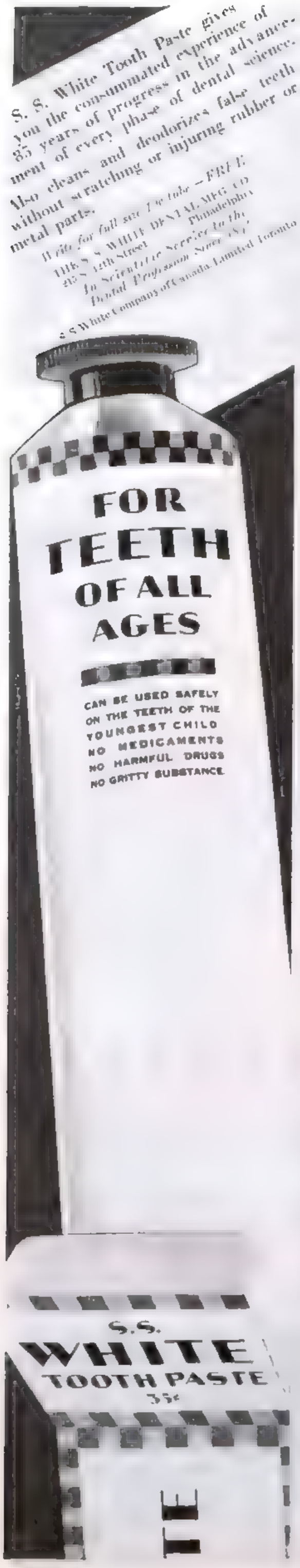
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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Continued from Page 43

of his own, for he was poor, with but a scattered few of half-acre strips, and this tax alone was now preventing him from wedding Moll, the carpenter's wench.

"Ne levy leyrwite when a man's daughter faults, as many must do when lawful wiving is forbid by a lord who finds not his vantage therein!" cried another who at the last manorial court had been fined on that account.

"Of good sooth, fellows," agreed an old laborer, "much is there amiss in the realm, and hard is't to set it aright. Only if we might come to the king's grace, might we get justice."

"Sikerly shaltow get the king's grace and the king's justice, gaffer!" mocked one of the journeymen. "The grace of a hurdle at the horse's tail, and the benison of the hangman at the ride's end! That is all the king's grace and justice a poor man may come to these days. Baw!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "All men know that the king is but a boy and hemmed around with evil counselors, to the ruin of all. Hard times there were when King Edward and his Black Prince—God bless him!—fought in France for the French king's crown. Natheless then somewhat was it to be an Englishman, for battles and sieges did we win amain. Now are we beat every day by the French, and their ships be in the sea betwixt them and us, and bren the towns of England. With all that shame, is the realm taxed as never in King Edward's brave time. Twice these three years has there been the poll tax, and now men say Parliament will make it that the tax is to be gathered again, every man according to his having, and from the very poorest a groat a head."

The ragged ill-nourished peasants burst into savage malediction of those evil counselors who took advantage of the youth of the king to oppress his people. Another poll tax! It was unheard-of, unendurable. Not easily, they vowed, should these extortionate tax farmers collect it this time.

Old John Boteler glanced up at the sun.

"Let us to our plowing, fellows," he said. "Come what may, tilth must be tilled an we would not starve next year. So my father taught me when I was a lad. For all our chatter, we must e'en leave the governance of the realm to Parliament and the great folk therein. Small heed will they pay to the like o' we."

As Dickon went toward his oxen, the lark sour-visaged journeyman came close to him, whispered in his ear.

"An thou wouldst be of that one-hood, fellow," he said, "speak wi' me after the plowing. A great company are we already, all pledged i' faith each to each, and all for all."

It was a Sunday in the spring of 1381. On the irregular green of the squalid village of thatched mud-and-wattle cottages, the villeins—men and women—collected in little angrily exclamatory groups while the cracked bell of the dilapidated church summoned them to the Mass they must one and all attend under penalty of yet another of the multitudinous fines to which they were liable. Dickon stood with old John Boteler in the midst of the noisiest of those gatherings.

"Now, master plowman!" cried big Steve, the smith, brawny and blackened with his trade. "Aye hastow bid us be content with our lord's justice and have nought to do wi' the lawless talk o' landless men. What sestow now? Dostow bend thy back and say gramercy to the lord that now thou must again work his land three days i' the week, and they the fair ones—and God speed thee to till thine own yardland i' the rain? Not so do I! Good pence paid my father to be free of all sik bondage to make and mend plowshare, and spade and scythe wageless at my lord's will. Good pence have I paid for my smithy and my land, and so will I pay in all honesty. But, mark thee, master plowman, ne share ne reap hook ne scythe comes to my forge sans pence therefor—say the lord how he will!"

"Aye, aye!" cried others in the crowd. "Pence will we pay for our lands as aforetime, but not wageless will we toil for the lord! Liefer will we take arms in our hands and make an end of all!"

Old John Boteler looked around those furious faces. True was it that he had counseled them to have ne part ne lot in the rebellious talk with which of late the whole countryside was seething; particularly since it had been put beyond doubt that another poll tax was to be levied by the hated taxgatherers of the boy king in the hands of evil counselors. But now a catastrophe had occurred. Yesterday, at the moot of the manorial court, the formidable Sir Hugo had stood up, with his sly-visaged fork-bearded lawyer on one hand and his bailiff on the other, and had brusquely informed them that henceforth he would take no more pence for rent, but that they must hold their lands on the old customs of the manor—three days' work a week for the lord, and all other toils and dues as set forth in the rolls. There had been a great outcry, a storm of infuriated protest.

Sir Hugo had silenced it, had thundered at them authoritatively: "Villeins ye are!—villeins ye were—and villeins ye shall be—to be in all things at the will of your lord!"

Making an impressively swift demonstration of his power, he had then and there bade his servants seize some of the noisiest, had fined them for disturbance of his justice. Since then the village had been blaspheming in savagely impotent rage. Intolerable was it that they should be thus thrust back to the customs of their fathers, customs long since redeemed for monetary consideration. Now, on this day of freedom from field work, they clustered around old John Boteler for his advice. His status as a holder of a full yardland and as the highly important skilled plowman, together with the quiet steadiness of his character, had long made him a natural leader among them. He felt his responsibility.

"List ye, folk! Ne boots it to make riot for redress of wrong. In sik wise comes but ill upon all, and the king's sheriff to drag poor men off to the king's prison, with much sorrow beside. Yet will we maintain against our lord the rights our fathers bought from his father with good pence. This then is my counsel: That ye rest peaceful, and that some among us go forth in the name of all to London town, taking money with them that we, too, may hire a lawyer, and thereby come to the king's justice. Well I know that a villein may not plead in the king's court against his lord, yet may we—God aiding—bring our wrong to the king's ear, and he shall send some great one to summon our lord, i' the king's name, to abide by the bargain his father made."

Someone laughed bitterly. "Scant hearing shall poor men such as we get for our pence in London town! Sooth were it better that all the villeins of the realm gathered themselves into a one-hood and made swift end of these great folk who devour us alive!"

Dickon glanced at the speaker. It was wild Nat, the charcoal burner, a turbulent man of little estate, overmuch in the alehouse with other penceless ribauds. Was Nat then a member of that mysterious great one-hood, furtively organizing itself over the realm, of which the lank sour-visaged journeyman had whispered to him? His father had prudently dissuaded him from having aught to do with anything so dangerous, and he and his friend Will Gervase had drawn back from it. Now, in his furious indignation, he regretted that he had not learned more of it. Altogether unfitted for these oppressive times were the mild counsels of his father. Not by lawyers' plea could they get redress, when notorious it was that all lawyers sided with the great lords, helping them to thrust back their serfs into the intolerable bondage of before the Black Death.

"Hist! Here ride our lord and his ladies!" cried another. "They fear not even God's wrath that thus forsworn they go to holy church—a murrain on them all!"

At that moment, indeed, Sir Hugo, with his wife and daughter, came riding along the miry road which traversed the green, a troop of armed and mounted servants behind him, plainly going to church in the usual manner. Formidably burly in his saddle, he disdained even to glance at the glowering, suddenly silent groups of those villeins who would gladly have slain him had they dared.

Old John Boteler spoke again. "Good counsel will we take together, fellows," he said persuasively, "and not lightly shall we yield our rights. But now to church, lest there be fines to pay."

They all trooped after him to the dilapidated church where usually the parson kept his corn and not infrequently his fowls, for a poor man like themselves was the parson, receiving but six marks a year from this living, owned, like many others, by a monstrously wealthy Italian prelate who never set foot within the realm. Not his fault was his execrated relentlessness in the matter of tithes, demanding a tenth even of eggs or of poor widows' gleaning after harvest.

Reverently, nevertheless, the villagers grouped themselves within the church, behind the benches where sat Sir Hugo and his ladies, his bailiff and his chief servants. Reverently, in that fervent simple piety characteristic of that age terrified by lurid portrayals of damnation in hell fire, they knelt to that service read in incomprehensible Latin. With much less of reverence, with a sullen angry endurance, they listened to the parson preaching platitudinously from his pulpit on the text: "*Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari*"—"Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

The service came to an end. The lord of the manor and his ladies passed down the aisle in the due precedence for which, in old habit, the villeins waited. As they walked, their rich raiment in vivid contrast to the poor garb of their serfs, their heads disdainfully high, Dickon glared into their faces one by one. How he hated them! He looked into the fair countenance of the Demoiselle Blanche—startlingly beautiful was it at this close range; almost it abashed his rustic awkwardness—with a vehemence of hatred she must surely feel. She passed, serenely unaware of his existence. Incredible was it that one so fair could be so conscienceless and wicked! But she was, as it were, of another world; almost like sacrilege was it to think of her as a human creature. Yet, oddly, hardly to be imagined, there were men in life who might dare, freely, boldly, to make love vows to her to whom she would listen—at whom she would smile.

The villagers trooped out from the porch, men and women muttering angrily together at that sermon basely subservient to their lord's iniquity. Soothly, not to these clerks could a poor man come now for help to withstand the mighty. Parsons and monks and friars—not perhaps so much the friars who railed at all men, and not least at their rival religious—all were leagued with the lords, who cared not whether their serfs starved, so that they hawked and jousted, went splendidly in costly raiment.

A voice was jovially eloquent to their ears as they emerged. Standing on a stone just outside the churchyard, a large-bodied gray-haired man was haranguing a little throng already about him.

Continued on Page 144

"Meet me at the soda fountain"

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(Continued from Page 142)

"Ha-ha! Friends all! *Ben'cite!* Come gather round! Come hark to me. . . . What? Ye know me not? John Ball am I yclept, sometime priest of St. Mary's in York. John Ball! Honest John Ball! So for now a score of years men ken me the length and breadth of this England that God made to be merry England! If ye ken me not, I ken ye—all of ye! There is Piers Plowman. . . . God rest thy soul, honest plowman! . . . There stands John Trueman! . . . God save thee, fellow Christian!" Dickon drew near, pushed through the throng. Not a brown-habited friar was this, but, nevertheless, a tonsured priest, in a dirty and tattered garment, his glib-tongued personality robustly attractive as he indicated first one then another of those about him: "There stand John Carter and Will Shepherd. Well I ken their brethren far and wide over this realm. Honest men all, though poor they be! Now, friends all, John Ball greets ye and wills ye well. A tale I hear that things fare ill with ye in this village. Is't sooth?"

They cried out to him eagerly: "Yea, yea! Sooth is it, master priest! Evil are things with us and great wrong does our lord work upon us!"

He laughed to them—an infectious, sardonic laugh. "Say ye so! Your lord works wrong upon ye? Nay, simpletons, what then would ye think your lord to do? List to my words, honest folk all. Not alone in this village but in all the villages of this fair realm of England do things go ill and the lords work wrong. Ne can things go well in England, ne aye will, until there shall be no mo villein ne lord! Until all shall be one, gentle and simple, ne rich ne poor, but all things held in common! Doth that sing strange to ye? Bethink ye, folk! Whence, then, are these lords that hold ye in bondage, to travail for them in hunger and rags while they eat their fill in idleness and fine clothing? Wherefore have they this right to beat ye if humbly ye obey not their commands; wherefore have they right to take the poor man's toil fro dawn to eve, to take in heriot his beast and chattel even if the widow starve, to lay upon him weighty servitude and forbid him hearing in justice against his master? Wherefore are ye villeins and they lords? Did God make ye of divers stuff? Nay, friends, mankind did God make all alike and sent His Son from heaven to redeem all alike, so that ye repent of your sins! I bethink me of a catch that once I rimed, and now honest men sing it north and south and east and west over this sorrowful England. Learn ye it also. Chant it after me, friends!

"When Adam delved and Evë span,
Who was then the gentleman?

"Again, friends! Let me hear ye—fear not, for 'tis out of Holy Writ! Again, all of ye!

"When Adam delved and Evë span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

His audience chorused the distich, amid laughter and shouts of approval, repeated it again and again in huge enjoyment.

"Forget not that rime, friends! Ye shall hear it again and oft; ye shall hear it on a day when score and tally shall be matched, and no mo shall there be lords and villeins, but only free men in this realm of England! Are ye with me, friends? Will ye step forward bravely on that day to make an end of oppression—to make an end of lord and bishop, of lawyers that undo a man with a scrawled-on parchment, of monks that fatten in their stalls while the husbandman starves, of false priests that serve Holy Church only for their tithes—to make an end of all wrong and pride and flaunting sinfulness, and be all one together in the Grace of God? Are ye with me, friends?"

"Yea! Yea!" came the shout from the throng. "One and all! One and all will we step out!"

He smiled at them, made a gesture with his hands that seemed to gather them all into brotherhood, into a sacred cause.

"So are ye all John Ball's men! Honest folk that will have nought but justice! Yet be ye ware of this: Not alone can ye throw down the lords and the bishops and the lawyers; all must stand together—all over this realm of England—in one-hood. In such a one-hood—give ear, folk, for this is deadly secret, perilous to a man's life—as by God's help is now contrived far and wide over the land—a one-hood that hath many friends powerful to help, e'en in London town where dwells the king, beset by evil counselors. A one-hood that by God's mercy must prevail! Yet bear ye patiently, my friends! Let none be hasty and so spoil all. All must wait for the word!"

"So will we do, master priest! But God send that the word come apace!"

"Apace will it come, good folk! Not long shall ye wait. And heed it when it cometh! Now will I give ye another rime, and mark it well." He declaimed it in a robust chanting recitative:

"John the Miller hath yground small, small, small.
The King's Son of Heaven shall pay for all.
Be ware or ye be wo.
Know your friend from your foe.
Have enough and say, 'Ho!'
And do well and do better and flee sin,
And seek peace and hold therein.
And so bid John Trueman and all his fellows!"

The crowd of simple folk laughed and repeated phrases of the rime in that delight in cryptic allegory which had made the poem of Piers Plowman immensely popular with all the peasantry of England.

The preacher continued, in an impressive earnestness:

"Wait for the word, friends. One day shall ye hear that Jack Miller needeth help to turn his mill aright. One day shall ye hear that John Ball hath rungen your bell. Then shall ye all stand forth in one-hood. Then shall ye make an end of serfdom and sorrow, and England shall be merry England once mo! Wait for the word, good folk, and then mind ye well—one-hood!—one-hood!—one-hood!—Or ye be lost! Let none dare do other than shall be bid him when that day cometh! And now, good folk, friends all, God's blessing be with ye, and may God's good time come speedily upon earth! *Pax vobiscum!* God keep ye all! Amen!"

He stepped down from the stone, passed with jovially friendly nod and word through the throng that pressed eagerly about him, walked across to the alehouse where fat Nan, the brewster, had been lamenting unwontedly empty benches. Now she gave him a beaming "Good cheer, sir priest!" at the sight of the custom that plainly he was bringing with him as he entered and bluffly demanded a crust of bread and cheese and "a flagon of thy best ale, good wife."

Dickon did not go with that throng to the alehouse. Ever a good sober son, he walked back with his father and mother to the cottage where they had left a Sunday piece of bacon in the pot.

"As strange a sermon as ever I heard was that!" said Ann Boteler. "What thinkstow of it, goodman John?"

Old John Boteler frowned. "A mad sermon from a mad hedge priest," he said. "He should have been clapped in the stocks and his mouth bridled like a ranting wife."

Dickon spoke up—still was the impression of that sermon strong upon him: "Nay, father, well quoth he when he said that all must stand together in one-hood if poor villeins such as we are to have right and justice! Sikerly, of that one-hood will I be if so be that the word he told of cometh to us!"

He spoke in bitter vindictiveness and, incongruously, a vision of the fair Demoiselle Blanche flitted across that anger, oddly at variance. Old John Boteler answered harshly, "Then sikerly wiltow dangle high on gallows tree, son Dickon. To such cometh it aye when poor villeins seek by strife to get their rights against mailed lords and the justice of the realm. Nay, nay, to London town must we send trusty men with pence in pouch, and hire lawyers to speak i' the king's ear. Have nought to do wi' one-hoods and mad hedge priests, son, or rue it sikerly thou wilt."

Dickon replied nothing. If so be that word came, first would he be to answer it.

It was the eighth day in June of that never-to-be-forgotten year 1381. In the tumultuous mob of peasants pouring along the rutted road, Dickon and his friend Will Gervase sang with joyous excitement the refrain that was their marching song:

"When Adam delved and Evë span
Who was then the gentleman?"

Who indeed was gentleman now? With a fearsome exultant clamor they had burst into manor house after manor house, where terrified and trembling lords had humbly yielded all that these wild rebels demanded of food and drink and money. There had not, indeed, been that orgy of unspeakable atrocities which had signalized the *Jacquerie*—the rising of the maddened French peasants—a generation before. Some few of the manorial lords—marked men, specially hated for their oppression—had been brutally murdered amid demoniac glee, many had been hilariously chased out into the woods and fields; the most had had their lives safe if they made no resistance. But always the manorial rolls had been seized and burned in bonfires danced around by men and women singing in delirious joy at this destruction of the records of their servitude. Always, every lawyer they could catch had been summarily slain, and with them all that could be routed out of sisours, those corrupt quasiprofessional jurymen, especially execrated as the instruments of the conviction of poor wretches under the vindictive Statute of Laborers.

With particular ferocity, aided joyously by the local serfs, had they attacked the monasteries of the region, for everywhere the monastic corporations were the most stubborn of manorial lords, yielding no jot or tittle of their privileges, exacting always the uttermost of their dues. If but rarely did they mishandle the monks themselves—yet, so the talk went, and truly, another mob had caught and beheaded the prior of the great abbey of Bury Saint Edmunds—nevertheless they had triumphantly forced monastery after monastery to surrender their records to the flames, to promise new charters of complete manumission. For henceforth there should be no more lords or villeins, but all men should be peers in freedom.

Distant through a phantasmagoria of wild deeds seemed to Dickon that recent morning when the great tidings had first come to their village. For days there had been rumors of resistance to the collectors of the new poll tax, and a story that both at Brentwood in Essex and in Kent those abominated extortioners had been driven to flight. In the midst of that growing excitement had suddenly appeared unknown travel-stained men, uttering a cryptic saying that was instantly understood. "Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill a-right. He hath grounded small, small. The King's Son of Heaven he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go a-right, with the four sails, and the post stand in steadfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will, let might help right." To which was added another: "John Ball greeteth you well all and doth you to understand that he hath rungen your bell." It was the word at last—the word from that great one-hood mysteriously working on their behalf all over the realm—the word which bade them also stand forth and make an end of serfdom!

Intoxicated with that all but incredible tiding, they had collected on the green, young and old, men and women, a crowd of tattered peasants armed with quarterstaves and rusty swords, and here and there a man with a long bow and a few arrows, had stormed down to the manor house, had flung planks across the moat whereof the

(Continued on Page 147)

We went wool-gathering in England—

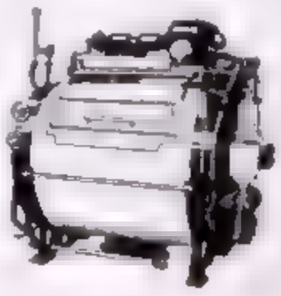
AMERICAN women asked us: "Why won't woolens wash?" "Isn't there some way to make a blanket behave in its bath?"—questions that we had been asking ourselves—

So we went to England—the land of woolens—to find out. We spent a great many months and much money, and learned a great deal about wool.

Then back we came to our own laboratories here in America. We put the wool fibre under the microscope and made it tell us more. We nursed it and abused it; tested it and tried it. And we discovered that, for all its scale-armored exterior, the wool fibre is super-sensitive. It shrinks from a change in water temperature as a flower shrinks from frost!

"Can woolens be successfully washed?" . . . "American" engineers answered with ingenious machines that wash blankets at a temperature that does not vary one-tenth of one degree in wash or rinse water. With machines that dry them to size, and brush them to woolly softness.

The result is laundered blankets—immaculate as winter snows, fleecy as summer clouds, and *absolutely unshrunk*.



The American Blanket Washer, perfected for the washing of comforts, quilts, sleeping-bags, curtains, sweaters, and wool knit goods of all kinds.

Wherein, as any housewife will tell you, we came pretty close to accomplishing the impossible.

Which is, after all, one of our jobs.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

Executive Offices: Cincinnati, Ohio

AMERICAN

In the cause of world cleanliness

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DO YOU STILL SEND HER *Flowers?*

WHEN you wire flowers to ... florist who displays the Winged Mercury ... the symbol of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association ... you may be sure of fine flowers delivered in the best possible way.

You know how thrilled she used to be when you said it with Flowers .... Now that she means so much more to you, your Flowers will mean more to her .... On your anniversary, add to her storehouse of pleasant memories, the happy thought that *you remembered.*

Say it with Flowers

Look for this emblem ... It is the mark of a *good* florist, whose business integrity is unquestioned

(Continued from Page 144)

drawbridge had been raised, had entered in tumult. The lord was absent. With his wife and daughter, he had ridden hard that morning toward London. Odd had been Dickon's little pang of personal disappointment; yet had he not known what he would have done with that fair maid, so awesomely of a superior race, had he found her crouching in terror in that low-raftered, rush-strewn hall. But they had caught the bailiff hiding in a loft, had hanged him amid all they could imagine of insults. He would help the lord to thrust them back into servitude, would he? Joyously, they had broken open the iron-bound muniment chests, had rummaged out the ancient parchments, had thrown them on the great fire which had consumed utterly those hated writings which held them bond.

And then one had shouted: "To London town, folk! So John Ball bids ye! Let every man march to London town, where the king shall decree that there be no mo villeins!"

Immediately, they had set forth. As he went in the wild mob surging out of the village, Dickon had looked back at the turn of the road, had seen his father, the plowman, standing almost alone on the village green. He had wrenched himself out of the old man's grasp, deaf to his pleading. Must not every true Englishman stand forth on this great day to make an end of villenage forever? Moreover—though this was obscure in him—to London town had ridden that fair proud maid, his lord's daughter; haply to be met with in that vague audacious desire which, for dread of mockery, he might confess to none.

It was Wednesday, the eve of Corpus Christi, the twelfth of June, 1381. All morning Dickon and Will Gervase and many others of their village had stood in that vast multitude of scores of thousands congregated on the upland of Blackheath, four miles from London town, on the Kentish side, under two great banners of Saint George. Yesterday had they, with some others of the Essex folk, been ferried over the Thames to that tryst place whereof messengers had brought them word, but the most of the folk from Essex and East Anglia had gone, with the men from Bedford and Hertfordshire and Middlesex, to lie without the great walls of the city on the northern shore, for there were not boats enough to bring all over.

Hitherto they had marched in local bands, each village more or less by itself, directed occasionally by emissaries spurring over the countryside, but more often by the fantastic rumors sped from mouth to mouth at every instant. Now, on Blackheath, for the first time they came in contact with the leaders of the rising. There was John Ball—newly released by the mob which had stormed the archbishop's prison at Maidstone—riding to and fro, bidding all to be steadfast in one-hood, bidding them commit no crimes, but all to hold together in sinlessness, that worthily they might bring the king to acknowledge that no more should they be villeins. There was also a boldly truculent loud-voiced man, cantering about on a big-boned war horse with a great sword at his belt and a flask of wine ever at his saddlebow—a certain Wat the Tyler, of whom no man knew aught save that there were those who said he was a notorious thief and robber. Much feared was he, and already seemed he to be most the leader, putting John Ball into second place. With him was another ill-favored man, who folk said was also an outlaw with a price on his head, a certain Jack Straw, who outdid all others in grisly threats, if so be the king ceded not to their will and yielded not London open to them.

For not only honest peasants composed that mob. Among them were thousands of desperate outlaws, men who had fled to the forests from the king's justice for all manner of crimes, from murder to infractions of the Statute of Laborers, and knew no other trade than robbery and violence. Moreover, all the country jails had been opened, releasing swarms of squalid malefactors eager for further criminality. The villagers shrank from the company of these wild folk, muttering that ill was it that they who came but with just demand for redress of grievance must consort with evil livers and felons who would soothly come to a hangman's rope.

But John Ball held all together, exhorting them in that idealistic sincerity wherein they could not but trust, so manifestly was he concerned for the good of all. That morning had he preached again to them from a wagon under the two great banners of Saint George, with passionate homely eloquence had stirred them to a frenzy of enthusiasm, had bidden them stand fast in one-hood even though for the hour there was but slight victual for so great a host. Was not the young king himself coming in a barge from the Tower to confer with them and grant them all their will? And if he came not, many were their friends in London town—with great folk, aldermen, among them -who had vowed to open to them the gates of London Bridge, and then surely would every man have his fill of food and drink, surely would they be able to enforce their will upon the king and be no more serfs and villeins, but all men peers alike. They had roared out the popular refrain which was their battle cry:

When Adam delved and Evë span
Who was then the gentleman?

had vociferated their resolve to stand fast in one-hood each to each.

Now Dickon was jostled in a yelling crowd on an eminence above Rotherhithe, watching the approach of the magnificent barge that conveyed Richard, the king. It came almost to the bank, and its oars stopped. They could see an agitated discussion among the splendidly attired passengers. A slightly built boy stood up and cried across to them, demanding what they would, for he was come to speak with them.

Wat the Tyler stepped forward to the river bank, shouted boldly in answer: "We would that thou shouldst come aland, king, and then will thy loyal subjects show thee what they lack!"

Again there was visible colloquy on the barge, and another stood up and shouted to them: "Sirs, ye be not in such order or array that the king should speak with ye!"

Wat the Tyler cried back: "Liege subjects of the king are we and no harm will we do him, but the heads of John o' Gaunt and the archbishop must we have, and so all shall be well!"

"Yea! Yea!" screamed the mob. "The heads of John o' Gaunt and the archbishop must we have!"

Dickon cried with the rest: "The heads of John o' Gaunt and the archbishop must we have!"

He did not clearly know why these heads must be sacrificed, but all around him men screamed thus, and doubtless they had committed great crimes, for John o' Gaunt was the king's uncle and Archbishop Sudbury was chancellor of the realm. Someone set up another cry that also must they have the head of the Treasurer Hales, and that also was wildly clamored for.

No answer came from the barge. Instead, the oars dropped once more into the water. It turned, moved slowly upstream toward the Tower of London, where the king's standard flew over the battlements.

Wat the Tyler turned to those about him. "So much the wo for them!" he quoth. "Now, folk, to London Bridge, and bren all down if they give ye not passage!"

The mob yelled in a destructive frenzy: "To London Bridge, and bren all down!"

They rushed madly along the shore of the river, while some on horseback spurred up to Blackheath to bring along the mass of the host that had remained there.

Dickon ran with those others toward the suburb of Southwark, abbeys and fine houses standing in large gardens. They broke into one after another. "Bren all down!" they screamed exultantly, as they set fire to buildings they had pillaged, laughing at the comic terror of the shrieking folk who escaped from them. Delicious was it to revel in such unchecked power. He yelled like one mad, in that frenzy.

They were in London town. On that next morning of Corpus Christi, Alderman Horn -a confederate in that mysteriously vast conspiracy which for years past had been secretly organizing all over the realm, and in London had not less than thirty thousand adherents—had ridden out to them across London Bridge, carrying with him a royal standard. He had cantered up to Wat the Tyler, had bidden him to advance, for that the drawbridge over the thirteenth arch was down and the bridge held by friends. It was indeed so, another confederate, Alderman Sybel—the Alderman of Bridge -had seen to it that there should be no opposition. They had swarmed across the river, over that bridge that was like a street, with hugely high gabled houses on each side of it and a splendid church in the middle. At the same time another sympathizer had opened Aldgate to the host on the northern shore. Soothly, it seemed, could nothing withstand them.

Bewildering to Dickon was that city into which he rushed with others of his village. Incredible was its multitude of red-tiled houses, its labyrinths of narrow streets, its churches almost at every corner. He and Will found that every door they wished to enter was immediately open to them. Rich merchants in furred gowns, but wearing no golden collars or other outward sign of wealth, themselves served them with flagons of wine, with bread and victuals It was flattering to be so treated. He was ill at ease in these fine houses whose gables nearly met across the street, swaggered somewhat to hide his discomfort. These Londoners should know that henceforth serfdom was to be ended, and all men peers. Somewhere in this city, too, was the hautaine Demoiselle Blanche—the thought shot up in him from that secretly obsessional vague desire he never permitted himself fully to contemplate—but how might he find her dwelling among all these myriads? Yet haply—the craving stirred in him was he not now equal to all other men; even to those knights at whom doubtless she smiled?—might he meet her by chance; though he knew not what he would do should so he find himself face to face with her.

At first, that mass occupation was peaceable enough, for Wat the Tyler had pledged Lord Mayor Walworth that there should be neither robbery nor misconduct. And then bands of Kentish men began to run through the streets with a cry of "To the Savoy! To the Savoy!" Dickon knew not what it meant until one told him that the Savoy was the residence of John o' Gaunt, against whom the Kentish men had a special grievance. He went out to look at them, was swept along in a tumultuous torrent.

Presently he found himself, he knew not how, in the midst of a demented mob smashing up furniture hurled to them from the windows of a great palace, self-righteously crying "We are no thieves!" as utterly they destroyed everything they could lay hands on that had belonged to that execrated uncle of the king. At last flames had burst out from the splendid building and the mob had rushed on to other work. All the prisons were broken open and their inmates released. Reenforced by a hideous rascality, the mob raced to the Inns of Court, the home of the hated lawyers, wrought with crowbar and hammer and ax until the timbered buildings were but rubble heaps; carried to a "great chimney" every record and roll that could be found. Every lawyer that could be hunted out was instantly beheaded. It was like a wild dream.

Later on—again how, he knew not—he found himself yelling with the crowd that shrieked deliriously around a great headsman's block in a street called Cheapside. To that block was dragged everyone suspect or denounced as no friend to the commons. The heads were piled in a heap. The gutters ran with blood.

That night he caroused with strangers, men and women, in a vast roaring camp on Tower Hill, outside the walls of the fortress where the king and his party were impregnably in refuge; though utterly impotent to exert any authority in a realm that seemed lost to them. It was said that in this extremity the king had bidden all his liege subjects meet him on the morrow at a place called Mile End, that he might redress their grievances. Dickon had no notion where Mile End might be, but to all and sundry he imparted the good news, inviting them to drink with him from the great flagons of wine he had taken out of a neighboring house. He was not a little drunk. He could not in the least remember how he had come to have blood on his hands and on his tunic.

With the dawn the rabble had marched off from Tower Hill through the narrow sign-hung streets to the grim portal of Aldgate, adorned gruesomely with freshly decapitated heads, and thence along the main eastern road through the fields of Whitechapel. Many, indeed, had stayed behind, swearing to have the blood of Archbishop Sudbury, of John Leg, the farmer of the poll tax, of Treasurer Hales and of many other hated refugees within the Tower; it was rumored—truly—that when the king was gone therefrom, orders would be given to its formidable garrison to admit the commons without resistance, and fearful were the oaths to bloody deeds vowed by the more scoundrelly elements of that mob howling outside its walls. But Dickon had gone with that majority streaming behind their leaders—John Ball, Wat the Tyler and Jack Straw, fierily mounted on the best chargers they could find, and commanding summary brutal justice as they passed, saying that henceforth all the law of the realm should come out of their mouths. In that utter paralysis of the royal government, that deliciously novel impotence of the great folk who had been the rulers of the land, it seemed indeed established that the common folk were not merely peers with all free men, but—intoxicatingly—masters. So came they to that great field at Mile End which was the sports ground of the citizens of London.

It was already packed with a vast concourse of peasants who had marched from Middlesex and Essex and Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire and all East Anglia, standing ranked under improvised banners and shouting a confusion of wild songs. They roared a welcome to these men of Kent and Surrey, with those of Essex who had been ferried across the Thames, now come to join them in that great one-hood of the common folk which triumphantly was fashioning a new world. The ragged self-appointed captains of the host brandished their swords and bills, yelled orders to their companies to range themselves in the unoccupied spaces.

After much shouting and jostling, Dickon found himself wedged tight in the front rank of that great mass, looking toward the road by which presently the king must arrive. He had long been separated from any of his own village, was amid terrifying men—evident outlaws and escaped malefactors who blasphemed obscenely in a manner that made his blood run cold, and showed one another the spoil of rings and gold that they had already taken, with ungodly vows that this was but the beginning. He felt indignant that these criminals should mingle with honest peasant folk come merely to make an end of the great wrongs that had been done them. How old John, his father, would have spurned such fellowship! But prudently he held his peace. He could not escape from this whirlpool of unimaginably savage humanity into which he found himself plunged. Pray God that all come not to the gallows, as his father had prophesied! Moreoever—and it was a secretly bitter disillusion in

(Continued on Page 150)

2sensational

Suction Type No-Wringer EASY

This new, improved model is more compact. Many inches shorter and lower than any previous no-wringer EASY. Can be used in the smallest kitchens. Handsomer in appearance. Safety controls are even simpler than before. An 8-pound washing capacity as compared with 6 pounds for most washers. Three suction cups move up and down and around—sixty-six times a minute—flushing air, soap and water back and forth through the clothes. Entire texture of the clothes is thoroughly cleansed in a few minutes. This is the vacuum principle of washing on which the fame of the EASY Washer is built

Agitator Type No-Wringer EASY

A startling new washing principle in agitator type washers developed by EASY engineers. Bottom of this new EASY agitator has washboard corrugations. As clothes pass over them in a spiral movement vacuums are created. This produces suction, flushing soap and water through the clothes. Mesh of the cloth is thoroughly cleansed while agitator fin washes the surface. Amazing washing speed is obtained by this new EASY method without harmful short cuts. An 8-pound washing capacity—2 pounds more than the average washer. Controls are simpler and fewer than those on any wringer-type washer

Unusual Business-Building Opportunity for DEALERS

Let our representative tell you about the opportunities in your locality
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I am interested in the EASY franchise in my locality

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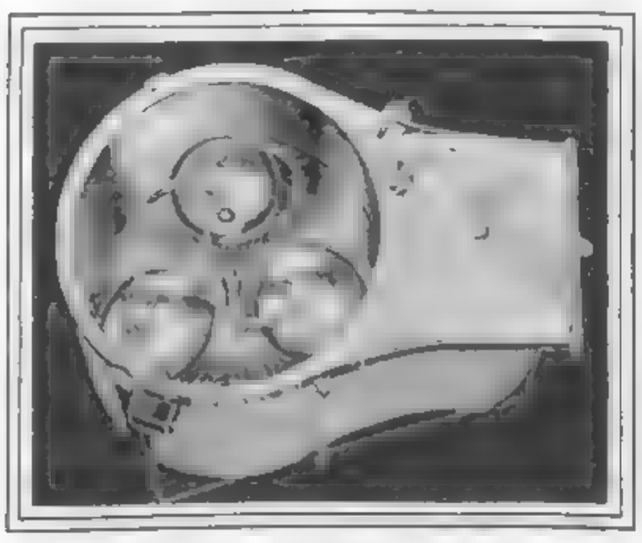
NEW WASHERS
at exceptionally low prices!

Both with the famous Damp-Dryer instead of the old-fashioned wringer

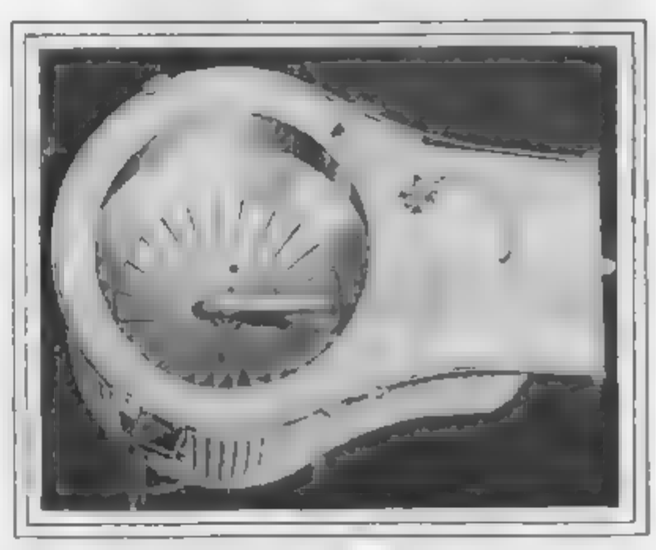


Suction Type No-Wringer EASY

A new agitator type washer

An improved suction type washer

Both are* safe. *Both are wonderfully efficient. Both are more compact—shorter and lower than any previous no-wringer* EASY. *And both sell at the same low price—the lowest ever offered on any no-wringer EASY



Agitator Type No-Wringer EASY

The brilliant success of the safe, no-wringer EASY is recognized all over the country.

The enthusiastic endorsement of hundreds of thousands of women has increased its sales to nearly 75 per cent of our output.

The no-wringer EASY has revolutionized the washing machine business!

The success of the no-wringer principle developed by EASY makes possible the announcement of these new machines—the most spectacular achievement in the washing machine industry today.

There is nothing experimental about the new, no-wringer EASY Washers. They are the result of eight years of costly research work. Into them has gone our experience in building hundreds of thousands of no-wringer EASY Washers. They are scientifically perfect—marvels in mechanical efficiency.

Safer—faster—easier—gentler

Many other manufacturers are turning to the no-wringer type of washer. But they lack the benefits of EASY'S years of research and experience. These benefits can be enjoyed only by users of the new EASY Washers. Both washers are not only safer—but also faster, easier, gentler than any wringer-type washer.

Hand feeding the old-fashioned wringer—piece-by-piece—is slow and tedious in comparison with the safe, new EASY method of whirling the water out of a whole tubful of clothes in less than two minutes.

The famous EASY centrifugal Damp-Dryer puts no strain on fabrics—does not crack silk or rayon garments, break buttons or stretch blankets or woolens.

It takes out more water than wringing does. Sun-drying is much faster.

Line-dry indoors in bad weather

The EASY Damp-Dryer leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems do not drip. In bad-weather, clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day.

Bulky things like blankets and pillows which will not go through a wringer are easily handled. Ironing also is easier because the clothes are free from deep, hard creases. Rinsing can be done in the Damp-Dryer without handling the clothes until ready for sun-drying.

Wash tub and Damp-Dryer operate independently — hence the EASY handles two batches of clothes at one time. A power pump empties all water for you *electrically*.

There are still EASY Washers made with wringers. They are good, efficient machines equipped with every known safety device. But no wringer-type washer—even our own—can compare with these new, no-wringer EASY Washers.

Do not be satisfied with any other washer

Try the new, no-wringer EASY—free—in your own home . . . on your own clothes. Your nearest EASY dealer will gladly place one in your home on free trial.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP.
Syracuse, N. Y.

The New EASY Washers are also supplied with built-in 4-cycle gasoline motors for homes without electricity

THE SAFE
WASHER

FREE TRIAL COUPON

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please have your nearest dealer bring the new, no-wringer EASY Washer marked below to my home for free trial. It is understood that if I decide to keep it, I can pay on EASY terms. ☐ Suction. ☐ Agitator.

Name

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THE SCENIC ROUTE
to California
The Only Transcontinental Rail Route from Chicago that strikes boldly thru the very heart of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas—over their tops and thru their canyons.
Via Denver, Colorado Springs, Pikes Peak, the world-famous Royal Gorge, Tennessee Pass (the crest of the continent), Great Salt Lake and Salt Beds, Flower Lake Pass in the Sierras and down enchanting Feather River Canyon to the Pacific.
Burlington Route
D R G W
ROYAL GORGE ROUTE
SCENIC LINE
This scenic route thru the cool air of snow-capped mountains assures travel comfort in the hottest months.
WESTERN PACIFIC
Thru Pullmans from Chicago . . . or stop off where you wish.
Get detailed information from any railroad ticket office.
Go the Escorted Tours Way if you prefer. Delightful two- and three-week, all-expense, care free vacation tours, going out thru the Colorado Rockies, and returning via the Grand Canyon and Colorful Southwest.

(Continued from Page 147)

him—had he had no glimpse of that proud fair maid hidden somewhere behind an upper window, for all his yesterday's wild rushings through the streets.

In front of him, John Ball and the arrogantly truculent Wat the Tyler conversed from their saddles.

"Let me speak with the king, Wat," said the priest, beseechingly. "So shall all go well and peaceably, with God's help. No more bloodshed will I have. A great day is this. For a score of years have I wrought for it, faring up and down the realm. Now sikerly shall there be no more of villenage, but if the king grant our will all shall depart quietly, as becomes free men and honest husbandmen, to their homes."

Wat the Tyler laughed coarsely.

"Thou mayest speak to the king, Jack, an thou wilt!" he said. "But for departing is another matter. Why, man, short shrift will the king's men give to us who have wrought this thing so soon as our company scatters. For me, I have some liking for my head. Methinks, there must be another king in England ere 'tis safe on my shoulders. And eke have I yet a score or two to pay, and much of loot there is yet in London town!" He laughed again, somewhat drunkenly, took another swill from the flask at his saddlebow.

John Ball commenced an evident expostulation that was drowned in a sudden deafening shout. The king was coming!

Along the road from London approached a glittering company on horseback, several squadrons of mail-clad men at arms, their lance pennons fluttering above their visored helmets, a small group in splendid silken raiment, and behind them other horsemen carrying many of the king's banners. From more than a hundred thousand throats went up a jubilant roar. The king had come!

An extremely handsome fourteen-year-old boy, with the royal arms embroidered on his scarlet surcoat, rode out a little way from that small bodyguard, pulled up in front of the multitude.

"What would ye, sirs?" he cried to them in a pleasantly clear boyish voice. "I am come to grant your just demands if so be I may!"

Dickon thrilled as John Ball rode also a little way out from the folk. This was the great moment!

"Liege men of Your Majesty are we all," said the priest, "and now will we all that there be no more villenage in England, but that all men be free, themselves, their heirs and their lands, forever!"

A great shout corroborated this demand: "Yea! Yea! That will we—that we shall be free and ne mo called bond ne so reputed!" Other voices added in a second shout: "And that all land be held for ne mo than four-pence the acre!"

The boy king smiled pleasantly. "A fair child, i' sooth, was he," thought Dickon; "one that his folk might well love."

"Well agreed am I thereto!" he cried to them. "And now withdraw ye home into your houses and the villages wherefrom ye come, leaving only two or three from each place to have the writings I shall make, signing with my seal all that ye demand!" Behind him, some of his silk-clad company nodded approvingly to one another. Well was the child repeating what had been counseled him. He went on, still in that ringing confident voice: "Here have I brought with me thirty clerks to make these writings, and that ye may be the better assured, to each shire and county will I grant one of my banners. Does that content ye?"

A roar of enthusiastic approbation greeted those regally gracious words.

"So be it!" they cried. "No better will we! Long live the king! Long live the king! Content are we! Huzza for the king! Ne mo shall there be bondman in England! Huzza! Huzza! Long live the king!"

The boy monarch turned and cantered back to his followers. By his orders, his banner bearers rode forward, delivered a banner to each of the companies of the various shires. His clerks also came forward, sat themselves down to rude tables shaped of whatever wood was handy, commenced to write before their eyes the letters patent which should make an end of serfdom, sealed them with the king's seal, handed them out to the eagerly crowding recipients. Meanwhile, the king and his company had ridden back into London.

What a day was this! Those simple peasants laughed and shouted and even wept in the ecstasy of this deliverance, embracing one another in hysterical delight. No more would any Englishman be called serf. No more would any lord oppress them. Henceforth they were free men, holding their precious half acres on a free man's tenure. Was it not all being written down on those parchments with the king's seal, superseding all those other hated parchments which had held them in bondage? Thousands of them, their business done, began already to march away to their distant homes, singing pious hymns and songs of triumph.

Not yet had any of Dickon's company received their charters, nor could he recognize in that multitude any from his own village. He waited irresolutely, uncertain whether to return on the homeward road or to make sure that the charter was duly inscribed for their manor. He imagined, pleasantly, the impotent fury with which the erstwhile formidable Sir Hugo would receive it! While he thus stood among the joy-intoxicated multitude, men came running toward them from London, shouting tidings that put all astir. Wild work was afoot within the city. The mob had broken into the Tower, had wreaked vengeance upon its enemies. Now the apprentices and the London rabble were slaughtering and pillaging the Flemings, those hated, rich foreigners who dwelt under the protection of the still more hated John o' Gaunt.

Wat the Tyler rode his great war horse through the throng, shouted drunkenly, exultantly, to those about him.

"To London town! To London town! Would ye miss your share o' good things? Follow me, gentles all!"

The jail birds around Dickon vociferated like madmen, rushed after him. Somehow, without willing it, Dickon found himself swept along with them.

It was Saturday, the next day thereafter. All yesterday had there been wild anarchy in London, murder and violent robbery, with none to resist the blood-drunken mobs that howlingly chased shrieking fugitives along the narrow streets and broke into what houses they would. Terrible things had Dickon seen done, had even helped to do in that madness. All the rascality of the land seemed to be abroad, unchecked, and with them many honest peasants who at home would have scorned to do their neighbor harm. But now all was permitted in that license. Were not their bonds forever broken? Were they not all free men, the peers of the greatest lords? No more rich and poor should there be. Everything should be in common. Helping in that riot were many bands of newcomers yet streaming into London from the more distant counties; men and women who had arrived too late for that royal act of manumission at Mile End, but who were greedily eager not to miss this magnificent opportunity for unbounded loot.

On that Saturday morning, Wat the Tyler had sent word through the city that all true men should gather under the king's newly granted banners in Smithfield market place, outside Aldersgate. Dickon had gone to the trysting place with the rest. Now he stood with about twenty thousand others in the wide open space surrounded by gabled houses and taverns where men drank roisterously, paying nought. The wildest rumors ran through that multitude in a conflicting clamor of voices. The king and his lords were coming to slay them all. That morning had he and all his men gone to solemn Mass at Westminster Abbey, preparing themselves for the fray which should desperately decide whether or not his realm was still the king's. There was truth in those rumors; that morning, in fact, the authorities, horrified to find the mob still within the city, had decided to force matters to an issue come what might.

Now Wat the Tyler rode up and down before that mass of men armed with every kind of weapon, who yelled and raved in a discordant roar. He made his great voice heard over the clamor.

"Hark to me, gentles!" he cried. "Let every man keep steadfast in our one-hood, and greater deeds than yet we have done will we do. Small profit to us are these liberties the king hath given us. He will but lure us to scatter and leave this city that is ours to take from as we will. As well ye know, still come many bands from the shires, greedy for this plunder. An we take it not ourselves, theirs will it be. Let us therefore stand all together and march now into London again and take all. Are ye with me, gentles?"

Dickon saw John Ball ride up to him and expostulate violently, wringing his hands, heard him cry: "Not for this wickedness have I wrought my life long!" Wat the Tyler thrust him back brutally. "Are ye with me, gentles?" he cried again.

From that mob came a multifold wild-beast roar of assent: "Into London! Into London! Let us take all ere we be forehanded by those that come!"

Dickon was appalled at that fierce outcry. Sick of blood and outrage was he. If only he could be sure that some of their village had got the precious charter! Swiftly would he leave this vile rabble. And utterly had he failed to find that maid he sought; was hopeless of ever finding her in this bewildering maze of houses. Many were the shrieking women he had pursued, had forced against a wall, had forced to uncover their hands from their faces.

There was another great shout: "The king! The king!"

He looked across the market place. Followed by a cavalcade under whose fine robes might be glimpsed full suits of armor, the Lord Mayor of London among them, the boy king trotted into the square. There was a sudden tense silence. What now?

For a moment or two that suspense continued, while in the throng such as had bows bent them to the string and fitted arrows in menacing preparation. Wat the Tyler turned to the mob.

"Hark ye," he said in grim arrogance. "I will go speak with the king. Stir not till I give sign, and then make an end of all save only the king himself, who shall do our will as we would have it. So shall we be lords of all the realm!"

He put spurs to his horse, trotted across the square, went boldly up to that childishly handsome boy king, so that the heads of their horses touched, spoke in a manner they could divine was coarsely familiar.

Breathlessly, the multitude watched. What was happening? They saw the knights crowd round, saw Lord Mayor Walworth ride angrily close to the rebel leader. There was the flash of a weapon. Wat the Tyler disappeared from his horse, was instantly hidden by others of those knights who leaped to the ground and surrounded him.

What was happening? There was a cry. "They are making him a knight!" No. There was Wat the Tyler lying dead upon the ground! A shout of fury resounded from the houses, a howl as of wild beasts. "Wat is slain! Wat is slain!" Instantly, a thousand bows were drawn, were pointed at that boy king and his party.

Before one shaft could be loosed that handsome child came cantering alone toward them.

"What would ye, good folk?" he cried, in an attractive fearlessness. "No captain shall ye have but me, the king! What more would ye have? Rest now in peace!"

Awed by the very audacity of the act, by that charming loveliness of the bold child, the mob stood silent. Then the bows were

(Continued on Page 153)

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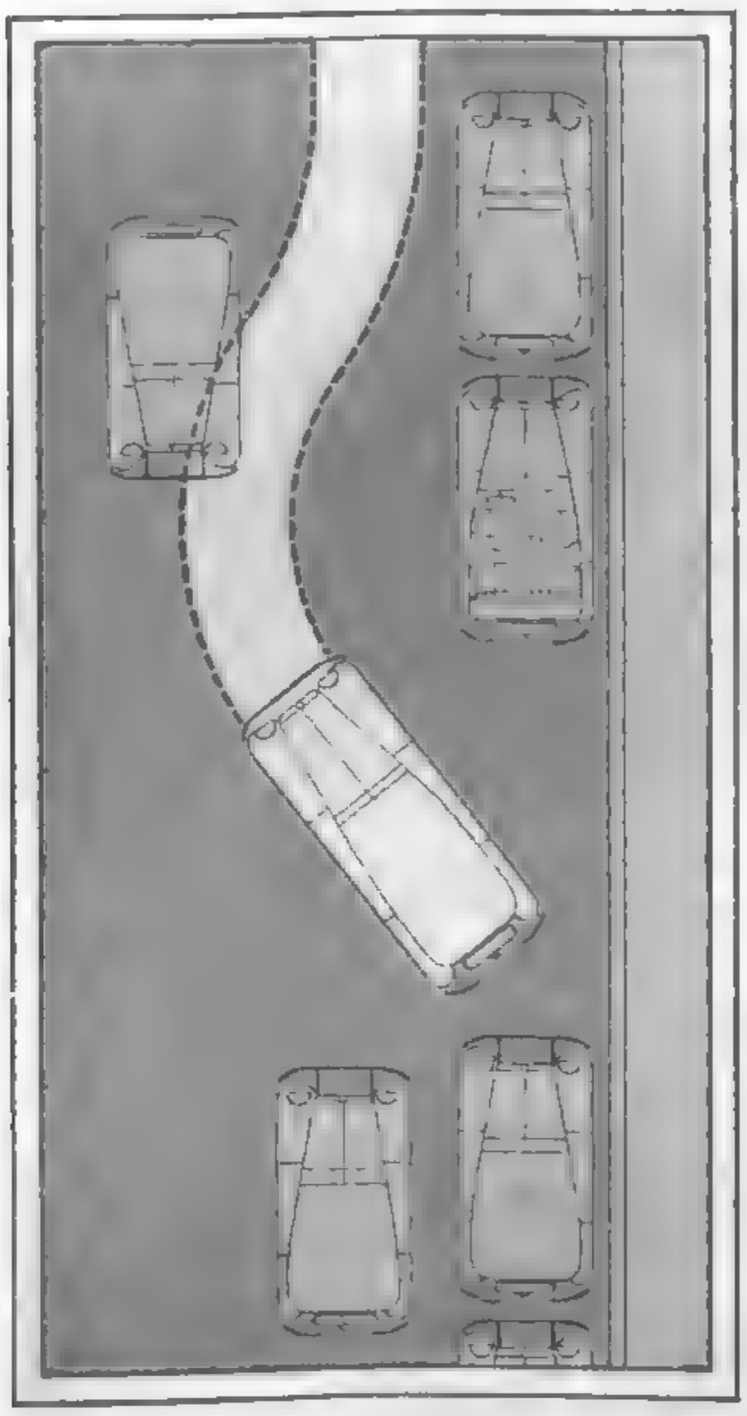

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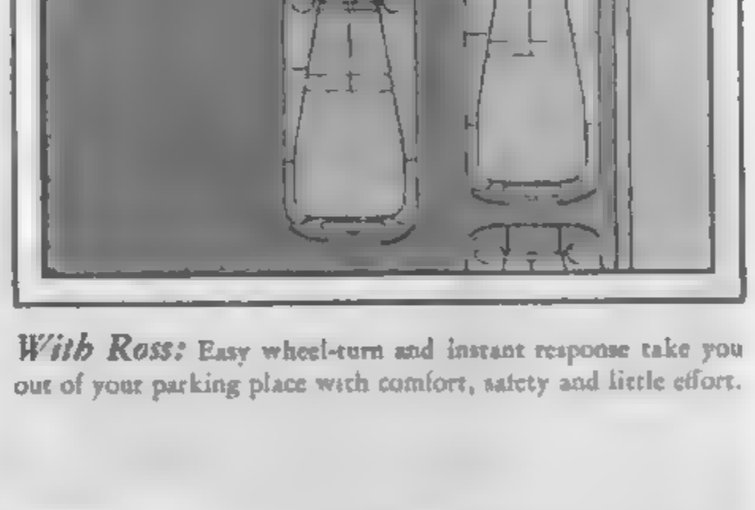

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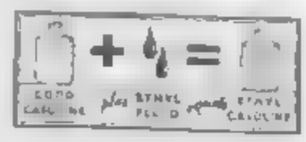

ETHYL

GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 150)

lowered. There was a great shout: "The king! Long live the king! No other captain but the king will we have!"

The boy king rode back to his party, consulted with them for a moment, and then came trotting back again.

"Follow me, good folk all!" he cried. "Follow me whither I lead!"

"The king! The king! Follow the king!" came the answering shout.

He led them in that naïvely simple enthusiasm out into the meadows where the ruins of Saint John's Priory yet smoldered—and where, to their horror and dismay, they found themselves suddenly surrounded by seven or eight thousand men at arms.

There was a wild panic. They could hear those armed citizens of London vengefully clamoring to be led against these rebels that they might slay them all. Once again the boy monarch exerted his precocious authority. None would he permit to be slain.

Later on would he be revenged on them well enough, he said smilingly to those around him. In the meantime, let that terrified mob surrender to him his banners that he had given them, and let those who had those letters patent yield them now on pain of their heads, and let all depart peaceably to their homes. So was it shouted to them by formidably full-armed knights who came close.

In that panic it was done. Dickon saw those banners handed over, saw the precious letters torn into fragments before the king's eyes, saw suddenly a posse of armed men strike John Ball from his horse, hurry him away. The priest shrieked to them in vain. Dickon, with that suddenly leaderless mob, ran into the country while yet he might.

There was terror over the land. With a great host the king was moving through Herts and Essex, and making short shrift with all who had taken part in the great rebellion. "Serfs ye are and serfs ye will remain!" he said, in childish brutality, to those who protested their charters of pardon and freedom. They were lucky who were swiftly slain with sword and lance by the men at arms in the savage man hunt that harried the country far and wide; the less fortunate were disemboweled, hanged and quartered in solemnly ferocious legal formality.

Old John Boteler stood under a gallows where a row of corpses dangled. As had happed with the monastic-owned serfs of the abbey of Saint Albans, the relatives of the victims had cut down those bodies and buried them, had been forced to dig them up again and gruesomely rehang them with their own hands. Pitiless was that newly established authority over the realm.

The haggard white-haired plowman had no more tears to weep.

"Lad Dickon! Lad Dickon!" he said chokingly, nodding to himself. "All I had, wertow—and thou wouldst mind me not. Yet artow now scaped out of bondage, ne must at the lord's bidding plow and reap wageless and in sorrow as must I all my few days. Mary welcome thee in heaven, for a good lad wertow and a true, and for God's poor folk hastow laid down thy life, though foolishly didstow follow a false thing."

Along the road trotted Sir Hugo and his fair daughter, the Demoiselle Blanche. Their favorite hawks had they on wrist and they were merry.

The maid glanced toward the gallows and laughed pleasantly.

"They would mount high, our villeins," she said. "Now are they high enough, in sooth! I mind me that from my window I saw one of them in London town, chasing maids along the street as though he were wood, and forcing them to show their visage."

Sir Hugo laughed also.

"A lesson to all froward serfs!" quoth he. "Now may honest gentlefolk rest again!"

So ended that great rebellion of the English villeins which for a time seemed but to rivet their bonds more firmly upon them in a renewed serfdom that, nevertheless, gradually ceded to the economic advantage of free labor in that next fifteenth century, when the lords committed suicide in the Wars of the Roses, leaving but few bondsmen to be freed—at a price—by Queen Elizabeth's royal decree in the sixteenth. In its essential features, in its just revolt against intolerable wrong and the prompt exploitation of its idealism by criminal scoundrels concerned merely to snatch loot out of anarchy, it was the pattern of the many revolutions yet to convulse Europe in that long strife between conservative capital and newly conscious labor which it inaugurated.

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THE BLACK CAMEL

(Continued from Page 29)

"Eighteen important minutes," Chan repeated. "Miss Dixon, Miss Julie and Mr. Bradshaw disported gayly in breakers, visiting beach occasionally. On that beach Mrs. Ballou sat and idly passed time until dinner. For final ten of those minutes, Mr. Ballou wandered about, no one can say where ——"

"I can say where," Ballou cut in. "I came into this room—the butler will verify that. I strolled in here and smoked a cigarette he gave me."

"He remained with you while you smoked it?"

"No, he didn't. He lighted it for me and went out. When he returned, I was sitting in the same chair."

"You wish me to note that, eh?" Charlie smiled.

"I don't care whether you note it or not."

Charlie took out a handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow. The tropic night was beginning to live up to its reputation.

"I turn now to the four gentlemen whose alibis have been so rudely shattered. I know where they were at two minutes past eight, but after that—who shall say?"

"Take me first," said Tarneverro. "You saw me go to join those two people in the lounge of the hotel—they are old friends of mine from Australia. We remained there for a few minutes after you left, and then I suggested that we go out on the *lanai* that faces the palm court. We did so, and for a time sat and chatted. When I finally looked at my watch, it was precisely 8:30. I remarked on the hour and said I was sorry, but I had to go along. We all went inside, I ran up to get my hat, and when I came back to the lobby I happened on you near the door."

Charlie studied his face. "Your old friends will be willing to swear to all this?"

"I can see no reason why they shouldn't. They know it's true."

Chan smiled. "I congratulate you, Mr. Tarneverro."

"I congratulate myself, inspector. You may recall that I told you I had another tree."

"Mr. Jaynes," said Chan, turning to the Britisher.

Jaynes shrugged hopelessly. "I have no alibi," he said. "During those eighteen minutes, I was wandering along the beach, alone. Make what you wish of it. I didn't come down here."

"Mr. Van Horn, you did come down here?" Charlie addressed the picture actor.

"I did, worse luck," shrugged Van Horn. "The first time in a long and honorable career that I ever got to a party ahead of the hour set. It will be a lesson to me—I can tell you that."

"It was, I believe, 8:15 when Jessop admitted you?"

"About that time, yes. He told me that the party—or what there was of it—had moved to the beach. I went out on the lawn. I saw a light in a building which Jessop told me was a summerhouse, and I thought of going there. I wish to heaven I had. But I heard voices down by the water, so I went there instead. I sat down by Rita Ballou—but you know all that."

Chan nodded. "Only one remains, Mr. Martino?"

The director frowned. "Like Huntley and Mr. Jaynes," he said, "I have no alibi worth mentioning. You wrecked me along with them when you smashed that 8:02 theory." He took a handkerchief from a side pocket and mopped his forehead. "After Jaynes left me and started down the beach, I sat in one of the hotel swings near the water. I should have been busy getting myself a good alibi, I suppose, but I'm not so clever as Mr. Tarneverro here." He gave the fortune teller an unfriendly look. "So I just sat alone—the scene looked rather good to me. I wished I could get it into a picture—the purple, starry sky, the yellow lamps along the water front, the black hulk of Diamond Head. A picture in color—we'll have 'em that way before long. I amused myself thinking up a possible story—you can't depend on authors for anything. Presently I looked at my watch. It was 8:25, so I went to my room to brush up and get my hat. When I came down I met you and Tarneverro here, and heard the news of Miss Fane's murder."

Charlie stood looking thoughtfully at the director. Suddenly he was pushed aside as Tarneverro strode forward.

"That's a nasty scratch on your forehead, Martino," the fortune teller cried.

Startled, the director put his hand to his brow, and on one finger, as he took it away, he noted a trace of red.

"By Jove," he said, "that's odd."

"You'd better turn over to Inspector Chan the handkerchief you just replaced in your pocket."

"What handkerchief?" Martino produced the one which he had recently passed across his forehead. "Oh, this."

"I will take it, please," said Charlie. He spread the white square of silk on a table and brought out his magnifying glass. For a moment he studied the center of the square, then ran his fingers lightly across it. He looked up.

"A queer thing, Mr. Martino," he remarked. "There exist, caught in mesh of this cloth, a few thin splinters of glass. How would you explain that?"

Martino rose quickly, and with a serious face bent over the table. "I can't explain it," he said. "I can't even explain how that handkerchief came to be in my pocket."

Chan regarded him intently. "It is not your property?" he inquired.

"It certainly isn't," the director replied. "I carry two handkerchiefs with my evening clothes. One here"—he indicated his breast pocket above which the ends of a handkerchief were showing—"and another in my hip pocket." He produced a second. "Certainly I'd have no use for a third. I just happened to reach in to my side pocket, my hand touched this, and I used it. But I never put it there and it isn't mine."

"A likely story," Tarneverro sneered.

"My dear Tarneverro," the director said, "when you've made as many pictures as I have, you'll realize that the truth often sounds less probable than fiction." He picked up the little square of silk and handed it to Charlie. "By the way, there's a laundry mark in one corner of that."

"I know," Chan nodded. He stood for a moment, looking at the tiny letter B done with black ink on the silk border. He glanced over at Wilkie Ballou. The planter stared back at him, and taking a handkerchief from his own pocket, casually mopped his brow.

x

SHRUGGING his broad shoulders, Charlie turned back to Martino. The director's face was even more crimson than usual, and he was breathing hard.

"Do you wish to make statement," Chan asked, "as to moment when you think this object was placed on your person?"

Martino considered. "When we were leaving the dining room a while back," he said, "we were all crowded together round the door. I thought then that I felt a little tug at my pocket."

"Just who was near you at that instant?"

"It's hard to say. Everybody was there together. The matter is serious, and I don't like to guess." He paused and glanced at the fortune teller. "I do recall that Mr. Tarneverro wasn't far away."

"Is that an accusation?" asked Tarneverro coldly.

"Not precisely. I can't be sure ——"

"You'd like nothing better than to be sure," the fortune teller suggested.

Martino laughed. "You've hit it there, my friend. I haven't much love for you, and you know it. If I'd had my way, you'd have been run out of Hollywood long ago."

(Continued on Page 157)

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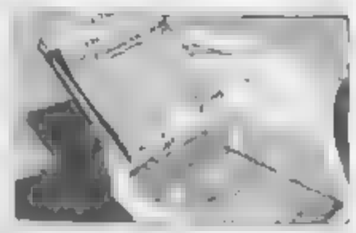

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(Continued from Page 154)

"Failing that, you've gone about secretly warning the women against me."

"What do you mean—secretly? I've done it openly, and you know it. I've told them to keep away from you."

"Why?"

"I don't like the look in your eyes, my friend. What was it you told poor Shelah this morning? What did she tell you?"

"That is something I'd not be likely to discuss with you. So you sat on the beach by the water, did you?"

"Oh, don't get too cocky over that alibi of yours!" Martino cried. "How did you happen to have it so pat and ready? Reading the future again, eh?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Charlie protested. "We are arriving precisely nowhere by this. I perceive that nerves are very much up on edge, and I am glad to push open doors and put quick end to investigation. You are all free to depart."

There was an instant dash for the hall. Chan followed.

"Just one word to add," he said, "though I am certain that by now the buzz of my voice in your ears must be most tiresome sound. But please remember, you rest on small island in the midst of broad Pacific Ocean. Attempt by any one of you to go aboard ship will be instantly known to us, and regarded with dark suspicious eye. Stay on, I beg of you, and enjoy beauties of spot, on which subject Mr. Bradshaw will be happy to make oration for you any time, any place."

"That's right." The boy nodded. "Loaf on a palm-fringed shore and forget your troubles. Somewhere winter is raging."

"In July?" Van Horn inquired.

"Sure—at the South Pole, for example. Put Hollywood out of your thoughts."

The door closed behind Ballou and his wife. Van Horn, Martino and Jaynes followed promptly. Bradshaw returned to the living room, where Julie and Diana had remained, leaving the fortune teller and Charlie in the hall. Tarneverro hesitated then picked up his hat.

"Inspector," he remarked, "you have my sympathy. You are up against a puzzling case."

"Also I have your help," Chan reminded him. "The thought consoles me."

Tarneverro shook his head. "I'm afraid you overestimate my powers. But whatever they are, they are ranged on your side. When am I to see you again?"

"I will call on you tomorrow morning. We will have good long talk. Perhaps, thinking deeply into matter overnight, each of us will have new ideas to offer."

"I shall try to supply my share," nodded Tarneverro, and went out. For a moment Charlie stood looking at the door through which he had gone, then turning, he went into the living room.

"Miss Dixon," he said, "may I make further request of you? Will you ascend stairs with me and point out various rooms, naming the persons to whom they have been assigned? I still have a little searching to do before repose."

"Of course," nodded the actress, "and speaking of repose, I hope you'll search my room first. I feel all in after this dreadful evening."

She and Charlie disappeared. With a forlorn gesture, Julie sank into a chair.

"Poor kid," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"Oh, Jimmy, it has been a dreadful evening, hasn't it?"

"It surely has. Think, Julie—think. You were closer to Shelah Fane than anyone else. Have you no idea who did this terrible thing?"

She shook her head. "I can't imagine. Of course, Shelah had enemies—all successful people have. She was envied, perhaps even hated. But I never dreamed anyone hated her as much as this. It's just unbelievable, that's all."

The boy sat down beside her. "Let's forget it for a while. How about you? What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll go back where I came from."

"Where did you come from? You haven't told me."

"From a theatrical boarding house in Chicago. I was traveling with my mother when she—she left me. Stage people, you see, all my folks—father too. Mother called San Francisco home; though she seldom saw it. But she was born there—so many good actors were, you know. And she ——"

"She was one of the best, I guess," said Jimmy Bradshaw.

"I thought so. I've got a grandmother there now—seventy-two, but she goes trouping occasionally. She's such a darling, Jimmy. I think I'll go to her and get some sort of job. I could make good in an office, I believe. Grandmother would be glad to have me. We're all that's left of us."

Bradshaw pulled himself together. "If no one else wants to speak, may I say a few words about Hawaii? Everywhere we have poetry and glamour. The climate breeds happiness and laughter, a natural reflection of the sunlight, the rainbows and the purple hills. Here there are no sunstrokes and no snow. Honolulu has its message of beauty for every heart. As for ——"

"Jimmy, what in the world ——"

"—— as for the people, where Nature is kind man cannot help but be. You will find ——"

"I don't get you, Jimmy."

"It's simple enough. I've sold this place to fifty thousand tourists, and now I want to sell it to you. As a substitute for grandmother, you see. No doubt she's a darling, as you say. Maybe I'm not, but I'm young yet. For of course it isn't just Honolulu I'm selling. I'm thrown in, you know. How about it, Julie? A little bungalow nestling under two mortgages and a bougainvillea vine ——"

"You—you mean you love me, Jimmy?" the girl asked.

"Oh, Lord, did I omit that line? I shall have to rewrite the whole darn piece. Naturally, I love you. Who wouldn't? It may not be the most fitting time for me to say all this, but I don't want you to think that I've fallen into the habit of putting things off, just because I live in the lazy latitudes. I'm crazy about you, and before you write grandmother to come down and meet your boat—she might be away trouping, anyhow—I want you to give a thought to Hawaii—and to me. Will you do it, Julie?"

She nodded. "I will, Jimmy."

"That's good enough for me." He smiled. Chan came silently into the room and the boy stood up. "Well, Charlie, you ready to go along? I let my brother have my car tonight, so I'm honoring you with my presence in your famous flivver."

"You will be remarkably welcome," Chan told him. "Yes, I travel townward almost at once. There remains one little matter ——"

Anna, the maid, came hurriedly into the room. "Miss Dixon said you wanted to see me," she remarked to Chan.

He nodded. "A trifling affair. You told me earlier this evening that a certain ring was missing from Miss Fane's finger after the homicide. An emerald ring."

"I did, sir." Julie O'Neill was leaning forward, breathless, her eyes wide.

"Is this the ring?" Chan suddenly produced a platinum band decorated with a surprising stone that flashed green in the brightly lighted room.

"That is it, sir," Anna nodded.

Chan turned to Julie. "So sorry to drag you in. But will you kindly tell me how does it happen I find this bauble in the drawer of your dressing table?" The girl gasped, and Jimmy Bradshaw looked at her in amazement. "I am very sorry this question comes out, which disappoints me sadly," Charlie continued. "But I should say, things need explanation."

"It's very simple," answered Julie in a low voice.

"Naturally," bowed Chan. "Just how simple, according to your story?"

"Well." She hesitated. "There are only a few of us here—I can speak frankly.

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium dial, $4.00

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AT $3.50, Tip-Top is the most remarkable wrist-watch value you've ever seen. Its chromium-plated case is octagonal, modern, up-to-the-minute. Hands and numerals are graceful, artistic. It has a sunken second dial and a silver or radium face. All those are fine watch features.

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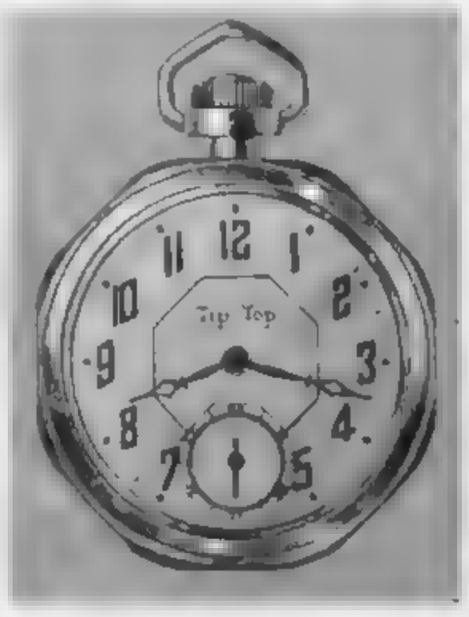

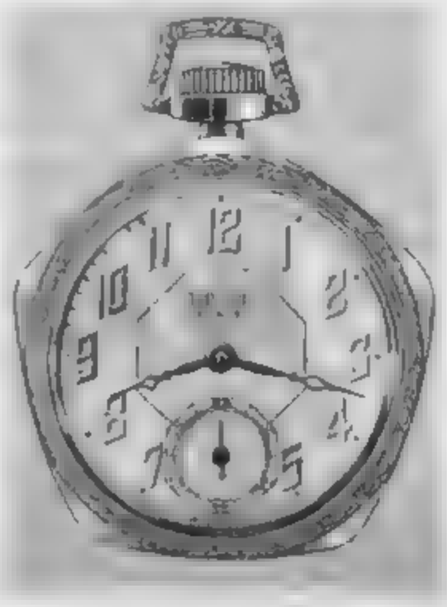

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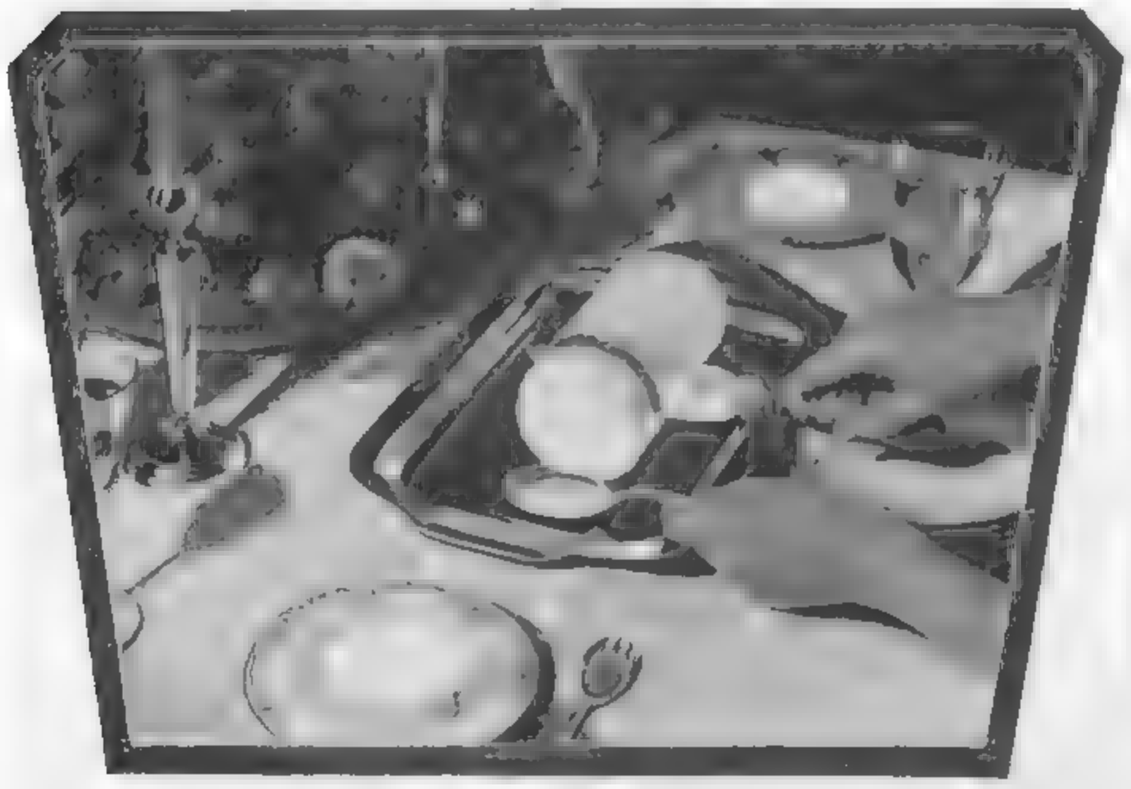
The Secret of Serving Ice Cream *This Delightful Way*



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1 Hold Container under cold water for an instant

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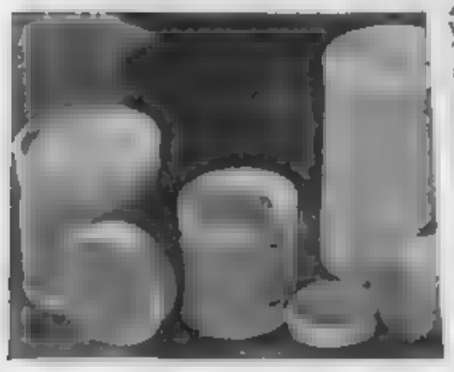

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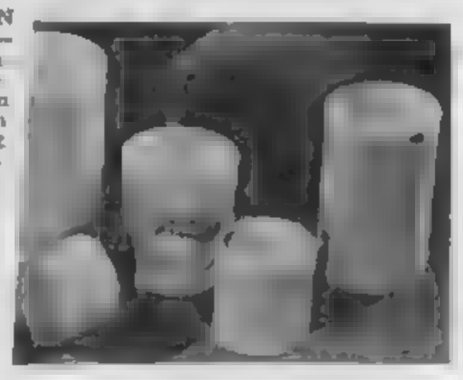

Shelah was always hard up. Somehow money meant nothing to her, it slipped through her fingers, it was gone a moment after she got it. She came back from the South Seas in her usual state—more or less broke. Everyone was always cheating her, stealing from her."

"Everyone?" Chan repeated. "You mean her servants, perhaps?"

"Some of them, yes; when they had a chance. But that doesn't matter. Shelah arrived here in need of money, as always. She'd drawn all the advance she could get from the company—they haven't been as generous of late as they used to be. Today, just after she reached the house, she sent for me and said she must have ready money at once. She gave me this ring and told me to sell it for her, if I could. I was to make a round of the jewelers immediately—this afternoon. But I put it off. I wasn't keen for the job. However, I fully intended to go in the morning; if this thing hadn't happened tonight. That's how I chanced to have the ring."

Chan considered. "She gave it to you just after she reached house. At what time, precisely?"

"At eight o'clock this morning."

"You have had it ever since?"

"Yes, of course. I put it in that drawer; I thought it would be safe there."

"That is all you wish to tell me?"

"That is all." The girl seemed on the point of tears.

Charlie turned to the maid. "You may go, Anna," he said.

"Very good, sir." Anna glanced at the girl and then went out.

Charlie sighed heavily. Even though he came of a nocturnal race, the night was beginning to wear on him. He took the ring beneath a light and examined it with his magnifying glass. There was, he noted, an inscription inside: SHELAH FROM DENNY. So Denny Mayo came back into the case? Chan shrugged.

When he turned about he perceived that Julie was weeping silently. Bradshaw had put his arm about her shoulder.

"That's all right, honey," the boy said. "Charlie believes you. Don't you, Charlie?"

Chan bowed from the waist. "In the presence of so much charm, could I have brutal doubts? Miss Julie, I am sorrowed to perceive your overwrought state. Mr. Bradshaw and I depart at once, leaving to you the solace of slumber. You have youth, and sleep will come. I bid you most sympathetic good night."

He disappeared through the curtains, and with a few whispered words to the girl, Bradshaw followed. Jessop, restraining a yawn, but firmly polite as always, saw them out. On the steps Charlie stood for a moment, staring at the sky and drawing in a deep breath of the open air.

"It is something to recall," he said, "that during long painful ordeal in that house, stars were still shining and soft tropic night progressed as usual. What have I not been through? A brief respite will be lovely as soft music in the rain."

They got into his car, waiting alone and lonely in the drive.

"Pretty much up against it, eh, Charlie?" the boy suggested.

Chan nodded. "Dizzy feeling causes my head to circulate. I have upearthed so much, and yet I have upearthed nothing." They bowled along past the Moana Hotel, in unaccustomed darkness now. The pink walls of the Grand glowed with a new splendor in the moonlight. "When you telephoned me," Chan added, "I was about to begin serious operation on a small fish. One taste I had was excellent. Alas, little fish and I will never meet again."

"A shame to spoil your dinner," Bradshaw replied.

"I will be content if your news does not also spoil my reputation," Charlie told him. "How am I going to emerge from this affair—in shining garments of success or in sackcloth with ashes?"

"I called up the morning paper," the boy told him. "Used to work there, you know. They were short of men at the moment, and I landed the job of covering the story so far. Got to go back now and write it. I'll say that the police haven't a notion just at present—is that correct?"

Charlie barely avoided a collision with the curb. "Have you no better understanding of your task than that? Say nothing of the sort. Police have many clews and expect early arrest."

"But that's the same old bunk, Charlie. And judging from your talk, it isn't true in this case."

"Seldom true in any case," Chan reminded him. "You should know that."

"Well, I'll say it—to please you, Charlie. By the way, did I hear Tarneverro intimate he was working with you?"

"Yes, he fancies himself as bright assistant."

"He may be bright all right, but are you keen for his help?"

Charlie shrugged. "The bird chooses the tree, not the tree the bird," he remarked.

"Well, Tarneverro's a queer bird, all right. He gives me a funny sensation when I look at him." They rode on in silence for a time. "Anyhow, one thing's certain," the boy said at last.

"Is that really so?" Chan inquired. "Name it, please. I seem to have overlooked it in my haste."

"I mean, Julie had nothing to do with this affair."

Charlie grinned in the dark. "I have recollections myself," he said.

"Of what?"

"Being young, and muddled by love. Since I am now the father of eleven children, it is necessarily some time since I went about with head in clouds and warmly beating heart. But memories remain."

"Oh, nonsense," protested Bradshaw. "I'm looking at this thing coldly—as a rank outsider."

"Then I humbly suggest you have old Hawaii moon overhauled at once," commented Chan. "For it must be losing magic power you write about so glowingly."

He drew up before the newspaper office, the sound of his brakes grating noisily in the deserted street. On the lower floor of the building one lonely light burned dimly, but the upstairs windows were bright yellow with activity. There men sat sorting the cable news that was flowing in from the far corners of the world, from Europe, Asia, the mainland—brief bits of information thought worthy of transmission to this small island dreaming in the midst of the great Pacific.

Jimmy Bradshaw moved as though to alight, then paused. Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at Charlie. "I don't suppose I can have it now, can I?" he inquired.

"You cannot," Chan replied firmly.

"What are you talking about?" asked the boy innocently.

"Same thing you are," Charlie grinned.

"I was referring to that handkerchief you took away from the picture director."

"So was I," answered Charlie blandly.

"Then you knew it was mine?"

"I gathered that, yes. Small initial B was on it. Also, I perceived you perspiring with no means to quench it. I was greatly moved to admiration by your restraint—not once did you make use of coat sleeve. You are going to tell me that it was taken from your pocket?"

"It must have been, yes."

"At what moment?"

"I don't know, but I suppose someone took it when I was in swimming."

"You are sure of that?"

"Well, it seems the only possible explanation. But I didn't notice it was gone until a long time afterward."

"And a still longer time after that, you mention the affair to me."

"It's my confounded modesty again, Charlie." The boy laughed. "I just couldn't stand the limelight. Let me look at the thing, anyhow."

(Continued on Page 161)

One of the 3 BAD HABITS

SLAP—a giant hand is driving the pistons against the walls of your motor!

SLAP—SLAP—1,200 or more times a minute the explosions "slap" the pistons against the walls with terrific force!

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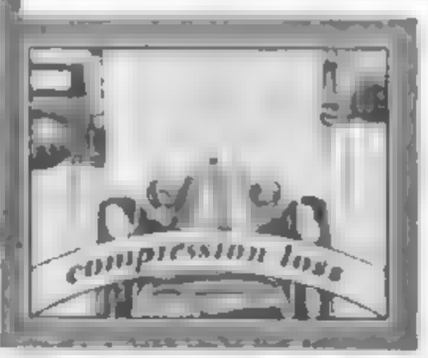

Bad Habit No. 2

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PISTON RINGS
LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR MOTOR

The camera caught MARTA J. DOHERTY, B. Sc., demonstrating to one of her classes the new speedy method of toasting ready-mixed Sandwiches, made possible by the Sunbeam Toaster with flat Turnover Rack. Miss Doherty not only teaches Domestic Science, but writes, lectures, and lives it.

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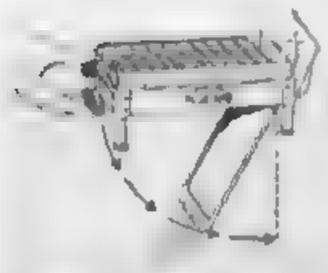

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The Shape is another—"It's ideal," says Alice M. Oliver, the women's club leader. "It glides into gathers, plaits and folds as if it were made for them!" And indeed it is.

Even heat—continuous heat—without reheating—this is another Sunbeam excellence—due to the All-Over Heating Unit that covers the entire bottom.

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Tell your dealer or Public Service Co. to send one. Send to us and we'll ship it direct if not found nearby.

Dries Hair Quickly—Sets Lovely Water Wave

Only $6.50

THE BEST *Sunbeam* ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

This handsome little Sunbeam Drier and Heater is the handiest, most welcome toilet accessory a woman ever set on her dressing table. Switch on the current and in 30 seconds it is going full blast—drying hair, setting a lovely water wave, or relieving congestion and pain. Ideal for taking chill off the sickroom or bath. 100 women guessed the price from $10 to $15—yet it's only $6.50

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(Continued from Page 158)

Charlie handed it over and Bradshaw examined it carefully in the dashboard light. "Mine all right." He pointed at the mark. "That's my alias at the laundry. This is pretty sinister, if you ask me."

Charlie took back the handkerchief. "I have very good notion to put you in jail," he remarked.

"And trifle with the power of the press?" the boy reminded him. "Think twice, Charlie. I didn't do away with our distinguished visitor. That's not the sort of Hawaiian hospitality I go in for." He hesitated. "I could use that handkerchief tonight."

"So could I," Chan answered.

"Oh, well. Then I'll just have to drip perspiration on this immortal story I'm about to write. So long, inspector."

"So long," Chan returned. "And please keep handkerchief out of that same story, and out of your conversation, or you will hear from me."

"O. K., Charlie. It stays a big secret. Nobody in on it but you and me and the laundry."

XI

CHAN drove slowly on to Halekaua Hale, on Bethel Street, the home of the police. Parking his car, he ascended the worn stone steps. A light was burning in the detectives' room and, going in, he encountered his chief.

"Hello, Charlie," that gentleman said. "I've been waiting for you. Drove over to Kalaua tonight, or I'd have been with you down the beach. This is a pretty mix-up, isn't it? Got anything yet?"

Sadly Chan shook his head. He glanced at his watch. "The story has length," he suggested.

"Guess I'd better hear it, anyhow," replied the chief. In him, there was no lack of vigor. The ride in the moonlight to Kalaua had been restful and refreshing.

Charlie sat down and began to talk, while his chief listened intently. He took up first the scene of the murder, the absence of any weapon, the unsuccessful attempt of the murderer to fix the moment of the crime at two minutes past eight. Coming to the question of clews, he mentioned the loss of the diamond pin which had held the orchids.

"That's something," nodded the chief, lighting a cigar.

Chan shrugged. "Something we do not possess," he pointed out. He went on to repeat Shelah Fane's story of her presence at the murder of Denny Mayo—the tale she had told Tarneverro, according to the fortune teller, that morning.

"Fine—fine!" cried the chief. "That gives you the motive, Charlie. Now if she had only written down the name, as this Tarneverro wanted her to ——"

With acute distaste, Charlie added the incident of the letter's loss. His chief looked at him with surprise and a marked disapproval.

"Never knew anything like that to happen to you before. Losing your grip, Charlie?"

"For a moment I certainly lost grip and letter too," Chan replied ruefully. "As the matter turned out, it did not have much importance." His face brightened as he added the later discovery of the letter under the rug, proving that it was of no value save as a corroboration of Tarneverro's story. He went on to the destruction of the portrait over which Shelah Fane had been seen weeping bitterly in the afternoon.

"Someone didn't want you to see it," frowned the chief.

"I arrived at same deduction myself," Charlie admitted. He pictured the arrival of Robert Fyfe on what was obviously his second visit to Waikiki within a few hours, and then turned to the subject of the beach comber.

"We took his fingerprints and let him go," put in the chief. "He hasn't nerve enough to kill a fly."

Chan nodded. "You are no doubt correct in such surmise." His report of Fyfe's subsequent, easily punctured confession evidently puzzled his superior. He mentioned the handkerchief with the telltale slivers of glass found in Martino's pocket, and Jimmy Bradshaw's somewhat belated claim to its ownership. He was by this time rather out of breath. "So matter stands at present," he finished.

His chief was looking at him with an amused smile. "Well, Charlie, sometimes I've thought you weren't entirely satisfied here since your return from the mainland," he said. "Pretty quiet, you thought it. No big cases like over there. Just chasing a few scared gamblers down an alley—not very thrilling, was it? Honolulu didn't seem to be big enough for you any more. I guess it's big enough tonight."

"I experience uncomfortable feeling maybe it is too big," Chan admitted. "How will I come out of this? Considerable puzzle, if inquiry is made of me."

"We mustn't let it stump us," replied the chief briskly. He was an intelligent man, and he knew where to lean. He foresaw that he was going to do some heavy leaning in the next few days. With an appraising glance, he surveyed his assistant. Charlie looked sleepy and somewhat worn, nothing alert, nothing clever in his appearance now. The chief consoled himself with memories. Chan, he reflected, was ever keener than he looked.

He considered. "This Tarneverro, Charlie—what sort of fellow is he?"

Chan brightened. "Ah, perhaps you go to heart of the matter. Tarneverro appears dark as rainy night, but it is his business to act so. He owns a quick mind. And he seems fiercely eager to assist poor policeman like me."

"A bit too eager, maybe?"

Charlie nodded. "I have thought of that. But consider—he offers to produce testimony of old couple with whom he sat until moment murder was discovered. Truth of that will be examined tomorrow, but I do not doubt it. No, I am plenty certain he did not visit house of Shelah Fane until I took him there. Other points absolve him."

"What, for example?"

"I have told you he spoke to me before murder was done, hinting we would tonight make arrest in famous case. That would have been strangely foolish move if he contemplated murder himself. And Tarneverro is not foolish; he goes far the other way. Then, too, indicating he has sincere desire to assist, he points out the matter of the watch. It was bright act—not very necessary, since I already knew facts from Wu Kno-ching, but all same plenty good proof he sincerely aims to help. No, I do not believe him guilty killer—and yet ——"

"Yet what, Charlie?"

"I prefer to hold that safe in mind for the present. It may mean much, and it may mean nothing."

"You've got something on Tarneverro?" asked the chief, looking at him keenly.

"With regard to killing, not one solitary thing. At moment when that took place, I believe he was most decidedly elsewhere. Gazing in another direction, kindly permit that I gaze that way a few hours longer before I divulge my thoughts." The plump detective put one hand to his head. "*Haie*, just now I wander, lost in maze of doubts and questionings."

"You'll have to cut that out, Charlie," his chief told him in a kindly but somewhat worried tone. "The honor of the force is at stake. If these people are going to come over here to our quiet little city and murder each other at Waikiki, we've got to prove to them that they can't get away with it. I rely on you."

Chan bowed. "I'm afraid you do. Appreciate the distinction and will do all my humble talents permit. Now I will wish you good night. The evening has worn on me like some prolonged dispute."

He went out into the battered old hall, just as Spencer entered from the street. Chan looked at his watch.

"The Oceanic has sailed?" he inquired.

"Yeah, she's out."

"With none of our friends aboard, I trust?" Chan said.

"None that I saw goin' aboard, and I guess I was there first. One of 'em showed up, though."

"Which one?"

"That Alan Jaynes. He came in a car from the Grand Hotel an' collected his baggage. I heard him swearin' under his breath when the ship backed away from the pier. I helped him load up an' he went back to the beach. He give me a message for you."

"What was that?"

"He said he was sailing on the next ship an' all hell couldn't stop him."

Charlie smiled. "None the less, I shall see that the province he mentions breaks loose at the dock if he tries it."

He went down the flight of steps to the street. Through the moonlight he saw approaching him the jaunty figure of Smith, the beach comber.

"This is a pretty idea, officer," that gentleman said. "You give me a nice ride down to the station, and then you kick me out. How am I going to get back to my bedroom? I've walked it once tonight."

Charlie reached into his pocket and held out one hand in which lay a small coin. "You may make the distance by trolley," he suggested.

Smith looked down at the coin. "A dime," he remarked. "Ten cents. I can't get on a street car and offer the conductor a dime. A gentleman has to have the prestige of a dollar."

Tired as he was, Chan laughed. "So sorry," he answered. "There may be much in what you say. But I believe it wiser at this time to proffer you the ride and no more. The hour is late and you should be able to maintain your dignity on very little prestige tonight."

Stubbornly Smith shook his head. "I've got to have the prestige of a dollar," he insisted.

"You mean you've got to have a drink," shrugged Chan. "If the coin is unsatisfactory, I regretfully withdraw it." He moved toward his car. "So sorry that I travel in opposite direction from your couch beneath the palm."

Smith followed him. "Oh, well," he said, "perhaps I'm a bit too sensitive. I'll take the dime." Charlie gave it to him. "Just a loan, inspector. I'll make a note of it."

He hurried away down Bethel Street in the direction of King. With one foot on the running board of his little car, Charlie stared after him. Finally he abandoned the flivver and followed. The empty streets were as bright as day, the risk was great, but Chan was an old hand at the game. Smith's battered shoes flopped noisily on the deserted sidewalk, but the detective moved as though on velvet slippers.

The beach comber turned to the right on King Street and, dodging in and out of doorways, Chan followed. As his quarry neared the corner of Fort, Charlie waited anxiously in a shadowed nook. Would Smith pause at that corner for a Waikiki car? If he did, this pursuit came to nothing.

But Smith did not stop. Instead he crossed over and hastened down Fort Street. The moon shone brightly on his enormous, flapping hat, on the shoulders of his absurd velvet coat. Charlie's interest revived at once. On what errand did the beach comber set forth at this hour of the night?

Selecting the opposite side of the thoroughfare from that which Smith traveled—it was darker and better suited to his purpose—Chan trailed his man down Fort. Past the principal shops of Honolulu, in each of which a dim light burned, they moved along. Smith came to the entrance of the Waioli Hotel, and stopped there. Hiding in a dark doorway across the street, Chan saw him peer into the hotel lobby. The place was deserted save for a watchman who dozed in a chair behind the great glass window. For a moment the beach comber hesitated and then, as though changing his mind, turned and retraced his steps. Charlie squeezed his great bulk against the door behind him, in a panic lest he be discovered.

But he was safe. All unsuspecting, Smith hurried back to the corner of King, there to await the Waikiki car. Charlie remained in hiding until the car arrived. He saw the beach comber mount to a seat and ride away without the prestige of a dollar.

Slowly Chan walked back to the station house. What did this mean? Evidently when Robert Fyfe announced his address to the detective, he was also proclaiming it to the battered Mr. Smith. And Smith desired to see the actor at once, on urgent business.

Charlie was getting into his flivver when the chief came down the steps of Halekaua Hale.

"Thought you'd gone home, Charlie," he said.

"I was for a moment delayed."

His superior came up eagerly. "Anything new?"

"I remain just where I always have been." The detective sighed.

"You're not really as much in the dark on this case as you say you are?" asked the chief anxiously.

Chan nodded. "The man who sits in a well sees little of the sky."

"Well, climb out, Charlie—climb out."

"I am planning swift ascent," the detective answered, and starting his engine, sped off at last in the direction of his house on Punchbowl Hill.

XII

THE night was breaking and a gray mist lay over Waikiki. Smith, the beach comber, shivered slightly and stirred on his bed of sand. He put out his hand, as though to draw up over his thin, ill-clad body a blanket that was not there. Turning over, he muttered in his sleep, then lay motionless again.

The gray mist turned to pink. Above the mountains to the east a small segment of sky became a deep gold in color, against which a few scattered clouds stood out, black as the recent night. Smith opened his eyes and gradually came back to a recognition of his surroundings. He did not choose to sleep on the beach, but for some reason the usual bitterness with which he awoke to the realization that he was broke again was missing today. Something pleasant had happened, or was about to happen. Ah, yes. He smiled up at the hau tree above him, and the tree showered him with mahogany-red blossoms that had been yellow when he retired for the night. He would have preferred grapefruit and coffee, but flowers were more in keeping with the scene.

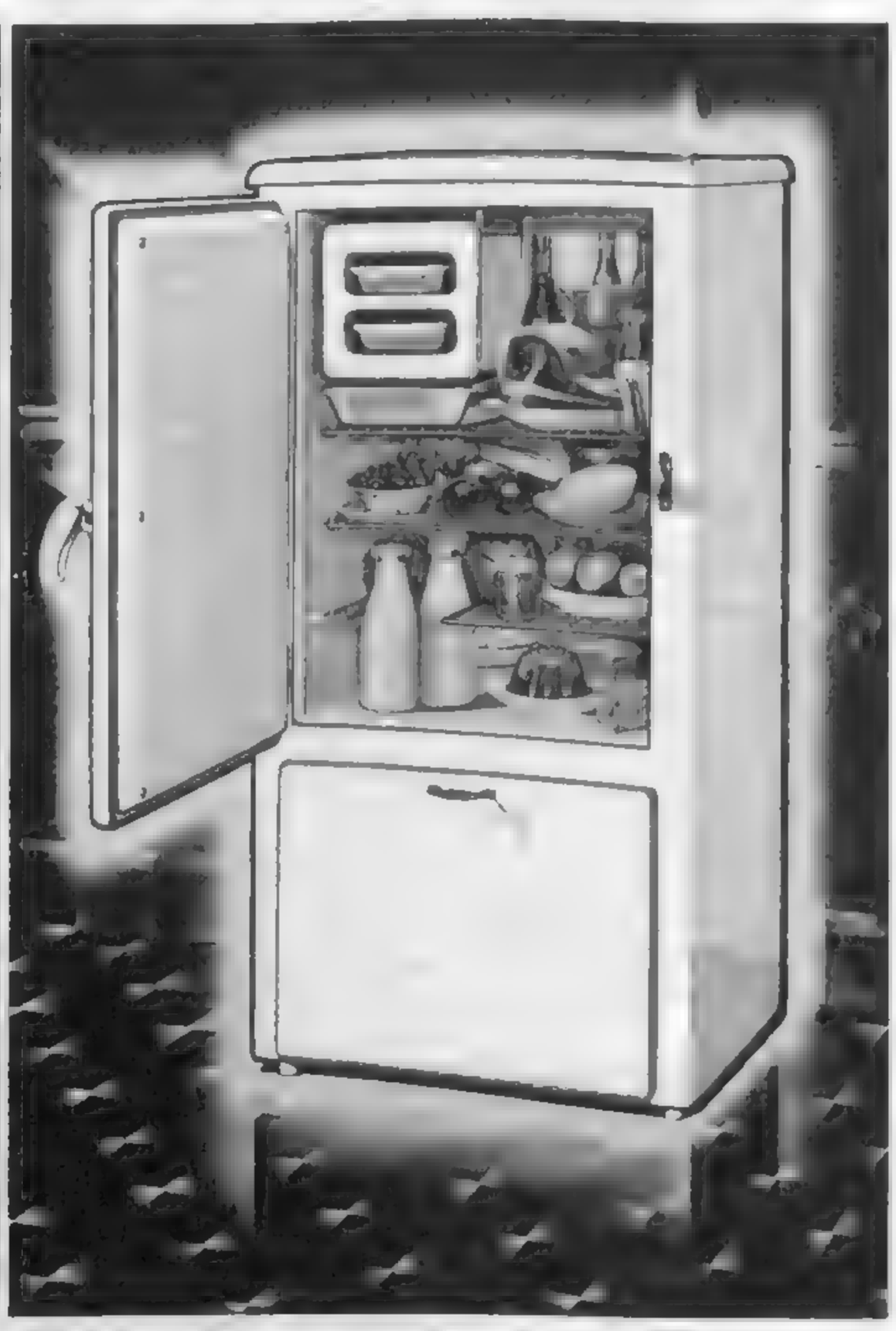
He sat up. The gold in the eastern sky was spreading, and now the rim of the sun appeared. The snow-white beach was lapped by water that had in it a glint of gold to match the sky. At his left stood Diamond Head, that extinct volcano. He had always a sort of fellow feeling for Diamond Head, being a bit on the extinct side himself. His mind went back to the events of the preceding night. Good fortune had taken him by the hand and led him to that pavilion window. Too often in these last years he had been blind to opportunity. He was resolved that he would not be blind now.

He got to his feet and, removing his scanty clothing, revealed underneath a frayed pair of bathing trunks. Gathering all his courage, he ran down to the water and plunged in. The shock revivified him. He struck out boldly; one thing at least he had learned on tropic beaches, and that was the art of the swimmer. As he cut through the water the wasted years fell away from him, old ambitions returned, he made plans for the future. He would win back to his former self, he would leave this languorous spot where he had never intended to stay anyhow, he would be a man again. The money that would put his feet back on the highroad was finally within his grasp.

The sun, warm and friendly, crept up the eastern sky. Smith plunged far under the

(Continued on Page 165

GOOD NEWS for KELVI



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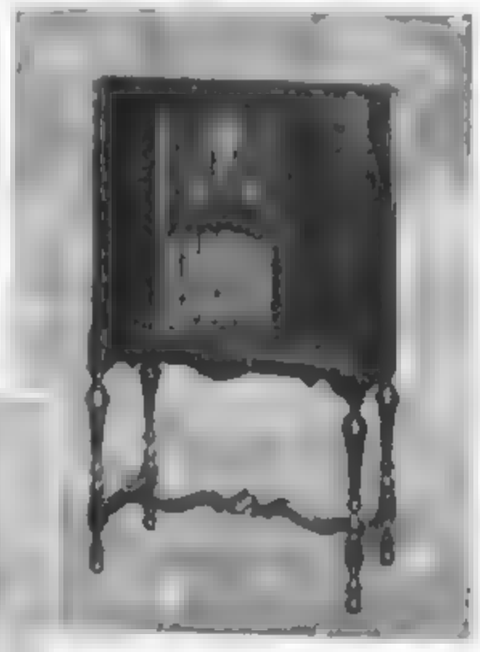

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8-Tube NEUTRODYNE for house-current operation. Push-Pull amplification. Four tuning condensers. Inductor-Dynamic Speaker. Walnut veneer Console, with two-tone panels. Uses 245 type tubes.

(Continued from Page 161)

waves, swam there, felt more energetic with every exploit. Finally he returned to shallow water, and walking carefully to avoid the coral, came from his bath back to his bedroom. For a time he sat, leaning against the abandoned hulk of a boat in the shelter of which he had spent the night. The hot sun served as his towel, and he rested, at peace with the world. A delicious feeling of laziness spread over him. But no—no, this wouldn't do.

He donned his clothes, took a broken piece of comb from his pocket, and applied it to his yellow beard and hair. His toilet was completed and breakfast was now the order of the day. Above him hung clusters of coconuts; often these had been forced to serve. But not this morning, he told himself with a smile. Through a scene of brightness and beauty, he walked slowly toward the Moana Hotel. It was a scene that had, in its way, contributed to Mr. Smith's downfall, for every time he sought to paint it he threw down his brush in disgust and bemoaned the inadequacy of his talent.

On the sand outside the hotel, an early beach boy lay strumming a steel guitar and singing. Smith went promptly to join him.

"Good morning, Frank," he said.

Frank turned his head. "Hello," he answered dreamily. The beach comber sat down beside him. Suddenly Frank looked at him, his dark eyes wide and earnest. "I'm not going to sing for tourists today," the beach boy announced. "I'm just going to sing for the blue sky."

Smith nodded. Coming from any other race, this would have been a stilted and theatrical remark, but the beach comber knew his Hawaiians better than that. He had watched them arrive each morning on their beloved beach, staring at it as though its beauty were brought to their attention for the first time, diving into its familiar waters with cries of delight that betokened a happiness rare in this modern world.

"That's the ticket, Frank." Smith nodded approvingly. He suddenly introduced a more practical note. "Got any money?" he inquired.

The boy frowned. What was this money all the *haoles* seemed so interested in, so vocal about? It meant nothing to him, and never would.

"I guess so," he replied casually. "Dollar in my coat, I think."

Smith's eyes glittered. "Lend it to me. I'll pay it back before night. All the rest I owe you too. How much do I owe you, anyhow?"

"Can't remember," Frank answered, and sang again.

"I'll have lots of money before the day's out," Smith continued, a note of excitement in his voice. Frank sang softly. A queer thing to get excited about—money—when the sky was so blue, the water so warm, and there was such a deep satisfaction just in lying on the white beach and humming a song. "In your coat, you say?" Smith persisted.

Frank nodded. "Go and get it. The locker door's open."

Smith went at once. When he returned he held a dollar bill in one hand, and in the other a small canvas.

"I'm taking that picture I left with you, Frank," he explained. "Something tells me there's a market for my work at last." He stared at the painting critically. A dark-skinned, black-eyed girl stood against a background of cool green. She held a crimson flower between her lips, and she had the look of the tropics, of lazy islands lost in southern seas. "You know," the beach comber added with almost reluctant admiration, "that's not half bad."

"Yeah," said Frank.

"Not bad at all," Smith continued. "But then, they told me I had talent, Frank. I heard it in New York, and in Paris too. Talent, maybe a touch of genius, but not much else. No backbone, no character—nothing to back it up. You've got to have character, my boy."

"Yeah," repeated Frank idly.

"You know, Frank, painters without half my skill—oh, what's the use? Why should I complain? Look at Corot, Frank. Not one of his pictures was sold during his lifetime. Look at Manet. You know what the critics did to Manet? They laughed at him."

"Yeah," continued Frank. He threw down his guitar, leaped to his feet, and running across the sand, dove like a fish into two feet of water. Smith looked after him. He shook his head.

"No interest in painting," he muttered. "Just music. Well, that's something." He put the bill in his pocket, tucked the canvas under his arm and went out to the street.

A trolley was approaching, bound for the city, and Smith swung aboard. He offered the dollar proudly—after this, perhaps, the conductor would not judge everyone by his clothes. Once or twice, on the way into town, he looked again at his painting. His opinion of it grew even better.

At a lunch room in town he treated himself to a breakfast such as he had not known in several days, then moved on to the Waioli Hotel. His entrance there evoked no great enthusiasm. The clerk stared at him with open disapproval.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"Mr. Fyfe stopping here?" the beach comber asked.

"He is, but he sleeps late. I can't disturb him."

"You'd better disturb him." There was a sudden note of authority in Smith's voice. "I've an appointment, very important. Mr. Fyfe wants to see me more than I want to see him."

The clerk hesitated and then took up a telephone. In a moment he turned to the beach comber.

"Be down right away," he announced.

Boldly Smith dropped into a chair and waited. Fyfe appeared almost at once; evidently he had not slept late today. There was a worried look in his eyes. He came over to the beach comber.

"You wanted to see me?" he said. "I'm on my way to the theater. Come along."

He left his key at the desk and strode toward the door, Smith struggling to keep up with him. They walked down the street in silence. Finally the actor turned.

"Why be so indiscreet?" he inquired. "You could have telephoned me and I'd have met you."

Smith shrugged. "Telephoning costs money," he replied. "And I haven't much money—yet."

There was a world of meaning in that last word. Fyfe led the way from the more modern quarter of the city into the Oriental district. They moved on past shops crammed with silks, linens, embroideries, jade and porcelains. Bales and baskets filled with the foodstuffs of the Orient encroached upon the sidewalk.

"I take it you expect to have money soon," Fyfe said at last.

Smith smiled. "Why not? Last night I did you a favor. . . . Oh, I'm nobody's fool. I know why you made that fake confession. You were afraid I was going to repeat what I heard when I was standing outside that window. Weren't you?"

"Just what did you overhear?"

"Enough, believe me. I heard that woman—the woman somebody killed later on—I heard her tell you that she ——"

"Never mind!" The actor looked nervously about. Nothing but flat, expressionless faces, dark eyes that avoided his.

"I think I fell in with your plan very neatly," Smith reminded him. "When that Chinese detective, after he'd punctured your confession, asked me again what I'd heard—well, I said what you wanted me to, didn't I? I backed up what you'd been saying. I could have exploded a bomb right then and there, but I didn't. Please remember that."

"I do remember it. And I rather expected you'd be around this morning to blackmail me."

"My dear sir." Smith raised a thin, freckled hand. "You might have spared

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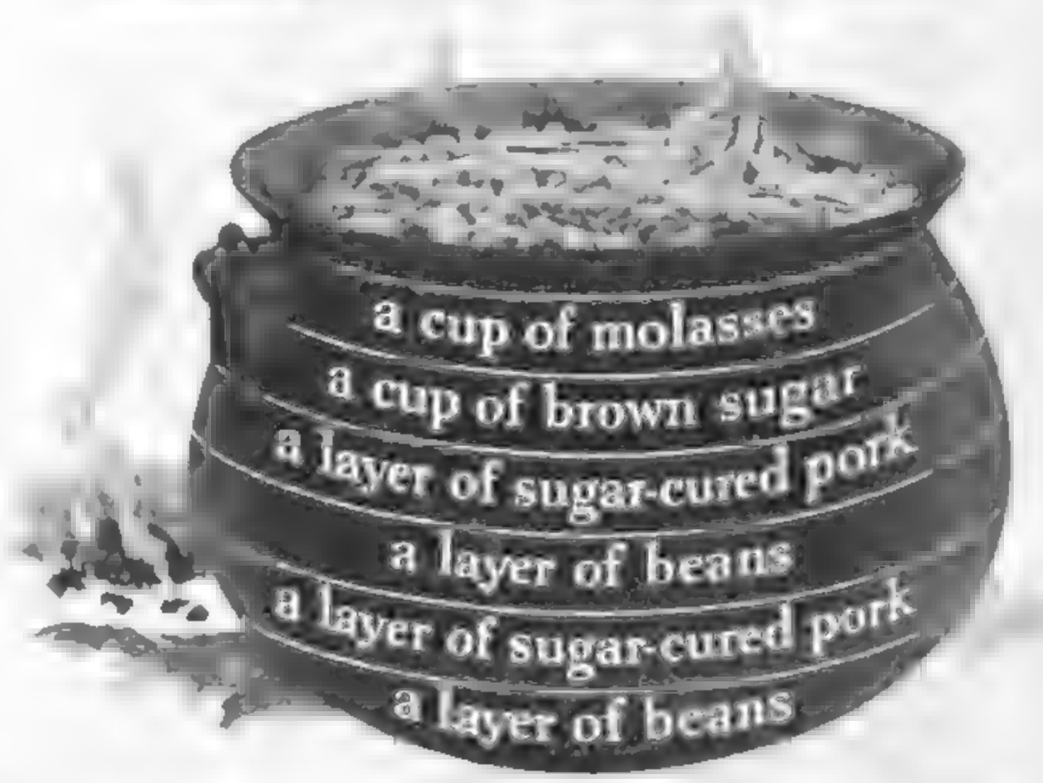
a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

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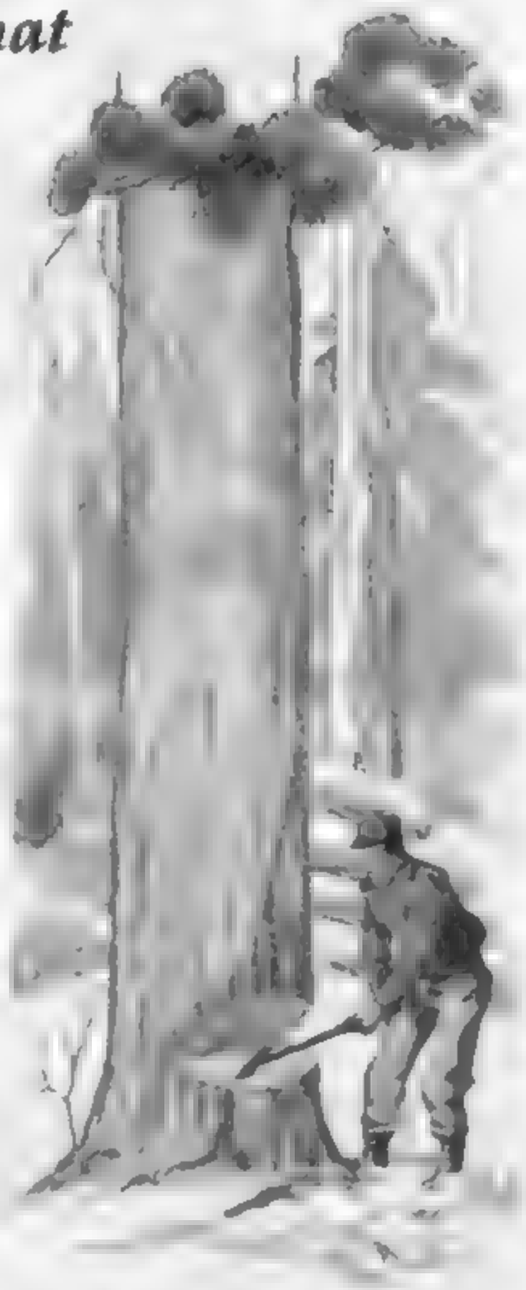

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me that. I have some shreds of respectability left, and—er—what you said is scarcely in my line. It just occurred to me that as an intelligent man, a practitioner of one of the allied arts, you might possibly be interested in my work." He indicated the canvas. "I happen to have a sample with me," he added brightly.

Fyfe laughed. "You're a rather subtle person, Mr. Smith. Suppose I did buy one of your paintings—what would you do with the money?"

Smith licked his lips. "I'd get out of this place forever. I'm fed up here. For the past year I've been thinking about going home to my folks in Cleveland. I don't know whether they'd be glad to see me. If I had decent clothes and a bit of money in my pocket—that might help."

"How did you get here in the first place?" the actor inquired.

"I went down to the South Seas to paint. Might be a good place for some people, but for me—well, the first thing I knew I was on the beach. After a long time my people sent me money to come home. I managed to get aboard a boat, but unfortunately it stopped for a day at this port. And—have you tried any of the *okolehau* they call a drink in this paradise?"

Fyfe smiled. "I understand. You forgot to go back to your ship."

"My dear sir," Smith shrugged, "I forgot the world. When I woke up, my boat was two days out. Oddly enough, my father seemed annoyed. A rather impatient man."

They reached the river and, crossing a narrow stone bridge, entered Aala Park, where, because of its convenient location, the dregs of the town congregate. Fyfe indicated a bench. They sat down together, and Smith handed over his canvas.

The actor glanced at it, and a look of surprise crossed his face. "By Jove," he cried, "that's good!"

"Glad to hear you say so," beamed Smith. "A bit unexpected, too, eh? I'm not what you'd call a born salesman, but I can't help pointing out that the thing might be valuable some day. There's just a chance. Think of the pride you could take in saying to your friends: 'Ah, yes, but I recognized his talent long ago. I was his first patron.'"

"Is this your real name, down here in the corner?"

The beach comber hung his head. "My real name, yes," he replied.

Fyfe laid the canvas on his knee. "Just what is the price?" he inquired.

"What am I offered?" Smith countered.

"If you're really sincere about wanting to go home, I'll be happy to arrange it for you. Not now, of course. The police wouldn't let you go at present. But when this has blown over a bit, I'll buy you a ticket and give you something besides. In return for this canvas, you know."

"How much besides?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Well, I don't know ——"

"Make it two-fifty. Look here, you're not dealing with a millionaire. I'm an actor on a salary, and it's none too big. I've had a long engagement in Honolulu, and I've saved a bit. I'm offering you about all I've got. If it's not enough, I'm sorry."

"It's enough," said the beach comber slowly. "I don't mean to be hard on you. I'm not very proud of this, you know. But it's my chance—my chance to get away. Lord, I've got to take it. We'll call it a bargain—a ticket to the mainland as soon as they'll let me go, and two-fifty in my jeans. But say, how about meantime—I need a small advance now."

"For *okolehau*, eh?"

Smith hesitated. "I don't know," he said frankly. "I hope not. I don't want to touch it. I might talk and spoil everything. I'm not thinking so much of you—spoil everything for myself, I mean." He stood up. "I won't touch it!" he cried suddenly. "I'll fight, and I'll win! I give you my word of honor as a gentleman."

Fyfe looked him over, wondering what that was worth. He took out his wallet.

"I'll have to trust you, I suppose. I'll give you fifty now." Smith's eyes gleamed. "It's all I've got on me. Wait a minute!" He pushed away the beach comber's eager hand. "Remember, you must be careful. If the police find that you've suddenly got money, they're bound to look into it."

"I was thinking of some new clothes," returned Smith wistfully.

"Not now," Fyfe warned. "Before you sail, yes; we'll attend to that. But now, just as you are for a while—and lie low." The actor was standing, too, and he stared hard into the other's face. "I'm depending on you. A man who can paint as you can—don't be a fool. Go straight."

"By heaven, I will!" Smith cried, and hurried off across the park. For a moment Fyfe looked after him, then, with his recent purchase under his arm, walked slowly in the direction of the theater.

Smith went on to Beretania Street and entered a small, low-ceilinged room through a doorway that bore above it the faint sign: NIPPON HOTEL. Behind the narrow desk stood a polite little Japanese. On the wall at his back hung the picture of a great liner cleaving the waves, under the words, NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.

"Hello, Nada," Smith said jauntily. "My old room vacant?"

"So sorry," hissed the Jap.

Smith threw a bill onto the counter. "Here's ten in advance," he remarked.

"So sorry you stay away such long time," hastily amended the clerk. "Room all ready, yes-s."

"I'll go and brush up a bit," Smith told him. "My baggage will be along later."

"You have money from home, I think." Nada smiled.

"Money from home, nothing," Smith responded airily. "I've sold a picture, Nada. You know, that's more than Corot ever did." He leaned across the counter. "Poor old Corot, Nada, never got on to himself. It's all in being outside the right window at the right time."

"Mebbe so," agreed Nada. "Much better you go along now. Room numba seven, like always."

"It's great to be home," Smith answered, and went out, whistling a merry tune.

XIII

AN HOUR after Smith took his morning swim, Charlie Chan rose and, stepping to his bedroom window, looked down on the bright panorama of town and sea. From Punchbowl Hill the view was one to stir the heart with beauty—green valleys and gleaming water, at this season the crimson umbrellas of the poinciana, golden shower trees blooming in generous profusion, here and there a brick-red bougainvillea vine. Charlie's lot was cast in a pleasant setting, and he loved to stand thus of a morning and reflect on his good fortune.

Today, however, he preferred to reflect on the problem that lay before him. Insoluble it had appeared when he went to bed, but he had slept soundly in the knowledge that what is to be will be, and now he felt a new energy stirring within him. Was he, then, a mainland policeman, to be stumped and helpless in the face of a question that had, no doubt, some simple answer? It was a matter, however, that called for prompt and intelligent action on his part. He thought of the crane who, waiting for the sea to disappear and leave him dry fish to eat, died of starvation. Chan had no intention of emulating that stupid bird.

It was a far from silent house that lay about him. Eleven children in one family make of early morning something of a bedlam. He heard their voices here, there and all about, shouting, expostulating, laughing and, in one case at least, weeping bitterly. With a comfortable feeling that the day had begun as usual, he prepared himself for his tasks.

In the dining room he found that his three eldest children were lingering about the table, and as he entered, he saw them regarding him with a keen interest he had not aroused in that quarter for a long time. They all spoke at once, and he realized the cause of their interest. One of their heroines, according to the morning paper, was murdered, and they were going to see the miscreant punished or know the reason why. "Quiet!" Charlie cried. "Can a man think beneath a tree filled with myna birds?" He turned to his oldest son, Henry, dapper in collegiate clothes and engaged in lighting a cigarette: "You should be at the store."

"Going right along, dad," Henry replied. "But say, what's all this about Shelah Fane?"

"You have read it in the paper. Someone most unkindly stabbed her. Now, get on to your work."

"Who did it?" said Rose, the oldest girl. "That's what we want to know."

"A few others languish in same fix," her father admitted.

"You're on the case, aren't you, dad?" Henry inquired.

Charlie looked at him. "In Honolulu, who else would be summoned?" he asked blandly.

"Well, what's the dope?" went on Henry, who had been Americanized to a rather painful extent. "When do you grab the guilty party, and what's his name?"

Charlie again looked at him and sighed. These children were his link with the future—what sort of future, he often wondered.

"As I have frequent reason to point out, your language is sadly lacking in dignity," he reproved. "I have not yet apprehended the wrongdoer and, as a consequence, I do not know his name."

"But you will, won't you, dad?" Rose put in. "You're not going to fall down on it, are you?"

"When have I ever so much as stumbled?" he wanted to know.

She was smiling at him mischievously. "Now, dad ——"

"When I was youthful," Chan broke in hastily, "it was regarded deadly sin to question all-pervading wisdom of father. He was honored and respected by children. Such a hint of failure as you have just offered would have been impossible."

She got up and came round to him, still smiling. "Times have changed. You're not going to fail, of course. We all know that. But this is one case your family is really interested in. So move fast, won't you? Don't take too much time out for Oriental meditation."

"Should I pause to think deeply," he replied, "I would be plenty lonesome man in this new world."

Rose kissed him and went out on her way to the bank where she was employed during the summer vacation. Henry stood up languidly.

"Will you be wanting the car tonight, dad?" he inquired.

"If I ever wanted it, tonight will be the time," his father answered.

Henry frowned. "I guess I'll have to buy one," he said. "I can get a good secondhand bus on the installment plan."

Charlie shook his head. "Work, and pay your way as you go," he advised. "Then you need fear no midnight knock upon the door."

"Old stuff," replied Henry, and made a leisurely exit.

Chan shrugged and attacked his breakfast. Evelyn, aged fifteen, was addressing him. "Gee, I thought Shelah Fane was swell. I saw her in some swell parts."

"Enough!" cried Charlie. "Vast English language is spread out before you, and you select for your use the lowliest words. I am discouraged."

His wife appeared with his oatmeal and the tea. She was a jolly-looking woman, nearly as broad as Chan, with a placid, smiling face. If her children and her husband had far outdistanced her in the matter of adjustment to a new land, she was, judging from her calm eyes, not at all distressed.

(Continued on Page 168)

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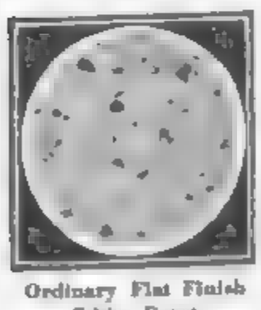

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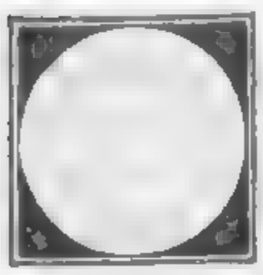

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(Continued from Page 166)

"Heah about Shelah Fane?" she remarked. "Plitty tellible thing."

"What do you know about Shelah Fane?" Charlie asked, surprised.

"All time chillun make talk, Shelah Fane, Shelah Fane," his wife said. "I think mus' be velly fine woman. I want you catch bad man plenty quick."

Chan choked on his hot tea. "If I do not, I perceive I am expelled from my own household. May I respectfully ask that you give me time? Much work to be done on this case."

"Mebbe you have moah tea," his wife suggested.

He drank a second cup, and then rose from the table. Evelyn brought his hat; they all seemed eager to speed him on his way. At the door he barely avoided falling over a round-faced little boy with keen black eyes that recalled those of his father. "Ah, the small Barry." He lifted the child and gave him an affectionate kiss. "Every day you grow more handsome, like fine namesake, Mr. Barry Kirk. Be good boy, now, and do not eat the plaster."

He went out and got his car, and as he drove down the hill he thought about his children. He had always been proud of the fact that they were all American citizens. But, perhaps because of this very fact, they seemed to be growing away from him—the gulf widened daily. They made no effort to remember the precepts and the odes; they spoke the English language in a manner that grated on Charlie's sensitive ear.

He passed the Chinese cemetery, with its odd headstones scattered down the sloping hillside. There lay his mother, whom he had brought from China to spend her last years in the house on Punchbowl Hill. What would she think if she could see her descendants now—see Henry in his dapper clothes; see Rose, brisk and efficient, planning to go to a university on the mainland in the autumn; hear Evelyn speaking that shabby, outmoded slang she picked up on the school grounds? His mother would not have approved, Charlie knew. She would have mourned for the old ways, the old customs. He mourned for them himself, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Reaching the business district of the city, he turned his attention to the tasks that lay before him. These were many, and he planned in what order he should attack them. Fyfe was uppermost in his thoughts, so he drove at once to the Waioli Hotel.

Mr. Fyfe, the clerk said, had gone out with a man. What man? The description left no doubt as to the identity of Fyfe's caller, and Charlie frowned. What did Smith want of the actor? What had he overheard when he stood outside that pavilion window? Why had Fyfe confessed to a crime he had not committed? He couldn't have committed it, obviously. Not if his story of his actions on the previous night was correct. Ah, yes, Charlie reflected, he must look into that.

"I think I heard Mr. Fyfe say he was going to the theater," the clerk remarked.

Chan was not up on the drama. "What theater, please?" he inquired.

"The Royal," the clerk told him, and Charlie went there.

He entered from the street, passing from a tiled lobby into the dark auditorium. On the stage the members of the stock company were rehearsing next week's piece. A few old kitchen chairs represented exits and entrances, and the players stood about, waiting for their cues. At the moment Fyfe was delivering a long speech; he gave it languidly, as though it were something with which he had no personal concern.

Charlie walked down the dim aisle. A man with a green velour hat pulled low over his eyes, who sat at a small table on the stage with the play script in his hand, looked down at the detective with evident annoyance.

"What do you want?" he barked.

"Just one word, please, with Mr. Fyfe," Chan replied. The actor stepped forward and, shading his eyes from the glare of the footlights, peered into the auditorium.

"Oh, yes; Inspector Chan," he said. "Won't you come up, please?"

Panting from the effort, Charlie boosted his heavy bulk onto the stage. Fyfe was smiling and cordial.

"What can I do for you this morning, inspector?" he inquired.

Charlie regarded him through half-shut eyes. "Not much, I fear, unless maybe mood has altered overnight. You will recall I arranged for you, somewhat against your wish, a very nice alibi. I am here now to verify myself. A mere matter of form."

"Surely," nodded Fyfe. "Oh, Wayne," he called. Reluctantly the man in the green hat got up and came over to them. "This is Mr. Wayne, our stage manager; Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police. The inspector is here regarding that affair last night. Wayne, what time was it when you rang up last evening?"

"Eight-twenty," growled Wayne. "Five minutes late."

"I was standing beside you when you rang up?"

"Yes, you were. Though where you were when we were hammering on your door, I'm hanged if I know."

"The inspector, however, does," Fyfe returned. "Was that all you wanted, Mr. Chan?"

"One other thing." Chan addressed the stage manager: "In play which you perform this present week, does Mr. Fyfe in actor capacity indulge in use of knife?"

"A knife?" repeated Wayne. "Why, no, there's no knife in this play. It's a polite drawing-room comedy."

"Thank you so much," Charlie said, bowing. "That is all." He turned on Robert Fyfe a speculative eye. "Will you come with me, please?"

He led the way down into the auditorium, thinking deeply as he did so. Shelah Fane was seen alive at 8:12. Robert Fyfe was in the wings of the theater, ready to go on, at 8:20. Just eight minutes—no, one could possibly travel the distance from Waikiki to town in that time. Fyfe's alibi was perfect. And yet ——

In the darkened foyer back of the last row Charlie paused, and the two leaned on the rail.

"I am still wondering, Mr. Fyfe," the detective remarked, "why you made false confession that you killed Shelah Fane."

"I'm inclined to wonder a bit myself, inspector."

"Obviously you did not kill her."

"I'm afraid you must think me a fool," Fyfe said.

"Other way about. I think you very smart man."

"Do you, really? That's flattering, I'm sure."

"There was reason for that confession, Mr. Fyfe."

"If there was, it has quite escaped my memory at this time, inspector."

"Much better you tell me. Otherwise you place obstacle in path of justice."

"I must be the judge of that, Mr. Chan. I do not wish to hinder you. On the contrary, I am eager for your success."

"Under such a circumstance, I find that difficult to believe." Chan was silent for a moment. "You have seen our friend the beach comber this morning?" he inquired.

Fyfe hesitated. He regretted more than ever the public nature of his meeting with Smith. Then he threw back his head and laughed—a laugh too long delayed, as Charlie noted.

"I certainly have," the actor admitted. "He called on me almost before I was up."

"For what purpose?"

"To get money, of course. I imagine he is making the rounds of the people he met last night. He seemed to think that the mere meeting gave him a sort of claim on us all."

"You are too busy with plural words," Chan protested. "His claim, I think, was on you alone." The actor said nothing. "You gave him money?" Charlie persisted.

"Why, yes; a few dollars. I was rather sorry for him. He is not a bad painter ——" Fyfe stopped suddenly.

"How do you know he is not a bad painter?" Chan was quick to ask.

"Well, he he left a canvas with me."

"This canvas?" Charlie stepped down the aisle and picked up something from a vacant seat. "I noted it as we came back here together," he explained. "If you do not mind, I will take it to light and examine it."

"By all means," the actor agreed.

Charlie walked to the door and, pushing it open, gazed for a moment at the painting. The eyes of that girl, posed against green shrubbery, seemed strangely alive. He came back to Fyfe's side.

"You are correct," he remarked, dropping the canvas into one of the chairs. "The man has talent. Pity such a one must resort to blackmail."

"Who said it was blackmail?" demanded Fyfe.

"I say so. Mr. Fyfe, I could place you beneath arrest ——"

"Isn't my alibi satisfactory?"

"Quite. But you hamper my work. For the last time: What was it Smith, the beach comber, heard your ex-wife say to you?"

The stage manager came to the footlights and called.

"I'm so sorry," said Fyfe, "but I'm keeping the company. I really must go along."

Chan shrugged. "The inquiry is young, as yet. Before I am through, I will know, Mr. Fyfe."

"Drop in any time," said Fyfe blandly, holding out his hand. "Too bad I must leave you now, but an actor's life, you know ——"

Chan gravely shook hands and the actor hurried up the aisle. As he returned to the bright street, Charlie wore a puzzled frown. He knew that behind Fyfe's suave manner there lurked something of vital importance—something that might, indeed, solve his problem. Yet he would never get it from Fyfe. The beach comber—ah, perhaps. He made a mental note of the beach comber.

Climbing back into his flivver, Chan drove over to King Street and turned in the direction of Waikiki. As he passed the public library, set well back from the street amid great trees, he was tempted to stop. It occurred to him that he ought to read, in a Los Angeles paper, the story of Denny Mayo's murder. Buried in the yellowed columns describing that spectacular moment in the movie colony's history, he might discover a line that would at once put him on the true scent in his search for Shelah Fane's assailant.

With quick decision he swung about and returned to the library. In another moment he was addressing the woman at the library desk.

"Is it possible that I obtain at once Los Angeles paper for June, three years ago?" he inquired.

"Certainly, Mr. Chan," she answered. "Just fill out the card."

He filled it hastily and saw it passed to a young assistant. The girl started to move toward the files, glancing at the card as she did so. She turned and came back.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I just happened to remember. That volume of the Los Angeles Times is in use just now."

"In use?" Chan was surprised.

"Yes. A gentleman took it out half an hour ago."

"Can you describe this gentleman?"

The girl nodded toward the reading room.

"He's still there. Over by that farther window."

Chan went over and peered round the corner of a bookcase. Seated, bent over a huge, gray-bound volume, he saw Huntley Van Horn. The picture actor did not look up; he seemed grimly intent on what he was doing. With a gesture toward the desk, meant to convey the fact that he dropped the whole matter, Chan walked softly out of the building.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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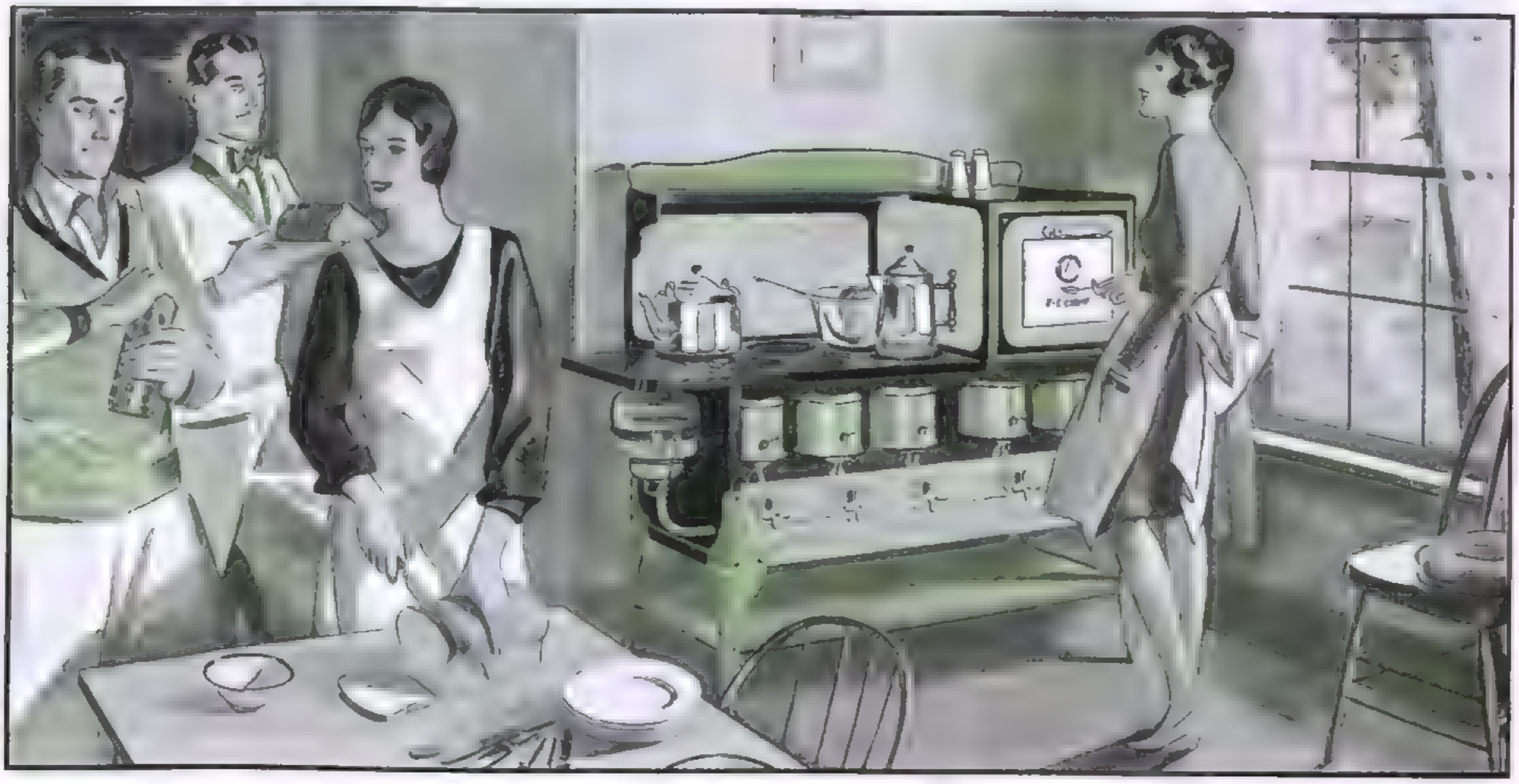

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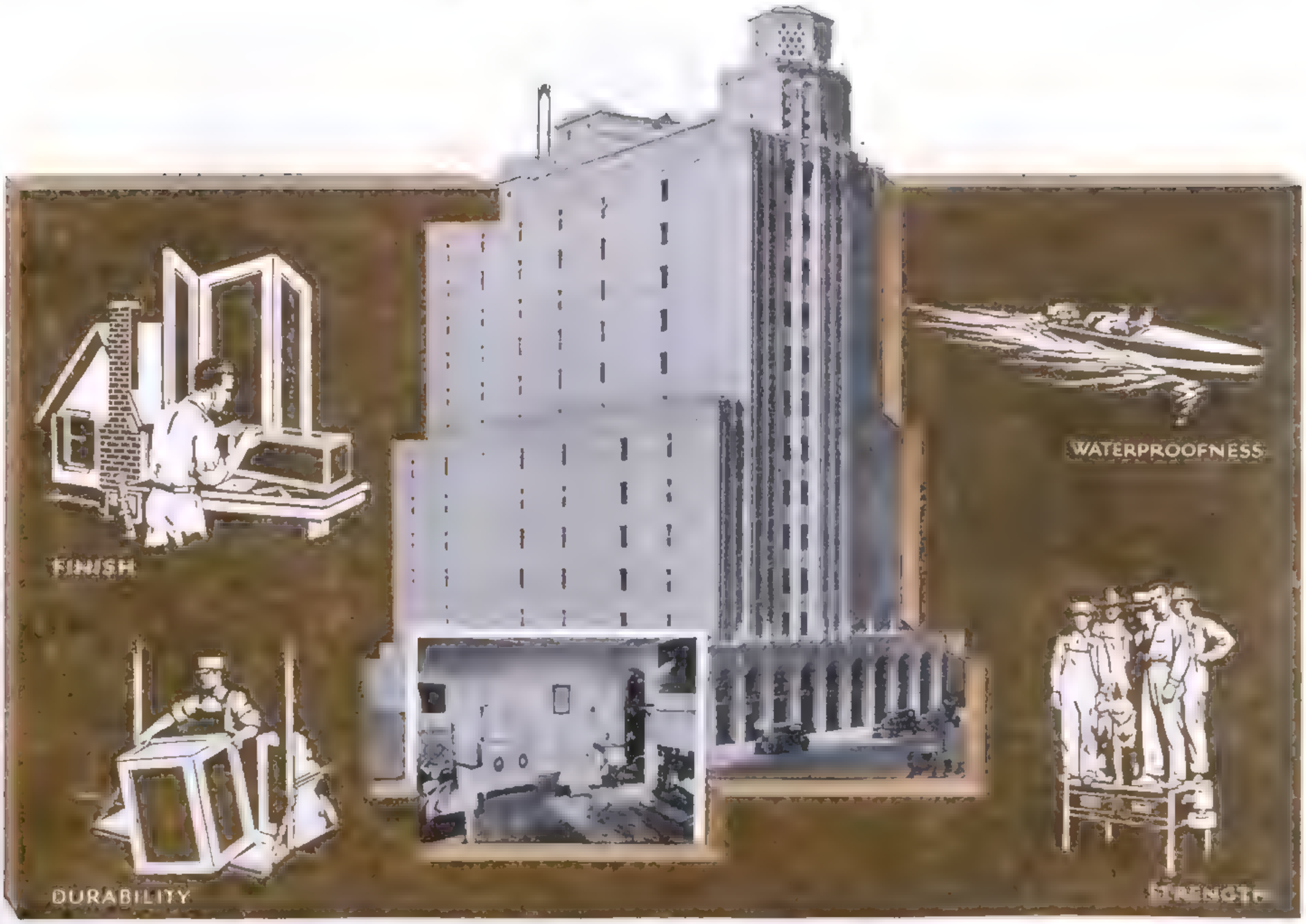

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SHALL AMERICA LEAD IN RADIO?

(Continued from Page 7)

Army. Four high-power stations of the American Marconi Company in active operation on the Pacific Coast were added to the Navy's existing chain. On the Atlantic seaboard, the Navy assumed control of the American Marconi's high-power transatlantic station at New Brunswick, another under construction at Marion, still a third unit of the same company at Tuckerton, and a German owned and controlled station at Sayville. All together, the Navy took over eight high-power radio stations in the United States and its possessions, four British, two German, and two American, together with some sixty-four medium and low power coastal units.

At the close of the war these stations, except the German Sayville, were returned to their owners. Thus it can readily be seen that in 1919 practically all of the high-power radio stations in the United States were under the control of foreign governments or foreign private interests. Without question, the greatest single factor among these foreign interests was the British Marconi Company. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the modest U. S. Navy chain and the station at Tuckerton, which at that time was under French auspices, every single high-power radio station in this country was controlled by this organization, not technically, but actually, for the American Marconi Company. The British Marconi Company controlled one-third of the stock of the American Marconi Company; it issued restricted licenses to the American organization and it nominated the officers and controlled the finances of this virtual subsidiary.

Such then, in 1919, was the state of radio in America, and such was the dominating position held by the British Marconi Company. At the close of the war the British Marconi Company renewed its overtures to the General Electric Company for the purchase of the exclusive rights of the Alexanderson alternator. It was on the point of placing orders to the extent of $5,000,000 with the General Electric Company if granted these rights. President Wilson, who was in Paris at the time, realized that if England were to secure control of the Alexanderson alternator, she would soon occupy the same position in the radio field that she already enjoyed in the submarine-cable field, and have what was tantamount to a world monopoly of international communications. The President dispatched Admiral Bullard, Director of Naval Communications, and his assistant, Commander Hooper, to the General Electric Company with the request that it refuse to sell the Alexanderson alternator to the British Marconi or to any other foreign company, or to issue rights to foreigners to use its inventions.

Only One Customer

It was on April 5, 1919, that a small group of men, including Owen D. Young, sat in the New York offices of the General Electric awaiting the visit of Admiral Bullard and his colleague. Admiral Bullard proceeded to outline the danger to American interests which the sale of the Alexanderson alternator to a foreign government or private company would entail. Here, he declared, was an opportunity to retain in American hands the virtual control of radio communications in Central and South America as well as in the United States itself. The General Electric Company was a manufacturing company producing electrical equipment for sale to legitimate customers throughout the world; the Alexanderson alternator had represented to it a vast investment both in time and money. It was about to sell this alternator to the British Marconi Company, the sole logical customer, at a fair profit, but Admiral Bullard pleaded his case with so much earnestness and fervor that the General Electric Company at once canceled the pending negotiations with the British Marconi Company.

But a problem remained. Although the British had been prevented from securing control of the alternator, America, as yet, had no organization for radio communication, and the General Electric Company had no customer for the Alexanderson alternator. At this point, Mr. Young, with the sincere and whole-hearted cooperation of the national Administration of the time, took the final steps which culminated in the formation of the Radio Corporation of America. The Navy Department, which has always shown a live interest in the development of the radio, was particularly active in these negotiations. The General Electric Company secured the coöperation of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company and the United Fruit Company, and these four companies contributed to the new organization their radio inventions and research facilities, the Westinghouse joining the group in 1921.

Long Range on Short Waves

The newly formed Radio Corporation of America was incorporated under the laws of the state of Delaware in October, 1919, and began business operations on December 1st. It secured the property and rights of the American Marconi Company, and made traffic contracts with the British Marconi Company and the principal radio organizations of France and Germany. Both technically and financially, the new American radio company was in a position to compete with any similar organization in the world, not excepting the British Marconi Company.

To the efficiency and high-powered energy of this corporation more than to any other human agency is due the dominant world leadership in radio which is enjoyed by our country today. In less than ten years the United States has achieved such leadership fairly comparable to that of Great Britain in cable communications accomplished by sixty years of effort, aided always by a vigorous and capable Foreign Office. In a planetary wireless service America today is in daily direct communication with England, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Turkey, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, Cuba, Porto Rico, Dutch Guiana, the Dutch West Indies, Canada, Australia—via Montreal—and Liberia. From San Francisco extends a network which reaches out to Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, China, the Dutch East Indies and French Indo-China.

The present circuits, unlike those of 1914, are essentially commercial in character, and consist of stations of sufficient power to operate continuously under any and all conditions. Operating speed has steadily increased. Today, in clearing radiogram traffic, automatic transmitters consistently develop and maintain very high speeds. Speeds in excess of two hundred words a minute are not unusual, and even such high-speed transmission will soon be increased by developments now in progress. It is the competition of radio with the cables that has forced lower rates in telegraphic service between the United States and all foreign countries; reductions initiated by radio have set the downward pace in transoceanic messages since early 1923.

The world of radio has changed materially since the summer of 1926. For several years prior to that time the great Marconi had been perfecting apparatus for what is now termed beam transmission. The ordinary system of radio transmission is illustrated by throwing a pebble into a pool of water, thus creating a series of circular ripples or waves. The electrical waves similarly spread simultaneously in all directions, traveling with the speed of light. By these waves, or impulses, radio signals are sent. In the beam system, more accurately described as a directional system, the electrical waves are in a general sense directed along a particular path, suggestive of the manner in which a searchlight plays upon a distant point. It is a development of transmission with short waves. Radio public opinion was long in conceding the efficacy or even the possibility of short-wave communication.

In October, 1926, carrying out a contract with the British Government, the English Marconi Company established with Canada the first beam service ever opened. The Canadian end of the circuit operates from Drummondville and Yamachiche, transmitting and receiving stations, respectively, about 50 miles from Montreal. The British transmitting station is at Bodmin in Cornwall, and the receiving station at Bridgewater in Somerset.

The next year beam service was opened between England and New York, South Africa, India and Australia. Within a few weeks such service has been opened between Australia and Canada, handling also traffic with the United States through the Radio Corporation service between New York and Montreal. Such services are also in operation to several South American countries from both Europe and the United States.

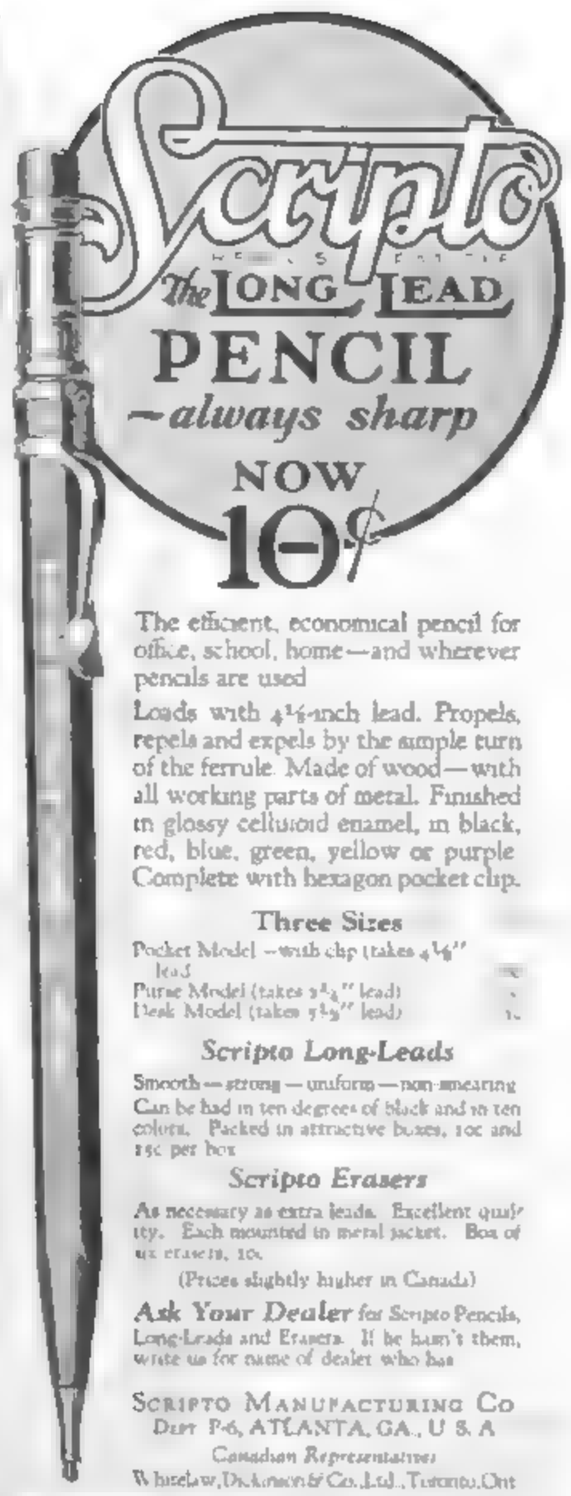
A word of explanation as to beam apparatus may be of interest. The waves generated by the sending apparatus proceed in all directions as with ordinary radio impulses, but that portion proceeding in the opposite direction from the station with which it is desired to communicate is prevented from doing so by a network of reflector wires behind the aerial of the antenna system, which causes the energy to be thrown forward in the desired direction. Similarly in reception the aerial faces the transmitting station and collects the signal. Behind it is a network of reflector wires which intercepts the energy from the coming wave and reflects it to the aerial or collector system, thus greatly increasing the strength of the arriving signals.

The Advantage of the Beam System

The credit for this system belongs to Marconi, but as sometimes happens a great invention can be improved and perfected by other workers in the same field. American engineers of the Radio Corporation have improved the beam apparatus in the direction of simplification and lessening of cost, their apparatus being known as the RCA Projector, generously acknowledged as an advance in technic. Under the exchange of patents, sometimes criticized by our American statesmen, the Marconi apparatus is available to America and the RCA Projector to England, both to the advantage of the public who send messages across seas.

The advantages of the beam, or projector, system of radio communication are briefly: The practical elimination of the curse of static from transoceanic wireless service, the possibility of very high speeds in transmission in excess of any other method in existence, secrecy, economy through cheaper initial costs of installation as compared to cables or long-wave radio and a great saving of power. The effect of this advanced system of international communication upon vast investments in submarine cables, in cable ships, in submarine cable manufacture is an advantage or not, depending upon the viewpoint of interested parties. Its effect upon diplomacy, foreign commerce and national defense, especially upon nations dependent upon ocean-borne commerce and having distant dependencies and dominions, is responsible for all the restless activity in mergers and combinations now going on in important cable-owning and cable-dependent countries. It is a subject of discussion in the chancelleries

(Continued on Page 173)



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In the world's most perfectly matched clubs

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Registered Sets—Sold in sets only. *Related Clubs—Sold one at a time*

(Continued from Page 171)

of the world, and not viewed with indifference by any great nation aspiring to foreign commerce, unless it be the United States of America.

It is certainly receiving attention and careful study in Italy, France, Japan and Germany, and most of all in Great Britain. Prior to 1926 Great Britain was principally dependent upon cables for her imperial communication. She has had two empire cables between England and Nova Scotia, and joint ownership with Canada, Australia and New Zealand of the Pacific Cable with certain extensions of the latter beyond Australia. There are three principal private cable companies of Great Britain—the Eastern Telegraph Company, Limited, with its associated companies of the Eastern Extension Australasia & China Telegraph Company, and the Western Telegraph Company, Limited. The first two supply service with Europe and the Far East, and the latter with West Africa and Latin America.

These with the government cables aggregate 152,555 nautical miles, with a total in the world of 350,000 nautical miles. Half of the long-distance cable business of the world is done by these three private British cables. Each has paid a 10 per cent tax-free annual dividend for some years. The Pacific cable was unprofitable for some years, but as early as 1925 its surplus exceeded its original capital expenditure.

All things considered, a very good cable business has been annoyed by the traffic taken away by the beam circuits covering as yet only a portion of the vast areas served by the cables that built up this business. The beam circuit between England and Australia has a capacity of 100,000,000 words annually, working a portion of the day in one direction around the earth over 10,000 miles, and for the remainder in the other direction over 14,000 miles, with cheaper rates and faster service than the cable which requires several manual relays en route. With South Africa the volume of traffic is not published, but it is understood that this circuit ranks second in importance to that with Australia. So, too, with India a great volume is being handled. At present rates it is estimated by government authority that 35,000,000 paid words are being handled annually by the beam circuits now working between the home country and Australia, South Africa, Canada and India. Efficiency is improving and facsimile service is promised. The present traffic capacity, it is estimated, can be increased five times.

When Cables Were Cut

Without attempting to measure their relative efficiency, reliability, accuracy and secrecy, it is undoubted that a large share of the phenomenal success of the beam has been at the expense of the cable circuits, though a certain amount of new traffic has come from cheaper rates. For example, between Australia and Great Britain during April and October, 1927, the beam obtained about 30 per cent of the full-rate traffic, and over 60 per cent of the deferred, such as week-end and daily letters. Meanwhile, during the past five years, the cost of construction and laying of cables increased, and the construction cost of radio stations decreased.

The embarrassment in which Great Britain found itself through this situation converged from several angles. The principal beam circuits were government-owned and managed, and were competing with government-owned cables and with private cable companies which have been the mainstay of the British Empire in its oversea business and diplomacy for over half a century. In peace and in war these cables have served their government well. They are the tangible links which have bound the dominions to the mother country. The Labor Party opposes the discontinuance of government operation of either cables or beam circuits. The dominions and the home government have not entire identity of thought or interest in the situation. The political aspect differs at home and overseas. Cutthroat competition is uneconomic, meaning the impoverishment of the industry, increased unemployment and eventually monopoly. In this field, certainly, controlled coöperation is better in the long run for all concerned than uncontrolled competition. The relations of communications are far-reaching and other great industries largely depend upon them for their prosperity.

Communications play an important part in national defense. This is especially true of radio, and with countries having distant possessions such as the Philippines, Alaska and Hawaii, or Australia, Canada, South Africa and India. The cutting of the cables between England and her colonies would be serious in either peace or war. The cables are particularly vulnerable in war. All American cable correspondence with Europe was subjected to censorship and delay by the nations controlling the cables during the World War. For over two years, though still at peace with the Central Powers, our cable communications with them were at the discretion of the Allies. Within twenty-four hours after declaring war in 1914, England cut the German cables, but Germany kept practically in constant touch with the world through her great radio station at Nauen. With all the British naval strength, the Germans cut the Pacific cable and interrupted service between Canada and Australia for half a year. The self-governing British dominions sharing the responsibility for British foreign policy now demand adequate means of communication. The whole question of the future of the British Empire is involved in a proper policy as to communications.

The Merging of Rivals

She has accordingly approached it with a seriousness that its importance demands. Commissions and committees were considering these questions in a desultory way, however, from 1910 to 1924, their recommendations and the resulting policies varying with the responsible government of the day. Six committees in twelve years considered the subject of imperial wireless communications. The decision in 1924 to have the post office own all radio stations in the British Isles for communication with the dominions, colonies, protectorates and territories lasted until the encroachment of the beam service on cable revenues brought a cry for government action to relieve it. An imperial conference attended by representatives from Canada, India, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, as well as by one from the Colonies, sat for many months in 1927–28 under the chairmanship of Sir John Gilmour. Its problems were substantially, first, whether radio should be held back and subordinated to the established cable systems or equalized with them; and, second, whether the services should be conducted by private enterprise or by the government, or possibly with a division on foreign and domestic lines, with the government retaining the internal telegraph services.

Simultaneously with this conference the principal rivals, the Eastern and the Marconi, with a market value July 7, 1928, of $875,000,000, negotiated with the hope of finding coöperation and agreement possible. One represented the conservatism of age and established position; the other the ambitions of youth asserting an unbounded future and confident in recent accomplishment. On March fifteenth of last year these interests announced a merger in the form of a holding company subject to the action of their respective shareholders, and to the consent of the government, home and dominion, and the willingness of the government to turn over its cables and radio circuits to private enterprise and stay out of the communications business, except possibly for the internal telegrams and telephones. The government will have representation on the board of directors which, with the vote of either the cable or

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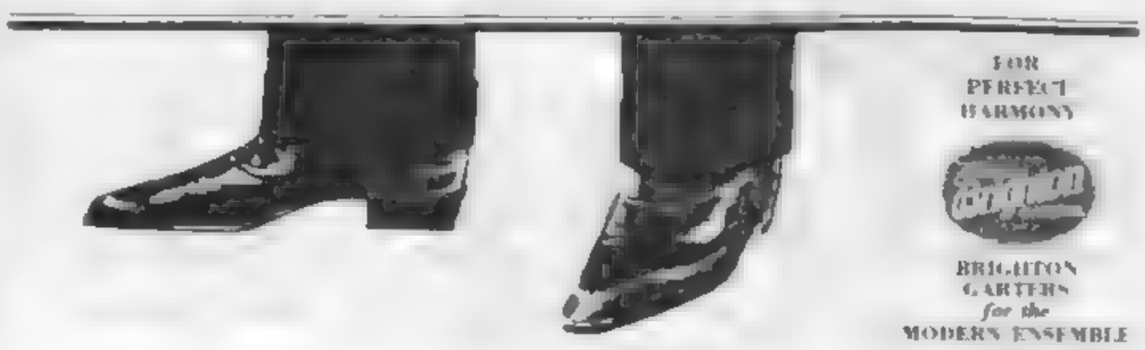

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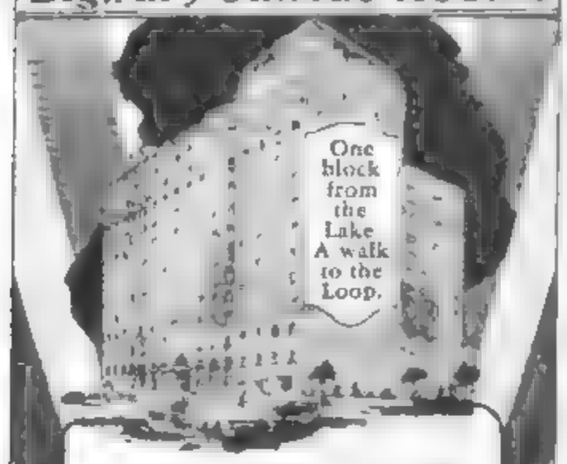

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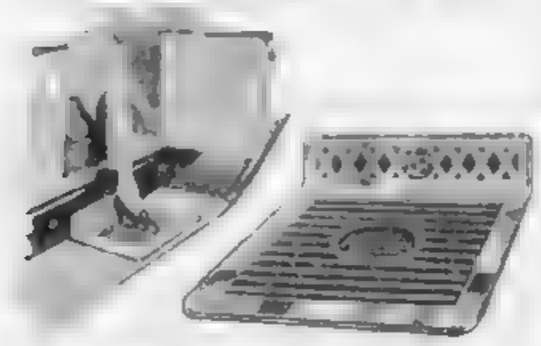

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radio interest, will be controlling. The press approved this merger. Its advantages in economy of management, in possession of alternate routes, its combined facilities wide-spread over all parts of the world, its unification of interest in dealing with foreign cables and radio, its convenience for British diplomacy, national defense, avoidance of duplication of facilities, make it the outstanding event of our times in the field of international communications. It is noteworthy that the Eastern Telegraph Company brought to the new holding company a purse of $100,000,000 from its surplus earnings. The capitalization of the new company is listed at £53,700,000, or more than $250,000,000.

This new combined British communications interest will affect American relationships in every part of the world. There will hardly be a port or a principal city on the planet which will not be reached by British communications. American trade in every quarter of the globe cannot but be profoundly affected. The national defense of the United States must reckon with the planetary domination of communications by the British. Such is the result of the action of the farseeing British race under the lash which American progress in radio has applied. A wise old people which centuries ago underwent the diseases of national adolescence through which we are still passing. Her politicians abuse one another, as do our own, but as against the outside world Britain's policy changes little with the advent of one party or another on the political stage.

The Monopoly Bugaboo

The American psychology as to corporations and the suspicion and dread of monopoly are difficult to understand, and appear to be somewhat peculiar to our country. The corporation, like the Moslem woman, is said to have no soul. The official policy of a great corporation is never credited with a patriotism that rises above a desire to evade law or to conduct its business with undue advantage to itself. A corporation at the bar of American public opinion is soulless, and incapable, accordingly, of the lofty ideal of the glory and honor of our country which might be easily conceded the character of an individual director if he owned the same identical business. An investor, if a wise one, judges of the probable conduct of a business by the character of the men on its directing board. Why should not the same investor as a citizen regard the character of the directors as a guaranty of the corporation's conformity to law, of its corporate integrity, of its collective patriotism, and sincere desire for the welfare of our country and of our people? But our public discriminates little and our politicians even less.

The time when Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany are uniting radio and cables seems to be the time taken by our country to keep them apart. What others unite to secure leadership in communications we divide. The long deliberations which preceded the consummation of the cables-radio merger in Great Britain saw in our country the enactment of the White Act of 1927, which in plain terms forbids any purchase of radio by cables and vice versa. While this provision is understood to have been inserted under the minority lash in the last days of the drafting of the law, its purpose no doubt was to preserve the competition, in form at least, between the two methods of international communication—radio and cables. Those who travel the great highways of our land will remember that often when the sign says the road is closed, generally another one indicates a detour, seldom as convenient or as easily traveled as the main highway but eventually reaching the same destination. The assignment of many of the available wave lengths for short-wave radio communications to a great cable company was a detour that avoided a closed road, enabling it to create the forbidden combination within itself.

Notwithstanding that our Government was prohibiting unions between cables and radio, it would have seemed the part of prudence to do nothing inimical to the natural growth and progress of either, in the light of what was known to be taking place abroad. As a matter of fact, the vast investment in transoceanic wireless facilities is put in jeopardy at least once each year by the limit of life placed upon station licenses. So, too, through the disposition of the very limited number of short wave lengths available to assignment by our Government. Congress evidently endeavored to protect the assignment of such wave lengths by the provision that no license should be issued unless some "public convenience, interest or necessity will be served." But here, as in its effort to keep radio and cables apart, its purpose seems to have been circumvented. In the application of this perfectly reasonable provision it seems doubtful if Congress could have had in mind that the "public convenience, interest or necessity" which it sought to serve would be furthered by assigning precious wave lengths for the establishment of additional radio facilities where efficient radio service already exists.

No international agreement yet allocates to the several nations the very limited number of short wave lengths that are available for radio telegraph or other radio purposes. Nations are themselves in haste in now making such allocations to their own nationals. These allocations are already being duplicated, with consequent interference, which is to be settled by the foreign offices concerned, on the basis of priority and the public character of the service rendered.

Under a plan by which any nation allocates such wave lengths to private use, or to interests alleging an intention to go into radio-telegraph service but not prepared to do so at once, that nation stands to lose the wave length to some wiser or more alert country.

The Lion and the Eagle

The Radio Corporation has not been able, as yet, to secure the wave lengths it needs for its business now in operation or under definite contract to be opened. The foregoing statements are not made in the bitterness of resentment at investments jeopardized for thousands of stockholders and business lost through uncertainty, nor yet at the indifference or ingratitude which for political effect cuts the ground from under a proved servant of our country's greatness, but simply to indicate an attitude of our Government which should be altered. The alternative is to surrender and acquiesce in the communications leadership of Great Britain. Sitting between the hind legs of the British lion with the tail of that noble beast wrapped around his neck is a poor perch for the American eagle from which to recover lost leadership in world communications.

If the supremacy of American radio is to be maintained, and dominance in the entire field of international communications to be attained, we must match the characteristic long-sighted statesmanship of Europe with statecraft of equally broad vision. The great strides which American radio has made since 1919 stand as a tribute to those who, at that time, realized the necessity for unification in its field and the beneficent consequences which it would entail. Such an important work as the daily clearing of thousands of international communications vital to the industrial and social welfare of this nation cannot safely be intrusted to a system compounded of scattered companies representing private interests and semipublic institutions working against another and highly unified foreign group. Leadership is not thus obtained.

In its prospects and handicaps, radio, as an instrumentality for the greatest benefit to the public, is in a position similar to that which confronted the telephone, the street railway, gas and electric companies some years ago. Public opinion had to be taught by experience that there could be but one efficient telephone service at a time in a town; only one franchise to a street railway to run down a given street; only one gas company; only one company furnishing electric light. Such monopolies have come to be recognized and regulated as economical and necessary. Our statesmen are apparently not aware that by multiplying competitors in this wireless business they are actually inviting foreigners to create monopolies on our shores by their choice between competing interests. With not enough wireless telegraph traffic between our country and Japan, for example, to support more than one company's stations on the Pacific Coast, it is plain that of two or more American companies operating there, Imperial Japan and not the United States will choose the one to survive. And the competitive struggle for existence will be only to the benefit of Japan. No American will profit thereby.

A Combine to Stop a Combine

Any movement on the part of our Government to meet the thrust of the unification of cables and radio abroad would seem necessarily to assign a rôle to the Radio Corporation of America. The parties to any such unification to meet foreign merger activities would naturally be that corporation combined with one or the other of the great American cable interests, each of which has a present advantage in its competition for transoceanic traffic by the ownership of land-line facilities for pick-up and distribution of messages, an essential which the radio system lacks, and through the paucity of short wave lengths or their wasteful assignment may never obtain.

Far better to preserve the American position in world communications by permitting mergers and combinations and submit them to some form of control in place of the technical forms of competition than to see the leadership pass to foreign hands. For with such leadership go many other things. As a matter of fact, the interests of the message-sending American public would be better served if all our methods of communications were merged. With little or no regulation, the rates for transoceanic communication have steadily lowered in the past seven years across all oceans. If control is thought desirable—and there are, of course, many who so consider it—it can hardly be accomplished by the legislative panacea of a communications commission, just now popular with some of our statesmen. That would be to apply the rulings of a national commission, itself a governmental hybrid, to an international situation. Few cable and practically no radio interests in this country control also the foreign end of their circuits. To attempt such control by a commission acting in America and from an American viewpoint would encourage every foreign country with one end of a circuit, reaching to America, to attempt similar jurisdiction. In Great Britain the solution is reached by the presence on the directing board of the merged companies of two directors named by the government with specific powers where rate fixing is concerned.

In the national interest this matter cannot long be deferred. It is the height of national folly to legislate American radio ingenuity and commercial progress into the background. To maintain the present enviable position of our country in both radio and cables, and to aspire to their combined leadership against the world, every help and encouragement is needed that wise legislation can provide and competent government agencies can sympathetically administer. Restrictive enthusiasm must not cut the ground from under those who are fighting America's battles on the frontiers of world-wide communication.

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GHOST GIFTS

(Continued from Page 17)

as if some magic rose from the pages. Gold and silver lines on the walls and a high dim ceiling. One wide window looking on the Seine . . . looking on silver, shaking poplars . . . looking on the white marble steps of the Palais de Justice . . . looking on a sky where sometimes, around four of a breathless August night, a hot gold moon swooned down, dragging a star in its wake.

To behold the moon one left a wide absurd bed of gold—if not brass—having a coverlet of peacock-blue satin—an impossible but glamorous coverlet—and one knelt at the window, hardly believing oneself real.

She could feel the hardness of Glenn's arm behind her head; he sitting on the sill, she blissfully kneeling. She could feel his other hand rumpling her hair.

"Hotter'n hell, isn't it, darling?"

"Oh, but, Glenn, that moon!"

"Same old moon. I can see it from the window of my room, at the place on the square. You can see it from there when we get home." He was always talking about when they got home. And when at last they did get there, it had not been home at all. Not for long. No Seine beneath the windows of the place on the square; just people and taxis and busses and sparrows; snow in winter, dust in summer.

"Glenn, those two dark towers—that's Notre Dame! Can you believe it?"

"Gosh, I'll be glad to see the old sky line again!"

"You aren't happy here!" She could feel the hard arm tightening, feel herself straining against it for the sheer lovely thrill of struggling with him. "I'm happier here than I ever was anywhere before in my life. You're not! You're mad to get back to your sky line and your square."

"We'll still be together, won't we? It's what makes any place."

That was as near as he ever came to being a troubadour.

His heart—the divine mystery of his heart, speaking beneath her cheek. Vibrations—a clearer speech than words. It kept her silent sometimes—that and things like the beauty of a moon. But she was Psyche, she was Pandora. Always she must hold a lamp to her love, almost she must have the carven casket open.

"Glenn, we'll never forget this, will we?"

"I should say not! Hottest day in eleven years."

She turned on him, deliciously raging: and then—and then she could feel his mouth on her eyelids, on her throat, silencing her mouth—a hushed, whispering silence like the leaves of the poplars on the *quai* below, feeling the wind rising.

Remembering, she shivered, with the book in her lap, with Julian's orchids in a black glass bowl on the table.

Not that Julian had got in Glenn's way while it was Glenn's way. She hadn't even met Julian until after that appalling last quarrel with Glenn. But Julian hadn't taken long to establish himself. He had walked past defenses and scaled walls in a way unbelievable.

Two weeks after the night he met her he had said to Vertilee: "You are worthy of the most a man has to give, and you have never had it."

If that wasn't understanding ——

Julian's eyes looked out of a carved ivory frame on Vertilee's dressing table. Eyes a trifle cool, perhaps—knowledgeable and appraising eyes—but Vertilee knew the thrill of their infrequent smile. An anæmic Nordic, Georgette had called him. Certainly Glenn could have picked Julian up with one hand, set him one side—what did that prove?

Julian had weeks ago dismissed Glenn with a phrase:

"You were pearls before the boar's head, Vertilee. He gave you nothing, of all your birthright."

Implying that from Julian she might expect a king's treasure.

Still, here in her lap, almost throbbing between her fingers, the gift of gifts, inscribed, "Happy Birthday, from Glenn," while in a black glass bowl on the table orchids seemed suddenly however beautiful, however rare—a strangely impersonal flower.

There had been no orchids in the room on the *quai* . . . red roses, great handfuls of them, forever blowing and falling, and a long, intimate dream of Le Vert Galant. His presence hung about the streets and the river; here he must have ridden by, his white plume streaming on the wind.

"Was that the bird?" said Glenn, upon thus identifying him.

Glenn remembered Henri from a poem in sophomore English.

Yet, more than that, Glenn must be now remembering—to have sent Vertilee this book. Days and nights between those silver-and-gold-striped walls . . . languorous dusks . . . cool, coming-back-to-life dawns . . . laughter spilled from full hearts, like a fountain jetting. Vertilee had never laughed like that before nor since. They had been mad as hatters, they had been merry as children, sitting at a little table at sunset, laughing into each other's eyes over lifted glasses.

"To us!"

"Who do you love, Mrs. Carlin?"

"Don't do that, Glenn. The waiter'll see you!"

"Do him good!"

"Glenn—Mr. Carlin—you know I adore you."

"What's the name of this place again?"

"Auberge du Vert Galant, silly. What on earth ——"

"Auberge du Vert Galant—that right?"

"That's not bad, for you. Really, your accent gets worse every day."

"Going home next week, where I won't need any accent. All right. At the What-do-you-call-'em-Gallant, August thirty-first, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven; Vertilee loves Glenn. Home papers please copy!"

"Why not carve it on a tree, with a heart and an arrow?"

"Carve it on Henri's left leg with a chisel, soon as it gets dark. That suit you?"

It had suited Vertilee then. Being still infatuated, she had found it adorable buffoonery. Now she poignantly wondered: Was that what Glenn was remembering?

The telephone's shrilling summons went through her like a spearhead. She was trembling when she picked up the instrument.

"Vertilee?" said Julian's clipped Anglicized tones. She had for some time supposed he was English. She answered slowly, without the quiver of response he usually excited in her: "Oh, Julian! I was just going to write you a note. Your orchids are too lovely. You shouldn't have, really ——"

One doesn't throw dust in the eyes of a Julian. With barely a moment for catching the shift in her mood, he countered, "Why write me a note? Aren't we lunching?"

"Well, you see ——"

"What do I see? And why my orchids? I thought I had said whose they were."

"Oh, of course. It was frightfully sweet of you, but I mean ——"

"Just what do you mean?" he demanded. He had the most extraordinarily delightful voice, no question; but now for the first time Vertilee thought to detect in it a trace of possessive annoyance. She shied like a burnt child or a gun-shy dog.

"Why?" persisted Julian. "Why shouldn't I, really? If you are pleased."

"Of course, I adore them."

"Which pleases me."

Not so far off Henri himself! "That fault pleases you, and me, too, since you like it." However, Vertilee held herself stubbornly aloof.

"About luncheon, Julian."

(Continued on Page 178)

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(Continued from Page 176)

"Where would madam care to go?" asked Julian. He was whimsical and tender regarding brook trout Meunière and fresh strawberry tarts, till madam at length convinced him that she wasn't lunching anywhere with him. At which he turned nasty, as better men have done before him.

"I don't understand you, Vertilee. Has anything happened since yesterday?"

Vertilee said, "There was a new moon last night"—the sort of thing he had been teaching her to say; but this time it didn't quite go over.

He continued with well-bred grimness, "You aren't by any chance lunching with your husband?"

A strange tremor went through Vertilee from her head to her feet. Glenn was still her husband, of course. However far she had strayed—in her mind—in the last three months, she had only to turn, she had only to open a door. She had a right to him in the eyes of the world. Deeper tremor yet—he had, still, a right to her.

She said, "Why should you think that?"

"I should hate very much to think it, as much for your sake as my own." Julian was tenderly reproachful. "Child," he said, "haven't you grown at all? Haven't the last three months taught you anything? Could you go back to peonage? After what we have known ——"

Vertilee wanted to laugh in his face; she wanted to put her own face down in her two hands and cry: "What have we known?" She wanted to say to him, "What does any woman know of any man? If I hear your soul speak, is it you? If you touch my body, is it me? Can we ever be anything to each other but a voice calling and a hand groping? Can we ever be one? Not torn this way and that —— but you and me together, whole. And if we can't . . . what's the use of anything?"

What she did say was: "Do you know Glenn Carlin?"

"Certainly I know him," said Julian amazingly. "I saw him only Wednesday night."

"How ——" Vertilee had been going to say, "How was he looking?" She stopped herself just in time. Doubtful if Julian would enjoy describing to her Glenn's state of health. "How did you meet him?" she asked, faintly quavering.

"I've known him very slightly for years," said Julian. "Which has nothing at all to do with you and me, my dear. I should very much like to know, Vertilee, why you won't lunch with me today, as you promised. It's your birthday."

"That's just it," said Vertilee. "It is my birthday and I find I can't, Julian. Will you please forgive me?"

"Then you are lunching with Carlin," said Julian. Suddenly he laughed. His laugh was not as finished as his voice.

"Indeed, I am not!" said Vertilee.

"No, but you will," said Julian. "I suppose he has sent you a diamond-and-platinum wrist watch or a clumsy gold vanity, and your heart is touched."

Vertilee could not let that pass. She said proudly, "He has sent me nothing but a little old book—very old and very beautiful."

"Some day you must show it to me," said Julian, with delightful detachment. "A first edition, of course."

"I think perhaps it is something you have never seen," said Vertilee.

"I have seen a good many books," said Julian, thousands of miles away.

When she put the telephone down Vertilee knew that she had lost him. More than that, she had never really had him. There had never been anything living between them. He had been for her a bloodless dream; she had been for him an audience and an echo.

She would never show him the book of Henri's letters, because she had wounded him in his self-esteem, which was his most vital part. She had damaged for him the authentic old master of every man's collection—Portrait of a Conqueror by Himself—and he would never come near her again.

She did not feel sorry. She did not at the moment feel anything at all about Julian; which was strange, because she had in the last few weeks been seeming to feel a good deal.

"Oh, But, Glenn, That Moon!"

She called a messenger and sent a wire to Glenn at his club, where she thought it might find him lunching.

She said in the wire, "Will meet you for dinner," and named a little restaurant which had been a haunt of hers and Glenn's in the days of their engagement. She added "Thank you for my book," and desperately trusted he might interpret the pronoun. Being, however, not too sure of him.

Then she settled down to wait for an answer and see the day out.

At a quarter after four, when she had swung so long between hope sinking and shame rising that she had small resistance left, when she prayed only that her message might never have been delivered, an answer came. It said, as Glenn would, "Glad you like it. Meet you 6:30 sharp"—and that was all.

Enough to set her uneasy pulse racing, enough deeply to disquiet the heart in her breast.

After three months' silence, his word. Contact. Once more, the line of communication open. Almost like his hand on her shoulder; the hand of the law on the shoulder of the outlaw. She had been free and she had turned back to him. Did she want him, now that she had signaled him again?

Washing her soft mop of dark hair and setting a wave in it, she shuddered to realize her own madness—her own devastating weakness, which didn't know what it wanted and couldn't be sure what it didn't want—which had thrown away exquisite subtlety of understanding, such as Julian offered, for overwhelming mastery without understanding, such as she had once already found she could not endure.

"I never learn," she wailed to herself, doing her nails with the care of a carver of ivories. "I never learn. I'm just walking back into hell."

But underneath the inner wailings and the sinister apprehensions, madness of quite another sort mounted higher and higher.

She kept seeing Glenn's face at the end of an endless aisle, down which she trod in white satin slippers, rosettes of tulle and orange blossom on the toes. A little tight—the left slipper. Glenn's face, waiting for her, had been whiter than death, his eyes dark and oddly terrified. . . . Did men shy off marriage too? Did they have, at the foot of the altar, that same stark panic? Hearing gates close; seeing bolts shoot home? Glenn's face, with the eyes beginning to laugh, coming back from a far place, laughing; his mouth taking that splendid ruthless line.

In the car, afterward, Glenn taking off the left slipper, comforting her silken toes in his big hand, taking care of her proudly.

"You need me to look after you," he had said.

Glenn's face again, on the night she had left him; his eyes narrow with a cold and bitter fury; his mouth unsteady with a terrible hurt, saying terrible words: "I guess you don't need me any more. I was good enough while I lasted, but I didn't last long enough."

Lying on her bed with a handkerchief dipped in witch-hazel and ice water over her eyes, so that the tears which from time to time rose from her heart should not at this crisis disfigure her, Vertilee marveled how well they had been able to torture each other.

Humility came to her little by little, like fragrance rising from trodden grasses. She thought: "I might have been patienter. I didn't do him justice. He just doesn't talk about things. But it's there. He does understand everything or he'd never have sent me this. No one has ever given me anything so mine!"

She lay with the book on her breast, hands folded over it. She dreamed: "Now we shall know each other and it will be home."

At half after five she dragged every rag she owned from her closet and looked them over and scorned them and put them back, and kept out first one, then another, then another, despairing of proper raiment in which to go to meet the bridegroom. At last she dressed herself in honey-colored velvet, with a hat that hugged the lovely line of her head, and slung a strand of lucent pearls about her neck.

She thought of Julian's white-dove orchids and, in her thoughts, pinned them to the bosom of her gown, then had the grace to blush, in her thoughts, and tear the orchids off and throw them out the window. They would, except for the donor, have been quite perfect. It is such exceptions which make life not so simple for women.

(Continued on Page 180)

A SALAD CAN'T BE BETTER THAN ITS DRESSING

●

And the dressing can't be better than its vinegar and olive oil.

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In the exceptional quality that has made Eaton's Highland Linen known throughout the world.

EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN

(Continued from Page 178)

At six Georgette telephoned.

"Hello, darling," said Georgette. "How's the birthday girl? Have a good time at luncheon?"

"Oh," said Vertilee, "is that you, Georgette? Will you be back to dinner?"

"That's why I called. I'm staying down. . . . Have you a date?"

"Yes," said Vertilee—"oh, yes, I have a date, Georgette."

"You sound guilty, my love," said Georgette. "Are there any forbidden fruit stains on your fingers?"

"Oh, anything but," said Vertilee.

"Is there anything but?" said Georgette. She rang off, chuckling.

Vertilee went back and looked at herself in the mirror. She saw soft shining eyes, she saw a burning flush, she saw a mouth that trembled as if a lover had lately made it his own, or would do so shortly.

She said aloud in the empty room, "He knows me and I'm going back to him."

Then she caught up her coat and fled to the street and a taxi. The taxi was black and white, and the streets were long and gray. Gray with the mists of twilight, patterned with the mauve and blue and yellow of lights coming on in tall buildings, in street lamps, on busses like tame Juggernauts.

Vertilee had meant to be five minutes late; she was five minutes early, but Glenn was there before her. He had got a table in the far corner of the low-ceilinged, amber-lit room, and when Vertilee came in the door he stood up and came toward her at once, his eyes burning with a dark fire she had by no means forgotten.

For the benefit of the waiter, he said nothing much of anything until Vertilee was seated against the stuccoed wall, he beside her with his cigarette case in his fingers. Rather nervous fingers, Vertilee thought. He turned the cigarette case about with a visible tension.

"Well, how are you?" he said when the waiter had gone.

And that was so far from what his eyes were saying, and the unsteady set of his lips, and the tormented husk in his voice, that, looking at each other suddenly, he and Vertilee broke into reckless laughter. It might have been the Auberge du Vert Galant; only there were no red roses on the table.

"I'm splendid, thanks," said Vertilee.

"You look like a million," said Glenn.

Then the waiter wheeled up the hors d'œuvres, and Vertilee said: "Caviar, please. Just one sardine, artichoke, the stuffed tomato, no anchovy, cucumber—and shrimp, I think. No more, thanks."

"Same for me," said Glenn, although Vertilee knew, and he knew that she knew, that he never ate either shrimp or artichokes, and that cucumbers were so much poison to him.

"Do be careful," she said when the waiter had gone.

"I'm not going to eat it," said Glenn.

And he didn't. Neither of them ate. They merely destroyed with their forks the cosmic order of the caviar, and so on.

"How've you been all this time?" asked Glenn.

"Pretty well," said Vertilee. "I had a little cold in March."

"Hope it didn't get down in your chest," he said anxiously.

"May I have the salt?" said Vertilee. She didn't want him talking about her chest in that proprietary fashion—not quite yet. After all, they had been separated for three months. She hadn't yet told him she was coming back; she was just having dinner with him to thank him for the most intimate birthday gift anyone had ever given her. And at thought of the book—his book and hers—all her petty, cautious scruples dropped away from her.

She said, "How've you been? You look sort of tired."

"I've missed you like hell," said Glenn. "It's been the longest three months I ever spent." He drew a deep breath. His black hair fell over his forehead and he smoothed it back with a jerk and an impolite word.

"You need a haircut," said Vertilee.

"I know I do," he admitted remorsefully. "I meant to get one this evening, but I felt sort of restless. Probably have broken the barber's neck. I've been walking in the park."

"All afternoon?" said Vertilee.

"Since I sent you that wire," said Glenn. "What time did you send it?"

She saw him walking, walking, walking, like the black panther he was.

He said, "Soon as I got yours. About two o'clock, I guess."

"I didn't get it till after four."

He said savagely, "That service is a disgrace!" It was an excellent service. Vertilee had never before heard it called into question.

She said, "You aren't eating a thing."

"Not hungry," said Glenn. "How about yourself?"

"I had a late luncheon," said Vertilee. "Have to order something. Keep this bird quiet."

The bird was the waiter, hovering like an amiable Franco-American vulture.

Vertilee said she thought she could eat a steak, because Glenn had always been able to eat a steak. But when it came, she couldn't, and neither, in any sort of form, could he.

They made dogged conversation, piecemeal; interrupted by the infernal solicitudes of the waiter, by a girl with a trayful of cigars and cigarettes, by a too-attentive couple at the next table.

Vertilee thought: "I've got to get through this; get past the Glenn that's saying all these things that mean nothing, to the Glenn I want, the Glenn that remembers." She thought: "When we get to the coffee ——" She looked at Glenn from time to time and burned like a slim blue flame in some great chemist's laboratory to think that behind his eyes, beyond the trivial words of his mouth, he was waiting for her, that he held the answer to all her questioning.

She knew he would never put it into words—of himself. She thought: "What's the good of pride? I'm not ashamed. I'll say it." And when the two small cups stood on the table before them, when the ash of Glenn's cigarette and hers had mounted companionably and appreciably, when the waiter had at last left them alone together, she put her hand on Glenn's knee under the table and she said: "I was blind as a bat, but I'm not any more. I want you to listen for a minute."

He clenched a hand over hers till she could have cried out with pain and happiness. The old enchantment grew up around them like a fog – the old enchantment, and something secret and sacred which was newer.

Vertilee said, "You used to be angry with me because I wanted to talk about myself all the time."

"I'll listen now," he promised.

"You don't have to. I know now that whatever you say or don't say, you know me as no one in this world ever has or ever will but you. That's all I was fighting for, Glenn. I wanted us to be closer."

"We were pretty close at first," said Glenn, "weren't we?"

"I didn't know how close," said Vertilee humbly. "I thought, because you don't like to take things to pieces the way I do—I thought you didn't care about anything but my eyes and my mouth and ——"

"You've got a darned good-looking foot," he assured her, his own mouth twitching in a grin that did not quite materialize.

"Well, anyhow," said Vertilee. They looked at each other—a curious shaken silence. She broke out of it desperately: "There's a man, Glenn—a man I've been thinking did—you know—understand me rather well. I'm only telling you about him now, because ——"

"What's his name?" asked Glenn, black-browed and instantly ominous.

"Julian Ranlett," said Vertilee, not without a certain pride.

(Continued on Page 183)

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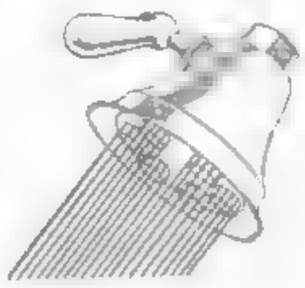
A turn of the lever sluices all sediment away



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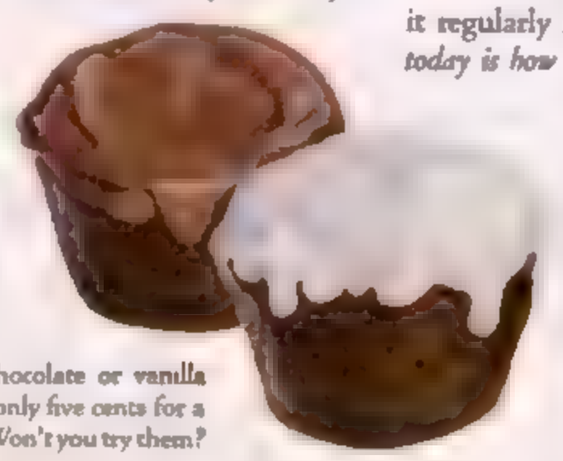

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Hostess Cake

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Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."

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Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 180

"That bird!" said Glenn, incredulous.

"He's an extraordinarily interesting man," said Vertilee, stung to Julian's defense.

"He's knock-kneed," said Glenn. "He goes to the same gym I do. Saw him just Wednesday night."

"He's got a wonderful mind," said Vertilee.

"What'd he send you for your birthday?" demanded Glenn, incisive as a steel probe.

Vertilee confessed, savoring her own humility: "He sent me a box of orchids—green and yellow and white."

"Class," said Glenn briefly. "Sorry I didn't think of that myself."

"Oh-h!" cried Vertilee. "Glenn, don't say that! I can't bear for you to say it. That's what I'm trying to tell you. The orchids got to me first and I was such a fool I thought here's someone who's given me the perfect thing."

"Any woman likes orchids," said Glenn. He drew square boxes on the tablecloth with the handle of his teaspoon.

Vertilee sank her fingers into his arm before he looked at her.

"Glenn, you're not listening. I'm trying to tell you when the book came I could have thrown the orchids away—that's how much they meant to me by comparison! You've got to believe me. I mean it."

"I can see you mean it," said Glenn slowly, "but it sort of surprises me; you've got so many books already."

"Oh, but that book!"

"You think it's any good?"

He was leading her on, of course, trying to get a rise out of her. She gave him his moment of triumph, surrendering with her whole heart, sweetly.

"Do you think I don't know why you gave it to me? Do you think it didn't bring back everything?"

"You'd never seen it before?" he asked suddenly.

Vertilee laughed softly, watching a scowl draw his eyebrows together. . . . "I'd read a translation somewhere of the letter. That's not what I mean."

"What do you mean, Vertilee?" asked Glenn, immobile; he added: "It's important for you to tell me, so I can understand."

"I mean," said Vertilee—tenderness very nearly choked her. If he wouldn't put things into words she would—"the *quai*," she said. "Glenn, the room on the *quai* and you and me, and Henri, just down the river, on his big bronze horse on the Pont Neuf."

"That's the one in the book?" said Glenn.

"Don't be funny!" said Vertilee. She threw down her last barrier; she sat and smiled into Glenn's eyes as Monna Vanna might have smiled, dropping her cloak. She said: "I have been remembering all day, since the book came, how happy we were in that room. I have been finding out all day how much I love you for knowing my heart and my mind and my soul and me. Whether you want to talk about things like that or not. No one else has ever come as close as you did today with my birthday present. There is no one else in this world ——" She choked actually and began again, tears standing in her unashamed eyes. She said, "Glenn, you are just my man."

And Glenn sat still and did not offer to touch her. He did not even look at her. He had not looked at her since she said, "How happy we were in that room." It seemed strange, it seemed unbelievable and terrifying.

"Glenn," said Vertilee, badly frightened.

"I've got to tell you something," said Glenn.

And the world slithered down upon Vertilee's head like a pack of gigantic painted cards. She said faintly, "I stayed away too long. There's another woman."

"Hell, no!" said Glenn roughly.

But he still wasn't looking at her. He still didn't touch her. And unless there were another woman, she didn't see how he could live and not lay hands on her after what she had just said to him.

He was going on in a curiously controlled flat voice, drawing boxes on the tablecloth with the handle of his teaspoon: "I wanted to give you something you'd like for your birthday, and I walked a million miles, looking into shop windows."

She could see him walking, walking, walking, searching with his dark, unhappy eyes. She said, "For heaven's sake, put that teaspoon down!"—with a sob, and he did.

He said, "I didn't know what in the world to get you, so I gave someone a check "

"Gave someone a check!" gasped Vertilee.

"Sorry," said Glenn. "That's what I did."

"Cigars, cigarettes!" piped the girl, appearing at his elbow. He flung her such a murderous look, she put her chin in the air and swaggered away in haste.

Vertilee said in a new colorless voice of her own, "Was it Georgette you gave the check to?"

"I haven't seen Georgette in months," said Glenn.

A thought like a greenish-pale orchid, violet-veined, sprang up and flowered in Vertilee's mind. She said to one of the gods she prayed to: "If it's that, I can't bear it; that will be too much to ask of any woman. I know I'm a sketch, I know I'm the best laugh you've had in a long time, but if it's that, I don't know what I'll do! I can't be such a fool and live!"

Perhaps the god heard, for when she inquired of Glenn in a small hoarse voice, "Did you give the check to Julian Ranlett?" Glenn said angrily—so loud the waiter cocked an apprehensive ear and started toward them, "That cock-eyed paper hanger!"

To the waiter he said grimly: "Get me a package of cigarettes." When the cigarettes had come, and not before, Glenn spoke again. Vertilee, too, had been sitting in agonized silence, waiting.

"I'll tell you who I gave it to," said Glenn. "You remember old Berenger, the art dealer? Well, I asked him to help me out."

"But, Glenn - "

"Just a minute," said Glenn doggedly; "let me tell you the whole thing, start to finish. Then I'll take you home and we'll call it a day, since we seem to have gone on the rocks again already. I gave the old man a check and I told him I wanted him to find me something good for a girl who was a romantic sort of person and crazy about relics and antiques, and so on."

"You didn't!" said Vertilee.

"That's exactly what I did," said Glenn. . . . "And I thought maybe he gypped me on it, too, because it looked to me like any other old book. Well, I wanted to give you something you'd like—that was all—and he said you'd be crazy about that. After I got it I saw a gold vanity. . . ."

"Glenn," said Vertilee—"Glenn, Mr. Berenger died just two days ago. I saw it in the Times."

"I know," said Glenn. "This was last week. Of course I recognized your friend Henry in the name of the book, but it didn't occur to me you'd got him all tied up with the room on the *quai* and us. . . . Women are funny as hell. . . . I don't need any French history," said Glenn with bitter dignity, "to remind me of my honeymoon." He beckoned the waiter.

"Glenn," said Vertilee imploringly.

"Check," said Glenn to the waiter.

She put her hand on his arm; she shook him slightly, forcing his eyes with her own. "Glenn, did anybody know about the book but you and Mr. Berenger?"

"Certainly not," said Glenn. "What do you think?"

"Then, if you hadn't told me—he's dead—I'd have gone on the rest of my life believing, being perfectly satisfied — "

Glenn said, "I don't want you back in a blindfold. Get that straight. I don't want anything that doesn't belong to me." The waiter returning, he paid the check and tipped him, waved him off brusquely.

"Glenn," said Vertilee. She was trembling as he helped her into her coat.

"Are you cold?" he demanded, grimly anxious. "You ought to have something around your neck." A muffler, topping the honey velvet.

"I'm not cold." But it was not until he had shrugged into his own coat and they stood waiting in the street for a taxi that she could manage her voice again: "Glenn, what you've just given me is so much bigger than what I was looking for, it makes me ashamed."

"Yes. What's that?" said Glenn, lines about his mouth.

Vertilee said brokenly, "A man can't give any woman more than truth, can he? You're the only man in the world would have told me. You didn't have to."

"The old soul again!" said Glenn. The old soul, the old cycle. She could see him buckling himself back into armor, letting down a visor over his tortured eyes. She could see herself bruising herself against gauntlet and mail. Crying to be seen—of blindness.

"What's Georgette's address?" he asked.

"I'm going home with you," said Vertilee, choosing. She got into the cab, and after a moment's stunned silence she heard him say to the driver:

Washington Square South."

He put his arm around her. She felt him trembling too.

He said, in a voice he vainly endeavored to make casual: "There was a new moon last night. We'll see it from our window."

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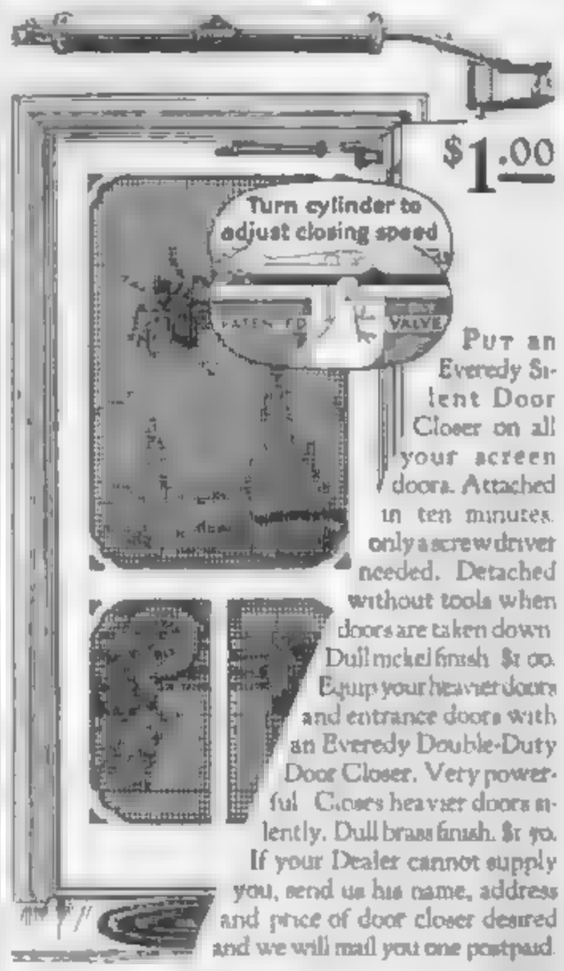

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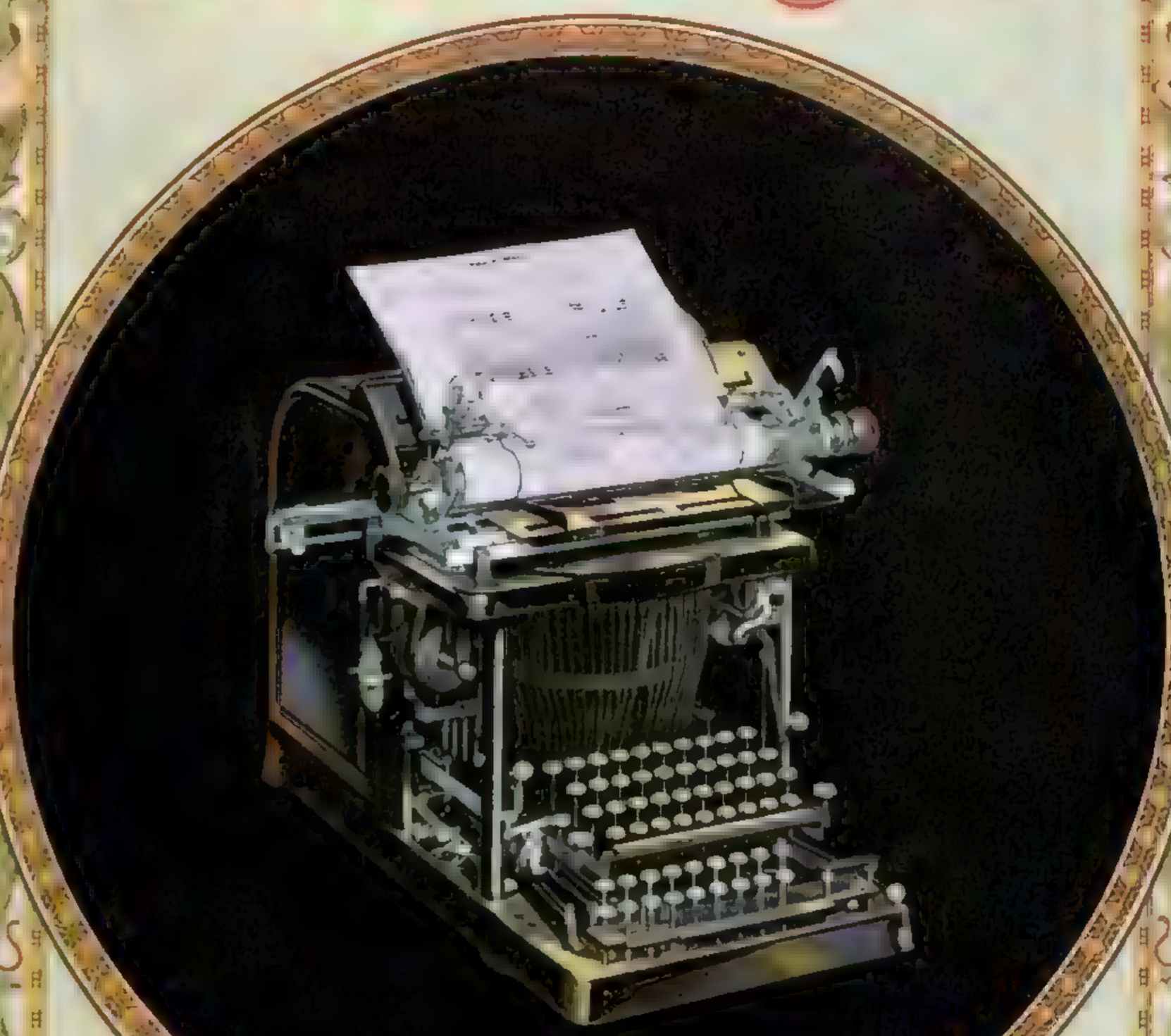

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NEW YORK'S SOCIAL BLACK LIST

(Continued from Page 19)

"Why, he was to have dined with the Chandlers tonight," she said quickly. "Is he waiting for an answer?"

"No, madam. He rang off. He said," the waitress primly reported, "that they were on their way, an' would be here in ten minutes."

The hostess sighed.

"If they're on their way I suppose we can't stop them," she said. "But I wonder what has happened to his dinner engagement. Ralph has evidently forgotten that we're having a little dinner tonight, too, though I told him about it this morning. Will it put you out," she asked her guests, "if we rearrange the table a trifle?"

The guests, who, fortunately, were intimate friends, made a joke of the affair and cheerfully lent themselves to the interruption of the service, the adding of another leaf to the table, the placing of additional plates. They knew that Ralph, a college freshman, was the only son of the family and that he was spending the week-end in New York.

Ralph arrived, not in ten minutes but in thirty. He was in evening dress, but his friends were not. He nodded to his parents' guests, mumbled the names of his chums, and the four took the places arranged for them at the foot of the table.

"Ralph," said his mother, "what happened to the Chandler dinner? Is anyone ill?"

Her son pursed his lips.

"Why, I forgot all about that," he cheerfully admitted. "I was on my way to the Chandlers' when I ran into these fellows, and the date slid right out of my mind."

"But, my dear ——" his mother began.

"Don't fuss, mother. It's too late now to do anything about it. They were having an early dinner and going to the theater. Sorry," he added airily, and he dropped the subject from his mind so obviously that the other guests almost saw it fall.

An Etiquette Questionnaire

From that time to the end of the meal he and his friends talked together as if they were alone in the dining room. Like the youngsters at the first dinner, they ignored their elders as completely as if the latter were not present. They were not boisterous as the other young set had been. They were merely completely absorbed in one another and in their own interests, and they were as much alone together as if they were castaways on a desert island. They ate voraciously, argued incessantly, and with an indistinguishable mumble to their fellow guests hurried from the dining room as soon as the after-dinner coffee had been drunk.

"They'll go up to Ralph's room now and smoke and talk till one o'clock," Ralph's mother said. "Why the young folks of today have so much to say to one another and so little to say to anyone else I can't understand," she went on. "But I do feel bad about that Chandler dinner. Sybil Chandler and Ralph have played together since they were babies, and I really didn't think he'd let Sybil down like that."

These two examples may seem extreme. That they are neither extreme nor at all unusual is revealed by a questionnaire which is now going the rounds and of which I received a copy in the mail the morning after the second dinner. The questionnaire was sent out by a group of well-known New York society girls, belonging to a fashionable league, and evidently acutely conscious at last that the time has come for a change in the social habits and manners of their fellow members. They hope to get from the answers to this questionnaire enough backing and authority to bring some radical reforms.

I quote two of the questions because of their tacit admissions.

"If you accept an invitation to a dinner, will you attend it?" is one artless query; and the next one is equally revealing:

"If you accept a luncheon or dinner invitation, will you try to arrive on time, so that you will not have to leave before it is over to meet other engagements?"

Forty-five Minutes' Grace

The explanation of this late and urgently needed effort at reconstruction lies in the existence of a new social factor—a black list recently established by prominent hostesses and on which they now firmly inscribe the names of young persons who are especially flagrant in ignoring their social engagements. No girl wishes to be left out of parties, especially of the parties given by important hostesses; and the women who have put the black list into operation have undoubtedly found the only cure there is for the prevailing bad manners of their younger guests.

Before they adopted this radical cure various milder ones were tried in vain. A number of hostesses actually made a point of sending reminders to their guests on the morning of the day the latter were expected. Many of them proved their humility by having cards engraved which read as follows:

MISS —— IS { DINING / LUNCHING } WITH

MRS. ROSS AT —— O'CLOCK TODAY

This innovation was promptly discovered to be a lamentable mistake. Expecting these reminders, the irresponsible young guests became more irresponsible than before. They made no note of their engagements with such hostesses and thus they consciously or unconsciously made other engagements for the same date and hour, so that even when the reminder came they were unable to act on it. Certain young belles and beaus began to make several dinner engagements for the same evening, leaving it to the mood of the moment to decide which one to attend when the time came. It is pleasant to add that the originators of this bright plan were among the first to be entered on the black list.

Another effort to save their nerves and their dinners was used by certain hostesses during part of last season. Knowing only too well the young guests who would be especially late at their dinners, they issued invitations to this picked list, naming a dinner hour forty-five minutes earlier than the time planned.

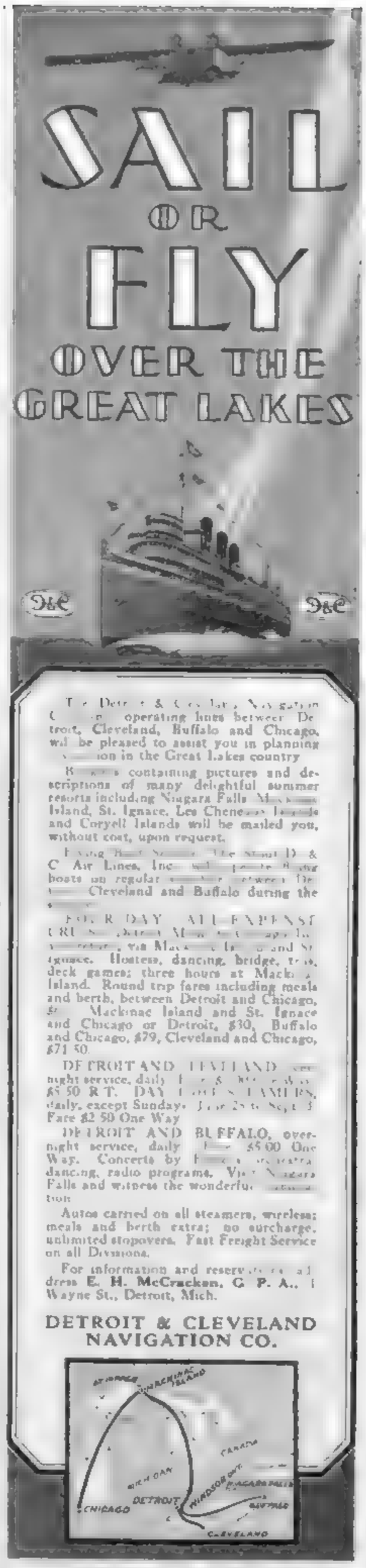
Forty-five minutes, it appears, is the average record for lateness at dinner among our youths and maidens. To the older and dependable guests the hostess gave the correct dinner hour. The plan worked very nicely until the younger crowd discovered that the older guests were arriving at the same time they themselves appeared. Learning the truth, they resentfully remained away from the next dinner or appeared seventy minutes late instead of forty-five. The black list became an urgent need, and the questionnaire is its immediate offspring.

If they must reform, the youngsters correctly reason, it is more agreeable to do it as their own idea, and not as something thrust upon them. The questionnaire will bring them the names of those willing to help the good work along. It will undoubtedly bring them as well the names of stand-patters who find it less trouble to be a law unto themselves than to follow the social rules. But the outlaws will not remain outlaws very long.

Other Times, Other Manners

New York, whose young people have intrepidly led the way to these social quicksands, has always been widely imitated throughout the country. Young things everywhere have hastened to show themselves as free from the shackles of good form and social responsibility as young New Yorkers are. Manners are as bad in Chicago as in New York, as bad in San Francisco as in Chicago. They are bad wherever the social influence of New York has percolated; and few American towns are so small or so remote that someone does not bring back to them every season New York's newest social notions as well as her fashions in other fields. As the evil started in New York, it is fitting that the reform should also start there, and it is to be hoped that it will spread as rapidly as the evil did.

We cannot expect a return to the high standards of the past, when the rules of good manners were based on consideration for others. All we can hope is that the younger set has learned a sorely needed lesson. It has gone much too far in its revolt against traditions, and it has alienated and offended too many important persons. In self-protection, because at last it realizes the dangers of this course, it will change that course and swing back to something approaching normally responsible social behavior. Those outlaws who continue to follow the present irresponsible trend will be very lonely, and loneliness is the one thing the younger set cannot and will not endure.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HEAR AND SEE

Continued from Page 15

quality that set off others, and it spread out to every part of an ordinary auditorium. It was a master stroke of business to see that Mrs. Roper attended the gala opening of Lonely Nights, and worth many, many times the hundred it cost

Mr. Vogelsang, a methodical fellow, had the facts neatly in order upon his pad, beginning with the name and the additional data that she was a widow in poor circumstances, living at No. 29 North Sixth Avenue. Mrs. Roper was not actually a widow, but only in effect, for there still existed Mr. Bill Roper, her legal husband, who had stepped out. Mr. Bill Roper was not the man to make any woman laugh.

Among the Roper friends Bill was looked upon as a no-good wastrel, now become a Hollywood runabout, and what made the situation pathetic was that once upon a time Bill had been a serious and hard-working husband and a good provider, with no nonsense about him.

Hollywood ruined him and spoiled the life of a deserving woman. The Ropers came from rural Kansas, neighborhood of Lawrence, where they had tilled the soil and looked forward to a quiet old age amid the sunflowers and cyclones. Those were the happy days for the Bill Ropers. Life was a song, and while Bill plowed and reaped and curried the mules, Julia, his young bride, churned the butter and made johnnycake for her brawny man. It was on the farm that Julia learned to laugh, for she was a blithe soul, although not so stout as she later became.

Mr. Bill Roper of rural Kansas was regarded, and properly so, as the best and most successful pig caller in the far-flung state, and had taken gold medals at the Eldorado State Fair. It was the pig calling that led to drama and disaster, for in the beginning Bill was an amiable young farmer with quiet rural views and a preference for fine cut. Once he became known as a leading pig caller of his commonwealth, the notoriety went to his head and he neglected the simple duties of farm life. He became arrogant. His manner toward Julia changed and he refused to arise at four o'clock and start milking. He took upon himself the airs of a superior fellow and began to treat Julia casually.

Finally reporters came to interview Bill for the Swine Breeders' Gazette, and there was no living with him from that time on. The National Pig Callers' Association took him up and had him do his pig calling for the Weekly Review. All this attention resulted in mental turmoil in the home, and Julia saw the end coming. Bill was a ruined farmer. He would no longer wrestle with the rutabagas or chase the flying potato bug down the new-turned furrow.

"Let us sell our farm," he said to Julia, "and go out to Hollywood, where a pig caller is more appreciated."

Julia sighed.

"If you think it best, darling," she said, for although Bill treated her coldly, she still called him darling. "If you wish to leave our happy Kansas farm, where we have been contented, it is all right with me, and I will go anywhere with you. I still love you."

Bill laughed and awkwardly patted his wife's shoulder, which had become easier to pat.

"I would love you," she continued earnestly, "even if you weren't the best pig caller in Kansas."

Bill inserted an advertisement in the Breeders' Gazette, sold the old homestead for two-thirds of its value, and taking Julia by the hand, he set forth and walked into the streets of Hollywood. From the day he passed through the city gates Bill was a failure as a husband. Tragedy stalked into the life of Julia Roper, and what was left of Bill by the pig calling, Hollywood wiped away. He began gallivanting around in the night life of the cinema capital, and instead of hunting a job, he bought himself society clothes and loafed up and down the gilded boulevards.

His fall was swift and certain. He took to sneering aloud at his plain, healthy wife and comparing her with the little damsels of the village who weighed only seventy-five pounds. Without a word of warning, he walked out and left her with two rooms and a secondhand radio set. He said as he departed, "I am going to live my own life."

Like the sterling soul she was, Julia Roper went to work, washing, and has been laboring honestly from that day to this. Bill let his mustache grow and became a drifter, an idle fellow who loiters at the doors of studios and ogles the ladies as they hurry out and step into their special-body-job automobiles.

The smash of the Roper family is now part of history, and it is years since Julia and Bill rode into Hollywood and separated so that Bill could live his own life. There are scores in Hollywood who are living out their own free lives and getting sued occasionally by females. Mrs. Bill Roper never entirely lost her cheery outlook or her valiant smile. The laugh that was born on a Kansas wheat field clung to her. She carried on like a heroine, moved into a tiny room and took up life's burdens without a whimper. She was extra good at washing lace curtains and silk stockings, and readily found employment, waxing more rotund and jolly as the years gathered, and helping out actresses who wanted an evening dress dyed pink. It is not generally known, but a Hollywood actress always dyes her dress after wearing it in public once, giving the impression of a new ensemble at each appearance. It is considered bad taste in cinema circles to wear a garment twice, and the dyeing fools everybody.

This, then, was the simple tale of Mrs. Julia Roper, an abandoned wife, and her faithless spouse, who had won her girlish heart and thrust her aside like an old inner tube. This was the woman Pymm and Joe Vogelsang stumbled upon by merest chance in the Isis Theater, laughing her hearty laugh and shaking the rafters. In her heart there still lingered affection for the worthless fellow who had deserted her, and she looked back to the happy times when Bill curried the mules and called the pigs. She did not complain to Mrs. Walsh over man's inhumanity to woman and was genuinely glad to pick up a hundred dollars merely to attend a performance. It was her opinion that the man was eccentric, and she so informed Mrs. Walsh, who roomed above her and worked out.

"He gives me the fifty dollars," she explained. "Next Saturday I go into the theater and he gives me fifty more."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Walsh, who was a startled-looking woman.

"I dunno," Julia replied.

"It looks funny," said Mrs. Walsh.

"I know it does."

"Are you going?"

"Can a duck swim? Wouldn't you go to the movies for a hundred dollars?"

In the studio of Purcell & Harper, the president conferred with electrical wizards, photographic engineers, technicians, microphone experts and interlocking sharks who had come out from New York in their derby hats. Director Pymm was not included, for he was openly unsympathetic and had announced that the interjection of sound would, without any doubt, ruin Lonely Nights.

"Leave him out of it," said Mr. Purcell. "He doesn't know anything about it anyhow."

"Him and me," added Vice President Harper, who disliked all photographic engineers.

Serious-looking gentry strolled about thereafter, discussing such matters as variable density and variable area, the new celluloid twins of the gabby drama. Thornton

Continued on Page 189

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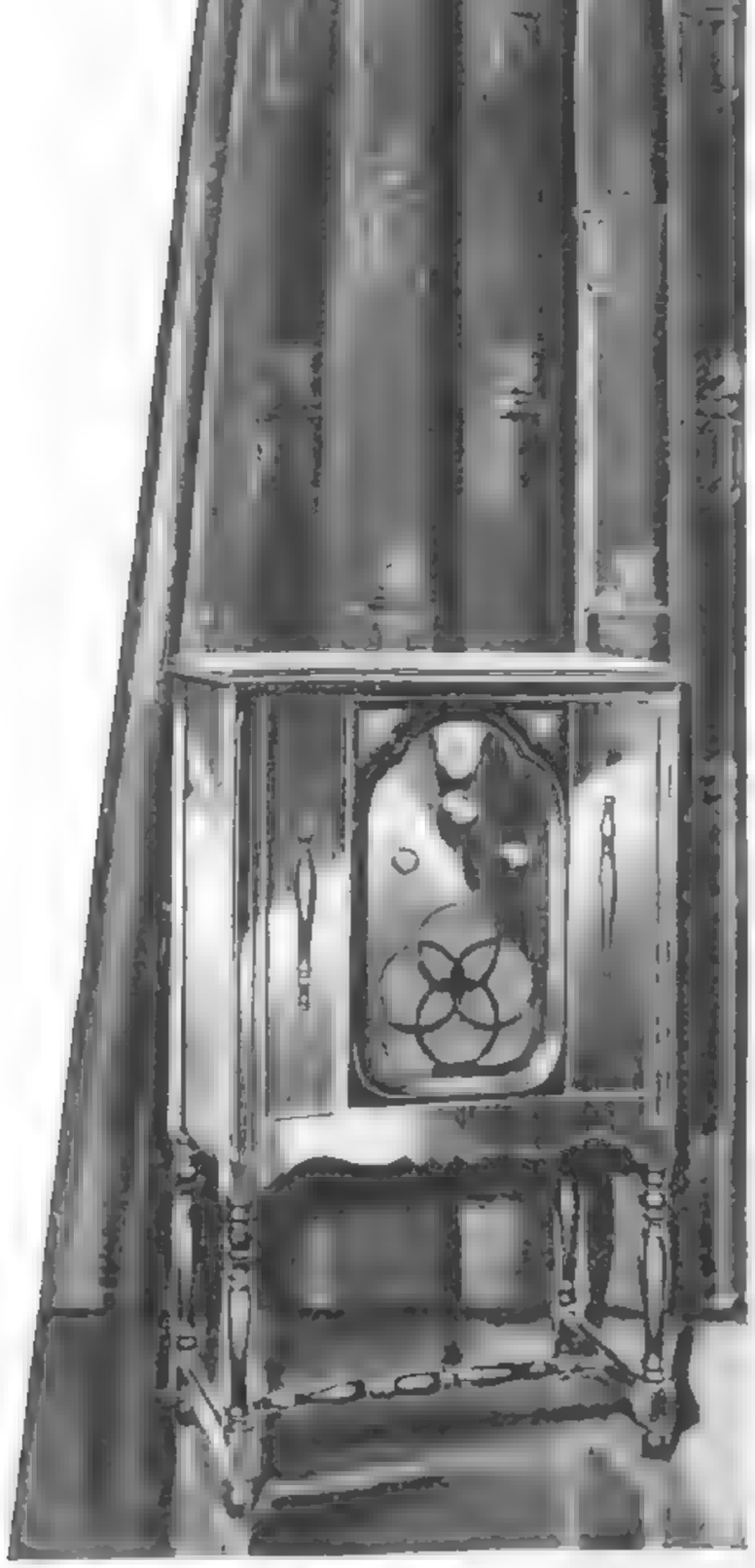

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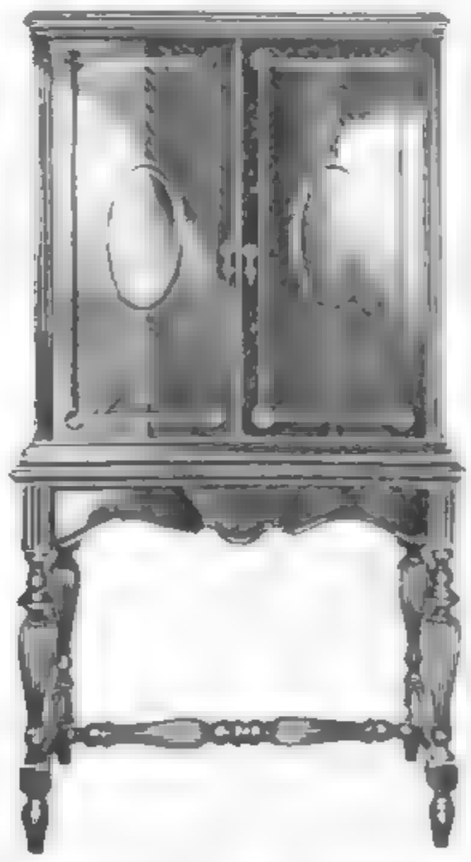

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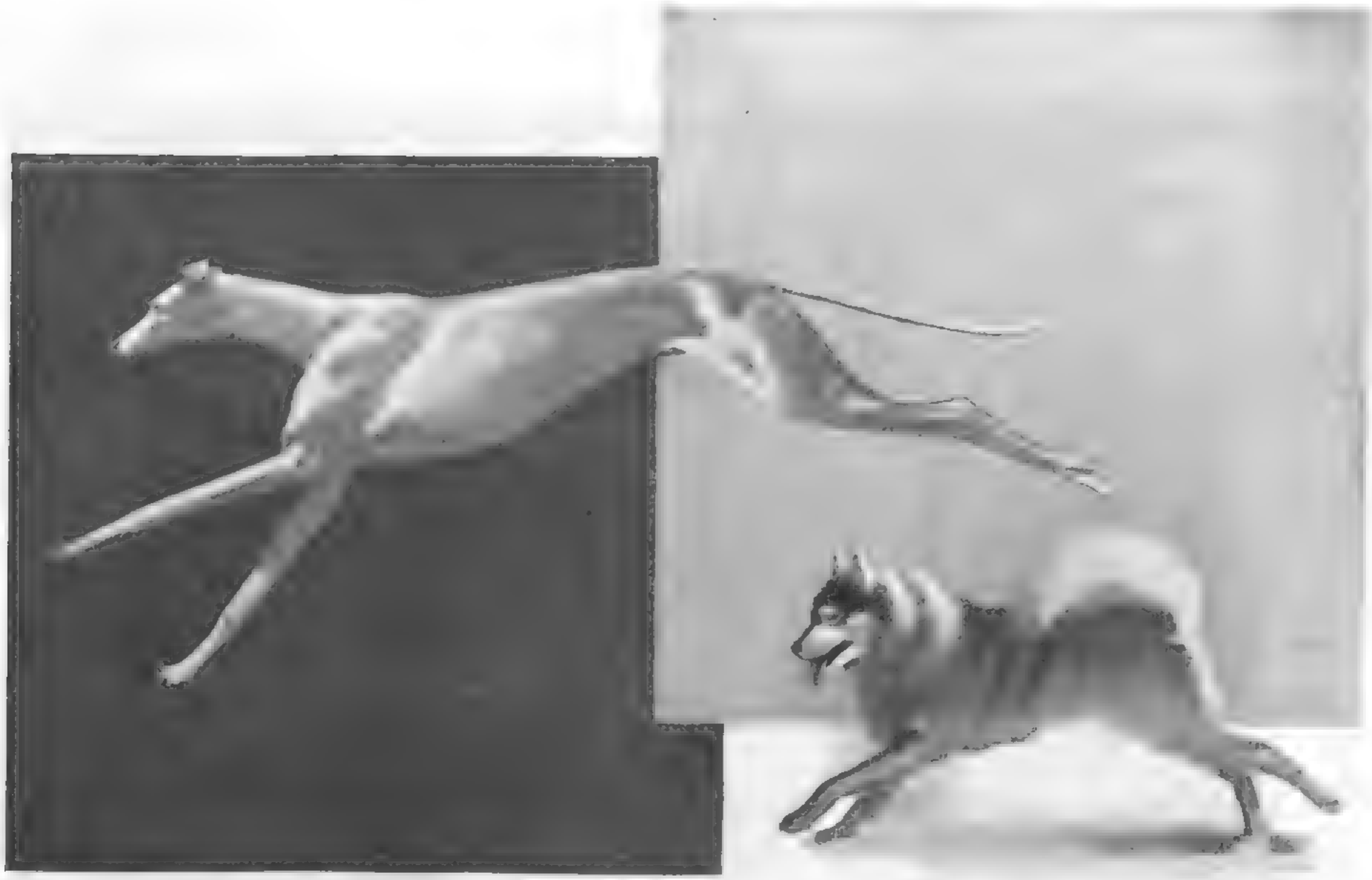

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ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS HOUSTON LOUISVILLE

(Continued from Page 186)

Pymm sulked quietly and took it out upon Joe Vogelsang.

"They'll hash this thing yet," he prophesied, properly indignant, considering it was his own future they were fooling with

Mr. Purcell, aided by Mr. Harper, went thoroughly into the problem of sound sequence. The picture being finished, it was decided merely to add the talking episode and not attempt to complicate the plot by putting speech into the mouth of the characters.

"Just as long as it is noise," remarked President Purcell. "People are apparently goofy about screen noises, and it doesn't matter whether it is part of the story or not. Now who could we get?"

"Well, sir," replied Harper, "I have the very thing. I have exactly what we require to start this picture off with a bang."

"What?"

"A pig caller," cried the vice president in triumphant tones, and Purcell stared at him, a question in his eye.

"A pig caller? What would that be?"

Mr. Harper explained.

"Here in Hollywood," he continued, "there resides the champion pig caller of Kansas, a man by the name of Bill Roper. They say he has a marvelous voice."

"Get him," ordered Purcell, seeing at once that if you lacked sound you could scarcely do better than hire a caller of hogs.

Mr. Roper was notified by telegram that his services were required by the motion-picture industry, and saw himself a star. He had been waiting for the summons. True ability, he perceived, was about to be rewarded, and he started for the studio. It was the intent to open up Lonely Nights with a gentleman calling pigs on a Western farm; an incident which would have nothing to do with subsequent events depicted, but would push the drama off to a snappy start.

Mr. Roper was taken at once to a borrowed studio full of microphones and cameras concealed in igloos made of seaweed, and was informed that they would expect some of his swellest pig calling. Bill had grown a bit stout in the soft years around Hollywood, but the voice that had made the welkin ring in Kansas had lost none of its rich quality. In one short session with the microphone, William called his fictitious pigs and explained to interested onlookers that there are various ways of luring hogs away from their acorns. He demonstrated with sound and gesture. He did his morning call and his evening call—vastly different noises. Officials regarded him and said it sounded silly, and looked silly, so it might be funny when screened and voiced.

When Bill concluded he was paid off, and Mr. Purcell thought of a nice way to work the sound sequence logically into Lonely Nights, which was a story of back alleys in the great city.

"Just have a title," he said to Harper, "and say something like this: 'How different is the country from the teeming city, the peaceful country with its waving cornfields and its cows and pigs—yes, and its pig callers too. Glance at a typical pig caller, bringing home the bacon.'"

"Just the thing," responded Mr. Harper.

"And from that we turn to the sidewalks of New York," said Purcell, beaming. "Works in very nice."

Mr. Pymm, when fully informed, said that it was an outrage and that nobody had a right to destroy the artistic product of another mind.

"What," he asked of Joe, "has a man paging hogs got to do with Lonely Nights?"

Joe replied that he did not know. There was no sense to the sound epidemic anyhow. The studios were panic-stricken and would put in anything. Mr. Purcell sent for his director.

"I can't see why you're howling over the sound sequence," he remarked. "If you want to know the truth, it's darn funny, and makes everyone laugh that's heard it. In fact, it's the funniest thing in your comedy. You know, that picture isn't so screaming as you think it is."

"Maybe," answered the aggrieved Pymm, "but if you're going to have talk in a movie it certainly ought to have something to do with the story."

"Not these days," said Purcell. "People want to hear noise. They're crazy about it. Doesn't make any difference what the sound is, for it is a novelty. I saw a talkie the other night of the Arctic Ocean, and there was a locomotive whistling."

Mr. Pymm said that as he saw it the picture business was ruined.

"You may as well make up your mind, Mr. Pymm, to get used to this new invention. From now on you are going to make talking pictures or none at all. The day of the silent movie is over, and you can bet your shirt on that."

Pymm refrained from betting shirts. He continued to claim that the talkers were a foolish fad which would die out within six months. Joe Vogelsang agreed with him.

"Look at ping-pong," said Joe. "Where is it now?"

Saturday evening found a studio group at the Royal Pecan to watch reactions. Mr. Pymm was in a disturbed state of mind, and his anxiety grew as he stood in the lobby, surrounded by his faithful crew—the men who had aided him in making Lonely Nights. On their faces was a look of perturbation, for all knew that Mr. Pymm was on trial, and if he went by the board they would probably slide with him. Mr. Purcell arrived. Mr. Harper came with his wife and children. The star and heroine rolled up in a baby-blue landaulet; the lady clad in ermine and the star in his golf togs and no hat. Persons passed into the theater, but Pymm stood rooted, scowling down the street.

At fifteen minutes of eight, a large, slow-moving body heaved into sight and Pymm breathed a sigh. It was Mrs. Bill Roper, come to collect fifty more, and have a good time at the movies.

"You're on time," Pymm said, warmly shaking hands. "Glad to see you, Mrs. Roper."

"I'm always on time for a show," said the lady.

"Go right in and sit down anywhere," Pymm directed, and the lady turned, but there was hesitation in her manner.

"What about the—the other fifty?"

Mr. Pymm chuckled, reached into his pocket and produced the final payment, and thereupon Mrs. Roper waddled into the Royal Pecan and sat down in Row H. There was, at the moment, another motion picture in progress—a standard, old-line drama with printed subtitles—and Mrs. Roper counted her money in the semi-darkness and made up her mind to buy a new wringer.

Minor studio employes and officials drifted in and a filled theater sat ready to pass judgment upon a new picture, the nature of which was not announced. Mr. Pymm slipped into a seat and prepared to suffer in silence through the pig-calling sequence, which was mercifully brief and might not, he reflected, do him any great harm.

The performance commenced with the faint scratching sounds that herald the on-coming of a screen talker, and instantly Bill Roper burst into a close-up and summoned his hogs. As he had hailed the frisky porkers back in Kansas, he now summoned them for the amusement of a puzzled audience. He called hungry pigs and fed pigs, distant and near pigs, pigs down the wind and pigs with their minds elsewhere. He demonstrated the difference between calling a mother pig and a young thing with no experience, and he threw into his delivery all the art that had made him champion of his commonwealth.

The audience snickered. A boy in the balcony imitated Bill's insane noises and other boys joined in. Mr. Purcell apparently was correct. The people want their pictures to articulate. Presently the pig caller hushed and faded from view, and Pymm's comedy proceeded under its own steam.

Mr. Bill Roper's share of the entertainment was brief; a matter of minutes, and very few of them. Thornton Pymm stared at the pig caller in deep disgust and listened to the ear-splitting racket in wonderment; and, over in Row H, Mrs. Julia Roper opened her eyes wide and could not believe she was looking at him who had wooed and won her girlish heart.

She stared up at Bill and his mustache, fearing at first that her senses had deceived her, but an instant later, when Bill burst forth into sound, she recognized his voice—the sterling voice she had heard as a young bride, the voice that had carried Bill up into the Swine Breeders' Gazette, along with a photograph of the old farm and beautiful young Julia Roper, the girl bride from the Ozarks.

Julia's ample form trembled in the shadows of the theater and her bosom heaved. Julia's round countenance slowly contracted into the tremulous spasms of a face that is about to go into action. Bill continued his heartbreaking pig calls, and sitting there in the Royal Pecan Theater, Mrs. Roper gently broke down. As she looked at and listened to the man of her choice, who had tossed her aside, her courage failed and she began to cry—and when I say "cry," I do not mean "whimper."

Just as Julia's laughing had been good, honest laughing, so was her weeping notable. It was a combination of sobbing, howling, gulping, wailing, blubbering and moaning; old-fashioned crying such as is rarely heard in modern days, even at wakes. Mr. Thornton Pymm removed himself from his shoulder blades and sat up as high as possible to see where the untoward noise was coming from. The sounds of a soul in distress crept through all parts of the theater.

"Have that drunk put out," commanded Pymm in a hoarse whisper of indignation.

"That ain't no drunk," responded the faithful Vogelsang, who was on the aisle and could better observe. "That ain't no drunk, chief "

"What is it?"

"It's that woman," Joe responded, leaning into the aisle to make certain. "It's the fat dame we paid the money to."

"Not Mrs. Roper!" cried Director Pymm

"Yeh. The same."

"What ails her?"

"She's crying."

And she was. Joe Vogelsang may live to be an old, old man, but he will never make a truer statement of indubitable fact. Mrs. Julia Roper was weeping as though her heart would break. True, her opening outburst of grief, brought on by sight and sound of Bill and his pig calling, slowly subsided and she wept with the quiet intensity of a soul submerged in torment. She wiped her eyes with a large, linen handkerchief, but even so, the tears rolled down her ample countenance and spotted her waist. Persons sitting near at hand turned and surveyed her grief with looks of sympathy.

Those who could see Julia crying pointed her out to those who had not yet seen her, and one gentleman rose up quietly and brought her a glass of water, while another man, in whiskers, probably a physician, came down the aisle and inquired if he could do anything. Julia shook her head and sopped up vagrant tears with the damp handkerchief.

Meantime Mr. Pymm's epochal comedy was unfurling itself, little by little, to a filled auditorium, with a large, sad woman weeping fitfully and an audience that squirmed and asked what could be the matter with the poor creature.

Comedies, even with everything serene, have enough trouble making their way, and a crying fat woman certainly is of no help to a young fledgling photodrama stealing its timid way over the footlights for the first time. You might as well have a bearded man passing through the theater killing children with the leg of a table. Audible weeping is terrible in a small theater, and the Royal Pecan is not a large house.

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No one paid attention to the funny doings on the screen, and at twenty minutes past eight the Pymm comedy Lonely Nights curled up its little toes and died in its cradle. Mr. Purcell realized that he should have fired Thornton Pymm the previous summer.

"This is going bad," Harper remarked to the president.

"I knew it would," said Purcell.

"Even that pig caller couldn't save it."

Mrs. Roper continued to weep gently throughout the entire performance, disturbing nobody, but thoroughly burying the entire room in a lava of melancholy. The little comedy of Lonely Nights dragged its broken way to the final scenes and a depressed audience filed through the open door and went home to bed, wondering what was the matter with the fat woman. Pymm and Vogelsang came out with the crowd and stopped to light cigarettes in the outer court. Gloomily they watched the spectators depart. A fitting and dismal rain had come up and the night was filled with moviegoers trying to start their dampened engines. President Purcell passed by and on into the murky silence, accompanied by Mr. Harper and executives. Nobody paused to speak with Director Pymm, for there was little to be said.

The picture, obviously, could not be done over at great expense, or revamped, or patched up or made snappy and brilliant. It was a pure dud, an egg which had been found guilty. Pymm knew it, and knew, too, that on the morrow he would receive certain information concerning future pay checks from Purcell & Harper.

Mrs. Bill Roper went home immediately with her hundred dollars.

"That was a tough break, boss," Joe Vogelsang remarked, attempting consolation. "The picture wasn't bad—at least, not so bad as it looked in there."

"Just my luck," said Pymm. "It means curtains for me at the studio. I don't believe I'll even show up tomorrow. Let 'em fire me by telegram."

"If they fire you they fire me," Joe said loyally, and then it was in the almost deserted foyer of the Royal Pecan, with the rain dismally falling outside, that a tall, bony, hard-looking man approached the mourning duo. He had been standing unobserved behind the ticket booth. He was rugged and his face was red.

"You Thornton Pymm?" he asked.

"Yes," said Pymm coldly, having no desire for conversation with strangers.

"I thought so. I've seen you somewhere before. My name's Pat Roche."

At this information, Mr. Pymm started slightly and Joe Vogelsang dropped his cigarette, for the words "Pat Roche" in Hollywood have the same effect as "Mussolini" in Naples. Pat Roche is one of the large cheeses upon the shelf of the cinema delicatessen shop. When he sneezes colds are general. He is a motion-picture producer who works independently, following his own thoughts and hunches, and each year he spends millions and millions of other people's money.

"You're all wrong, Pymm," he said, tilting his head slightly toward the theater.

"Apparently," replied the director with a sad smile.

"You're no comedy director."

"I have the reputation ——"

"Rats. I just sat through this so-called comedy, and it's pretty woozy. You must know that. Where you were wrong was in trying to produce a comedy. Comedies are no good, anyhow. They don't pull. With the same material you have there, you could have made a knock-out drama that would have played upon the emotions."

Pymm looked surprised. "A sobber?" he asked.

"Certainly. You know which pictures have made the big money, don't you? The sad ones. Look back and see if I'm right or not."

Mr. Vogelsang started to protest, but Pymm hushed him with a gesture, for there is never anything gained by arguing with a man like Pat Roche.

"I think you've got it in you, Pymm," the producer continued. "You can make 'em cry, and that's the secret of this business. Would it do any good if you came over to my office tomorrow morning?"

"You mean ——"

"I mean, are you tied up with that bunch of cornice makers you're working for, or are you in a position to sign a contract with me?"

A water pipe was beginning to send drops down the back of Joe Vogelsang's neck, but he stood immovable.

"I could probably get away from Purcell & Harper," the director answered.

"Probably?"

"I mean, I can get away, absolutely. And I would like to. I feel that they have been retarding my progress, and I would like to see them stop me from resigning."

"Very well," said Pat Roche. "Meet me at ten tomorrow morning."

He shook hands and walked over to the curb where eleven thousand dollars' worth of Detroit's best was waiting.

"Well, wadda ya know?" remarked Joe, staring hard at Mr. Pymm, staring in mingled amazement and admiration. "We got a job already."

"If you have the goods," returned Pymm in a tone of quiet confidence, "the world will always mark a beaten path to your door."

Mrs. Walsh met Mrs. Roper, coming home from the movies, and looked surprised, for she rather expected Mrs. Roper to be kidnaped and held in a mountain cabin for ransom.

"Did the man give you the other fifty dollars?" she asked eagerly.

"He did," replied Julia, and she started crying afresh, "and wait till I tell you what happened in the theater."

Controlling her emotions, Mrs. Roper told Mrs. Walsh in detail what she had seen at the movies—and heard.

A Correction

IN HIS article, Fall Guys, Mr. Grace said that he had been told that Garland Peed was killed back East. Mr. Peed's father, Mr. Garland P. Peed, writes us as follows: "My son, Garland P. Peed, Jr., is an aviator. He is a Kelly Field graduate. Was a Mass. Tech. mechanical-engineering student there prior to going to Kelly Field. You will probably be interested in his qualifications. We who know him do not believe he would ever crash in his work. He was in California, and I have heard him mention his contacts with Mr. Dick Grace, from whom you received the report, as author of the article titled Fall Guys. My son is alive and well. Is in the East, where he is associated with one of the large airline companies."

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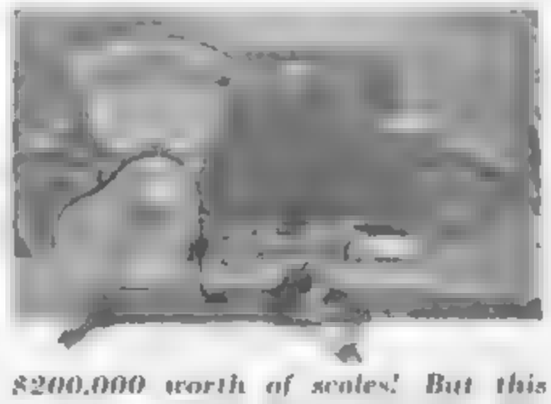

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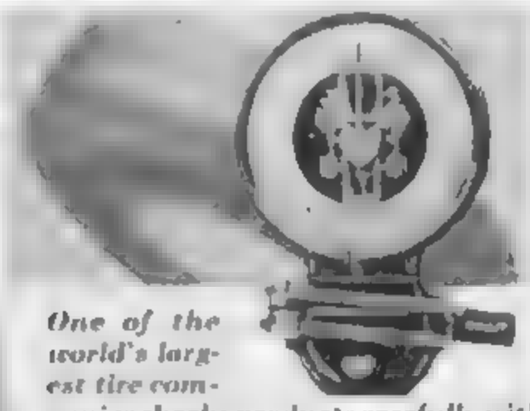

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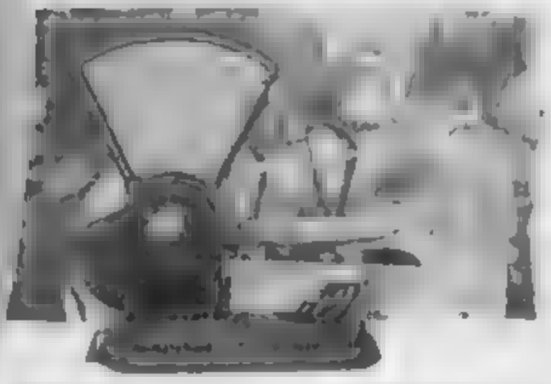

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CAPTAIN DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 27)

back in 1905, and I've never known a ship owner so keenly interested in paint. He went into the subject throughly and learned the whole business from *a* to *z*. He would order only the best.

"'Jim,' he said, 'I'm a frugal mon. But if you can show me that this paint will keep off the grass and barnacles that slow down a ship at sea, and will keep her out of dry dock, too, then this paint means frugality.'"

But if he spared no expense in new coats of paint for his ships, he did when it came to clothes for himself.

"One day on the Merchants' Exchange," he told me, "a friend of mine came to me on the floor with his hat in his hand.

"'Chip in,' he said.

"'All right, Tom, I'll be glad to,' I answered. But as I reached for my wallet, I asked him: 'Who's it for?'

"'It's for you!' he replied. 'We're sick of the sight of that suit of clothes!'

"I told him that my wife was too. She'd been after me for months on the subject. One glance at myself that afternoon convinced me that the joke had a point, so I went right out across the street and ordered myself a new rig."

He had held to his old habit of leaving tobacco and liquor alone; and though well on in his sixties now, he was working quite as hard as before. In his office or about town, over on the Merchants' Exchange or down along the Embarcadero, where lay ships from all over the world, he was busy from early morning till night; and every night he brought some work out with him to San Rafael. But he had to get through most of it on the ferry boat and train, for his wife did not like him to work at home.

"He was no worrier," she said. "Though not a big eater, he always ate well. About nine o'clock he went to bed and in two or three minutes he'd be asleep. He got oodles of sleep. He barely ever had any dreams, and slept sound and deep till six in the morning."

The White Peril

Meanwhile, if some cable were telephoned out late at night, Mrs. Dollar nearly always woke first, and it took a good deal to convince her it was worth while to waken him, too; for she knew he needed his rest.

"Sometimes he would sit with his head in his hands for an hour or more," she told me. "He was deciding something. He'd get his mind all quiet and clear, and then look at it from every angle, trying to see years ahead."

His thoughts must have traveled far at such times. He had opened an office up at Seattle; he started another in London now; and over in China, through Harold, his son, he bought a lumberyard at Tientsin. He was looking to the future, still. In the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce he had become the chairman of their committee on China trade. He was a good public speaker now, especially extempore, and he seized every chance he could to talk about trade in the Orient. The Panama Canal was to be opened in a few years, and that and the awakening of China would combine to center the world's commerce on the Pacific Ocean, he said. And in order to get our share of that, we must keep on good terms with the Orient.

But he faced a jungle of obstacles there. For in California race feeling had long been rising against the incoming coolies and Japanese; and their exclusion from our shores and other legislation here caused a bitterness in the East that endangered his increasing trade. Even those Orientals allowed to land under the terms of the treaty, he said, were put into filthy detention sheds, where hearings of cases were rushed through and many were unfairly deported. He headed a committee to look into these abuses; and after reading his report, Roosevelt put a stop to them. But meanwhile the Cantonese had declared a boycott against our goods; and though this was ended soon, in Japan they were bitter against us still. Our yellow papers were quick to respond and started a war scare over here.

To help allay this bitterness, Captain Dollar, in 1908, organized a party of twenty-eight Americans, representing the chambers of commerce of our Pacific Coast, and took them over to Japan. And on the way he talked to them. He had no use for all this shouting about the Yellow Peril, he said. That phrase had been started by the Kaiser to hide his grabbing of Shantung. "The White Peril," he declared, "is the real danger in China today." For the nations of Europe were rapidly getting in ahead of us there. We needed ships to get our share; but while Japan was building fast, our merchant marine was rapidly disappearing from the seas; for our Government had discouraged our shipping, and our energies had all gone into our internal growth. But now we must begin to reach out for foreign markets, he declared, and for that there was no place like the East. So let us have no war with Japan.

Hands Across the Pacific

"The Japanese have the name of being tricky," he said, "but I have done business of more than $1,000,000 with them and can conscientiously say I have never been wronged out of a cent." He went on to urge his American friends: "Let each one of us on this trip do his utmost to establish friendly relations with Japanese, and trade will surely follow."

To help in this, he asked them to write speeches on the voyage over; and then all these speeches were carefully censored by himself. Upon arriving in Japan, he was warned of the critical state of affairs by our ambassador. He made a carefully worded speech to the Yokohama Stock Exchange, and another to the Bankers' Club in Tokio. From the time of the ancient Assyrians, whose trade had extended to China, he said, the greatness of each world power had rested on its merchant marine. Japan, the Great Britain of the East, had made great strides in her shipping of late. Our own had been neglected, but now we were looking outward again. The center of world commerce was to shift to the Pacific soon, and of this, the United States and Japan ought to have the greatest share.

"We want to work hand in hand with you to develop and hold what rightly belongs to both of us," he told them. "Competition is the life of trade. The more honest competition we have, the better friends we will be . . . so I wish you every success in upbuilding your merchant marine."

The principal newspapers ran his speech all through Japan the following day, and receptions and banquets were given his party, and one evening the streets of Tokio twinkled with thousands of paper lanterns and with countless arches of lights, while for three hours, twenty abreast, marched the ancient guilds of Japan. The visitors toured the whole country that month, inspecting factories, mills and mines, and making speeches everywhere on the mutual value of friendship between the United States and Japan.

"I think our visit did more good than a dozen fleets of battleships," Captain Dollar told me. "I claim that friendship is the greatest trade asset that a nation can have."

That tour immensely strengthened, too, his own position in Japan. He did not go home with his friends, but went over to China instead. He had just opened offices down at Hong-Kong and Canton, and was getting general cargo there. With his son Harold, he made a trip from Shanghai up the Yang-tse River; and the steel mills, coal and iron mines and agricultural wealth that he saw convinced him even more than ever of an enormous future trade. But most of it was going to the three big rival shipping lines coming into Shanghai, and, moreover, he found that the river boats were all run by foreigners and subsidized by their governments.

"It is rather sad to think," he wrote, "that when this trade started, the Americans had all the steamers on the river and the Stars and Stripes was the only flag to be seen."

With the river lines all more or less in the control of his competitors, his son had found it hard, slow work to get return cargoes for their ships. But under his father's guidance he had at least made a good start. Though the big ships of their powerful rivals came only to the river mouth, the Dollar vessels ran all the way up to Hankow, eight months of the year, taking up large quantities of creosoted Oregon-fir railroad ties for the new road from Pukow to Tientsin; while down the river they brought bulk and low-grade cargoes—freights their rivals did not want. Even so, they had to buy them at first—pig iron, coke and anthracite coal, wood oil and general merchandise. But they had an agent in Hankow now, and began to open agencies still farther up the Yangtse, and so they very soon commenced to get a little tea and silk; for the river trade was growing so fast that their competitors could not handle it all. Shipping was becoming congested down at Shanghai, in those days, and the Dollar boats met long delays in getting in and out of port. But the captain put an end to that.

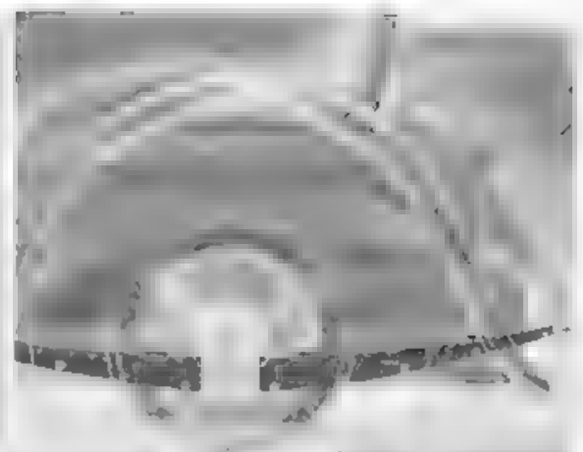
"My father," his son Harold told me, "found that a ship which carried mail could save anywhere from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in port. Mail contracts weren't easy to get at that time, but he hunted around till he could fix one up with the Chinese Government. Nobody had cared about that before, for the government was so poor that they paid next to nothing for carrying mail. But father took the contract on; and though he didn't make a cent, he saved thousands of dollars' worth of time for our ships in and out of that port."

Smoked Like a Herring

On that same trip in 1908, in order to stir up interest at home in the growing Yang-tse trade, while at Hankow he planned to bring over a large party of business men, like the group he had taken to Japan; and at Shanghai he persuaded the Chinese Chamber of Commerce to give him an invitation to take back to America. At the dinner where it was arranged, a wise old Chinese merchant said:

"Mr. Dollar, you have been among us only a short time, but you have already become known to many of us, and we have been most favorably impressed by your courtesy, public spirit and evident desire, both of doing well to your own country and to advance the interests of the country to which your steamships are running. And we have good cause to believe that your sojourn among us has strengthened the great feelings of friendship between the merchants of the two nations."

On his way home he stopped off at Japan, and in order to develop his trade in oak logs and railroad ties, he made up his mind, he said, "that we must go into the forests, buy the timber there ourselves and have it shipped to our own depot on the coast; so that whenever one of our ships was short of cargo, she could call in there and fill up." While building his organization for that, he made some hard journeys with his wife. And of one of them he wrote: "The cars were crowded all the way and about every man and woman was smoking. We smelled like red herring and felt about the same, when we lay down on the floor at midnight in a Japanese hotel. Friday it was raining very hard and blowing a gale



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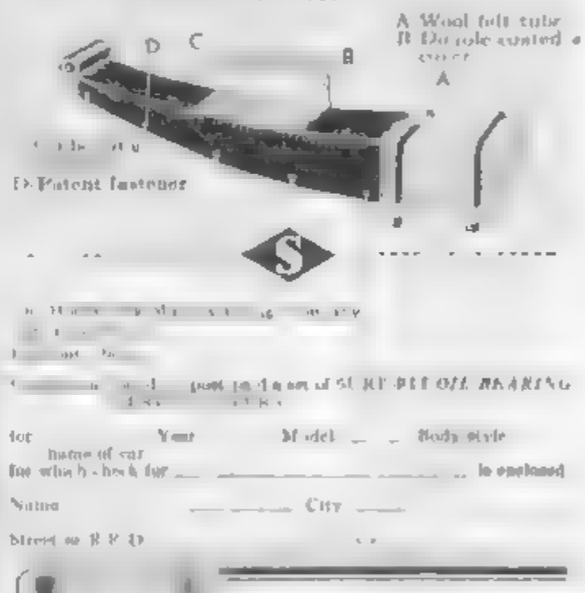

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and very cold. I spent all forenoon tramping round in the mud and rain attending to business." He opened a lumber and shipping office at Kobe before he went home.

The next year he helped to organize a tour of the United States by a large commission of Japanese. In more than fifty American cities, they visited factories and mills, banks and schools and colleges. They went home and talked of all they had seen, and this, too, helped our trade with Japan. Captain Dollar's cargoes outward bound were about nine-tenths lumber still, but his ships had begun to take out canned goods and general merchandise. About this time he bought canned milk here and tried to sell it to the Chinese.

"It took a little patience," he said. "We lost $1500 the first year and about $1000 the next, but the third year we broke even, and made a good profit after that."

The Gold-or-Iron Argument

In the meantime, he had been figuring on how to increase his return cargoes from the Yang-tse Valley, in spite of his powerful rivals there. And he held to his former policy: "Don't fight competitors. Find new fields and go in and buy, if need be." Only now he found a way to have others do the buying for him. Having become a director in a big iron company near Puget Sound, he persuaded them that he could get the iron ore they needed cheaper over in China than here. So he went over in 1910 to buy some $40,000,000 worth of pig iron and iron ore from the Han Yang Iron Works at Hankow. It was an immense concern, employing some 25,000 men and backed by the Chinese Government. So Captain Dollar had to go into Chinese politics on the deal. The premier and cabinet refused to sell at his prices at first; they invited him to dine with them, but still they could not get together. So, as a parting shot, he said:

"Remember one thing, gentlemen. Up to the present time I have done many millions of dollars' worth of business with China, and I have yet to take the first dollar of your money away. I have even bought more than I have sold. But our imports are increasing here; and unless I can buy this iron, I will have to take gold out of your country in order to keep my balance of trade."

This statement produced the effect of a bomb, for there was little gold in China those days. The Chinese Government sat right down, and after a long discussion in the ancient native tongue, not a word of which he could understand, they agreed to give him the pig iron and the ore at his own price. The ore he bought for his company and the pig iron for himself, on a contract running fifteen years. It was not easy to market at home; he went all up and down our Pacific Coast and could not find a buyer at first, but later they took it at a price that gave him a good profit, he told me. And in addition, for fifteen years his ships were to get the carrying trade both for the iron and the ore. He was working his old idea for return cargoes on a big scale.

But looking to the future, still, and thinking of freights outward bound, which meant increasing our export trade, he used this deal as propaganda for his country. On that same trip he said in a speech to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai:

"We have a slogan in my country—America for the Americans. And you have got up one here—China for the Chinese. This I consider right and proper, and I trust it will draw you together politically as well as commercially. But don't go too far in that and keep out the foreigners. For you need us and we need you." Then he spoke of the contract just put through: "Suppose it had been prohibited? It means the expending of more than $2,000,000 a year for fifteen years. I am sure no one can say that the expending of that amount among the working people here can be other than a great benefit to the country. . . . But such trade must be reciprocal, and while we buy from you, you must also buy from us."

Thirteen Barefooted Chinamen

He was dreaming, in his practical way, of what would happen when they did buy and began to adopt our standards of living.

"One day about that time," he said, "I met a Chinese friend on the street and told him the way to increase their trade was to raise the purchasing power of his 400,000,000 countrymen. He asked me how it could be done. Just then thirteen Chinamen came along, hauling a load from my lumberyard. All of them were barefooted, though there was snow on the ground. Their wages were eight cents a day.

"'Take those men off that wagon,' I said. 'Use one of them driving a horse in their place and put the other twelve in a mill or factory. Then their wages will go up and they will buy more and so develop the commerce of your country. How many people in China are going barefooted today?' He replied that there must be 100,000,000 anyway. 'Very well,' I answered; 'they aren't doing it from choice. Raise their wages and each one will buy a pair of shoes and stockings. I hope they'll buy from America.'"

His ships have carried nearly a million pairs of shoes to China since. Captain Dollar's dream was practical. But it was

(Continued on Page 197)

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If you do not know the name of your Health Food Center, the coupon at the right brings the name, a dietetic information blank, and a copy of our 64-page illustrated book, "Healthful Living," written by a world-famous nutrition expert. It is an authoritative guide with rules for diet based on 50 years of research. Many tempting recipes are included of foods used so successfully in the Battle Creek Diet System. The Battle Creek Food Company, Dept. 17A, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Save 6 hours of health, youth, the joy of living

(*Above*) Portable—you place it in any pleasant room, connect to the convenience outlet, sit down and iron. (*Right*) Note the easy, comfortable ironing position. Flat pieces go through like magic, several at a time.

As a company associated with the General Electric Company Thor invites you to tune in on the General Electric Hour over WJZ and 11 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

WOMEN—how many hours of the work-a-day week can you call your own? How many hours are you wasting at work that can now be done faster and better by machine than you could ever do it by hand?

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8 hours of ironing in the average home

Drudgery—if ever a job could be called that. Every woman knows it—knows the back-aches, the exhaustion that result. No woman can do it week after week and retain her youthful vigor.

Take your own case, madam. Do you know that hand-ironing ages women faster than any remaining household task? Actual tests show a 6½-pound iron is raised on an average of twice a minute when ironing clothes. The pressure downward requires as much, if not more, effort. This energy expended over a period of 8 hours (the time it takes to do the average family ironing by hand) would unload from a truck over six tons of brick. Yet you perhaps wonder why hand-ironing leaves you fatigued—dragged out.

Science has found a remedy

An utterly new type electric ironing machine is now on the market. It operates on a wholly new speed principle. There is nothing else on the market as fast or as economical to buy and operate.

Note first its amazing simplicity. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note, too, its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the operator. This machine has an ironing surface equal to ten flatirons. It heats in 4 minutes. It irons everything, from the stacks of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, to the fine dainty things that take so long by hand. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use.

Presses men's trousers—women's skirts

And does them with an efficiency equalled only by skilled hand pressmen. Many tell us it pays for itself in a few months in this work alone.

This machine is a Thor. For 25 years women have accepted the Thor name on a washer or ironer as the highest guarantee of superior quality and service. The world knows nothing finer. Yet because we are selling thousands of these new speed-ironers where hundreds were sold before, the price is less than half that of any ironer of comparable quality and features.

Madam—make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours to call your own. The coupon below will bring you more of the details in beautifully illustrated booklets describing the amazing new Thor Rotary Iron. Send for them, please, today. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Please send me illustrated literature describing the New Thor Speed-Iron.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF IRONING MACHINES

(Continued from Page 194)

not realized then. On that whole trip in 1910, he did not meet a single vessel under the Stars and Stripes out there; and he felt the need not only of ships but of American salesmen, too, to push our trade in the Orient. The possibilities staggered him. For he learned from German engineers that in the Yang-tse Valley there was certainly more coal, and possibly more iron, too, than in all the rest of the earth. For those abundant future years he began to plan a line of boats to go up far beyond those of his rivals, open the upper-river trade and act as cargo feeders for his deep-water vessels below.

"He kept planning all the time," his son Harold told me. "He'd sit down with us over there and look ahead and lay out work for the next three years, or maybe four. And nearly everything he planned was done to the letter. He seldom changed. From the start right up to the present time, the whole growth of our business in China was planned in sections, just like that."

He did a good deal of exploring, too, and generally took his wife along. On that same trip they made a journey by boat along the Grand Canal. For some hundreds of miles they moved slowly along, passing scores of old walled cities, in dense water traffic day and night. On the towpath numberless naked men bent low as they strained upon the ropes. There were silences, then a hubbub of cries, for the traffic was so dense at times that the boats piled up in long jostling rows—big, painted war junks with brass cannon, little sampans and canoes. A billion people had passed that way, for the stream had moved on day and night for more than 2000 years. And day and night, as he watched that mass of sweating, straining, idling, laughing, yellow-skinned humanity, he dreamed more dreams in his practical way, of an influx of American shoes and locomotives and automobiles, of steel mills, factories, telephones—all for the good of the Chinese.

Body and soul, they needed, he felt, what Christianity could bring. In the slums of those ancient cities he saw poverty unspeakable and the old, old forms of vice.

To the Glory of Five Hundred Gods

To combat such conditions, and also help our China trade, he gave a good deal of his money and time to the work of American missions there; especially schools and colleges for the training of young Chinamen, friendly to America, to help build up the industries of their country along American lines. Near Hang-chau about this time, a big mission college was being planned. Captain Dollar went out to look over the site and promised some lumber for the work. But then, from his Chinese friends, he learned that the local potentate was determined to offset this new Christian influence by rebuilding in all its ancient splendor the enormous central hall of the famous Ling Ying Temple, a group of ruined buildings containing the Temple of Five Hundred Gods. The captain promised also to contribute for this cause; and a few months later the M. S. Dollar brought over twenty-eight huge timbers, each about 100 feet long, four feet at the butt and two at the tip, the largest weighing twenty tons.

"They were all perfectly straight," he said, "and as fine sticks of timber as ever left the United States." They lay upon the deck of his ship with their ends projecting over the stern. "We rolled 'em off at Shanghai," Harold Dollar told me, "and towed them up the river by sampans." From Hang-chau to the temple, they were carried five miles on a narrow paved path, 250 naked coolies staggering under the weight of each log, while overseers rushed up and down, shouting and whacking and jabbing with sharp-pointed bamboo rods.

"They made me think of the bull punchers in the lumber camps of the old days," Captain Dollar wrote of them. "And watching those gangs, I began to see how the Pyramids of Egypt had been built in ancient times."

So that pagan temple had its central hall rebuilt with timbers bearing the Dollar sign, to the glory of five hundred gods. And the local potentate was grateful to his American friend. Also through the captain's aid, the Christian college was built near by; and soon there came such a demand for the boys, from the fast-increasing industries and business in the awakening land, that it was hard, he told me, to keep them till they had finished the course. Such tempting jobs were offered them. He addressed the pupils there. "You need us and we need you," he said. They poured into offices, mills and mines, and were friendly to the United States. Captain Dollar's dreams were practical.

Always he kept making friends, but the friendships that he made were not of a convivial kind. In the course of a business deal with some merchants and shippers one day, he was told that they were waiting for him in the bar of the hotel. The old Scotch Yankee's face grew grim.

"They will have to wait forever to get any liquor from me," he said. His companion was concerned. "You'll never do business in China without drinking," he replied. But Captain Dollar told me last fall: "I never took a single drink; yet I think I can say that I have done quite a little business in China."

A Good-Will Tour to China

He made friends among the Chinese by always strictly keeping his word, by often-repeated business calls and at public luncheons and dinners having mainly to do with trade. He did so now on a large scale; for in this same year of 1910, though Captain Dollar and his wife did not reach home till late in May, in August they started for China again, taking a commission sent by the chambers of commerce on the Coast, in response to the invitation he had brought them the year before. On the boat he said to them: "We are going to a people numbering nearly one-third the population of the whole world, and our self-appointed task is to create a better feeling of friendship between those people and our own."

It was quite a little task, but he went at it hard from the start. Tom Cokley, the young stenographer who had begun in the San Francisco office, was in Shanghai by this time, and he told me of the arrival of that party from America.

"They reached Wu Sung at the mouth of the Yang-tse at 5:30 A.M.," he said. "An American missionary and I went down to meet them, with a big crowd of Chinese merchants from the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce. We had all started long before dawn. As we filed up the gangplank, Captain Dollar stood waiting there and shaking hands with everyone. 'How do you do, sir?' he said to me, as though he had never seen me before. But later he met me on the deck. 'Why, hello, Tom! Where did you come from?' he asked; and when I told him what he had said, the captain chuckled and replied: 'Sorry, Tom, but at that hour you all looked alike to me.'"

There were thousands of other hands to be shaken in China in the next few weeks, at luncheons, banquets and receptions; and from early morning till night he took his American business friends on visits to coal and iron mines, to big steel mills and factories for fabrics of cotton, hemp, silk and flax, all run by modern methods under Chinese engineers. Some had been trained in America and many had started their educations in American mission schools. He urged the need of more such schools to train young Chinamen friendly to us. For while China was stirring to new life and her foreign commerce was growing by leaps and bounds, he said, we were getting even less than before. In the last four years our exports to China had decreased from fifty to twenty million dollars. Why? Because ships make trade and we had no ships. For while other nations helped their shipping, our Government only hindered ours. And moreover, our people at home were asleep to the wonderful chances here.

He strove to make this visit count to the utmost for our future trade. He was selling America that month, planting its name in millions of minds that had never thought about it before. And his many Chinese friends did their best to help him make the tour of his party a grand success. They were given special government trains, and at nearly every station they passed, crowds had gathered, and in the evenings fireworks blazed and sputtered and soared in honor of America. At Hankow, "the Chicago of China," a banquet was given them out at the race track. The banquet hall and reception rooms were up in a great triumphal arch, from whose balconies they could see dense crowds for half a mile away, while the fireworks lighted up the sky to the blare of military bands. Captain Dollar made the speech of the evening.

"The Americans are your best friends," he declared. And he spoke on the Yang-tse Valley's future. With its population of 250,000,000, cheap labor in abundance, amazingly productive soil and prodigious mineral wealth, the possibilities were so great that it staggered the comprehension, he said. In order to develop it all, they must clear the river for seagoing vessels the year around, build more railroads, factories, mills, and reform their currency so that they could borrow from abroad. They would need much foreign capital; but as for the work itself, he felt very sure, from what he had seen, that their own captains of industry could manage the gigantic task. "Do it yourselves and keep your country. It will be a tremendous job, but over in America we began one equally large only a hundred years ago, and look where we are today. Here's to the New China!" he cried. "Its making is in your own hands!"

His own position over there was immensely strengthened now, and he used his increased influence in the promotion of an idea on which he had been working some time. The Chinese chambers of commerce in various cities north and south had been separate bodies, often reflecting the jealousies between the various provinces; but, feeling that in union lay strength and without it China could never go far in developing her industries, he had been urging his merchant friends to get the chambers to unite in a national federation.

"It took a good deal of persuading," he said; "for they are a conservative race. But conservative as he may seem, the Chinese merchant has a mind remarkably open to reason."

East-Bound Freight

Several leading old merchants had come around to his point of view. They talked to their friends, and it ended now in a meeting, at Shanghai, of delegates from chambers of commerce all over the land, who formed a united chamber of commerce. So his dream was realized and he gained still further their good will.

Upon reaching home, his commission published a report and an appeal to our merchants and manufacturers to send their best salesmen over to China and pioneer for future trade. Captain Dollar himself, in the next few years, made many speeches of this kind to commercial gatherings all over the United States. And as in the Orient, so over here, through such activities he made many valuable business contacts and friends. "Innumerable!" he told me. They were to help him later on. Meanwhile, his cargoes outward bound were about nine-tenths lumber still, from San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver. But across the Pacific he had agencies in India now, and also one in Java; and in China, about this time, he opened an office at Hankow too. And from these and his other offices the freights poured homeward on his ships—sugar from Java; and from China, wood oil, coal, hides, wool and tea, pig iron and iron ore; from Japan, oak, sulphur and charcoal; from the Philippines, mahogany and other hardwoods and sugar cane.

"At the start," said the man in his office who handled the selling at this end, "we

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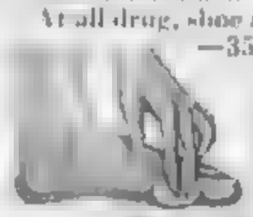

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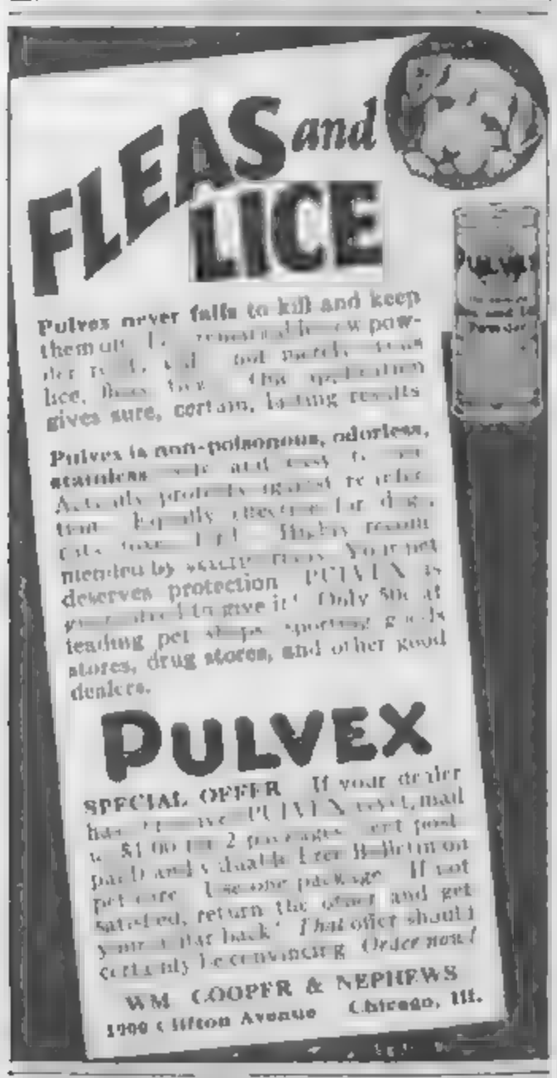

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had to buy most of our freights over there, but as soon as we opened a market here, we bought only on order, and did an indent business. For example, in the Japanese oak, we would obtain an order with full specifications here for 1000 oak logs in Japan; we'd cable our Kobe office, get a price from some Japanese firm and submit it to the buyer here. If he agreed, we'd cable to close, and one of our ships would bring it across. The same way with other commodities. But all this indent business was only in order to get freights; and as soon as the dealers at each end would do business without us, we got out, but kept a large part of the carrying trade."

Captain Dollar was busy at home that year, organizing this system of sales, expanding his lumber business up north and chartering out two or three of his ships for trade in South America. Wherever they went, he did his best to keep in constant touch with them through cable, wireless and mail. Since cables were pretty expensive still, he directed his captains, with Scotch thrift: "No news is good news. Cable only when you're in trouble." But the cables came fairly often, at that.

Though his shipping business was not yet one of the largest on the Coast, it was increasing rapidly. In San Francisco he had been a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce and president of the Merchants' Exchange; he was now a director in two or three banks and San Francisco companies; and he had become a leader in matters dealing with the Orient. He still belonged to the Masons. He had a Knight Templar uniform and marched more than once in their parades. And during an international convention of Sunday-school workers, he was grand marshal of a parade of some 20,000 teachers, each with a Bible in his or her hand. Even his religion was helping on his business now, for his religious convictions were partly responsible for the fact that both on the Coast and in the Far East, men were beginning to understand that his word was as good as his bond.

Copra From the Philippines

After only about six months at home, he went again to the Far East in 1911, to urge the Orientals to send exhibits of their goods to the San Francisco Exposition, planned for 1913. But as before in China's new life he had seen potentialities for a stupendous foreign trade, he now saw this same awakening lead to confusion and violence, the beginning of years of civil wars. The Revolution of 1911, beginning up the Yang-tse, rapidly spread and swept down the river, and they were attacking Shanghai by the time that he arrived. Captain Dollar watched the bombardment from the roof of the Astor Hotel, until the shells of the invaders began to land on roofs near by. He discovered, to his surprise, that all his Chinese merchant friends were in sympathy with the new cause. Many foreigners, on the other hand, were for armed intervention at once, but when their consuls sent volunteer troops to guard a railroad station outside the foreign quarter, he joined in a protest to have them withdrawn.

"Let the Chinese settle this. It's their fight, not ours," he said.

But finding no cargoes now for his ships, he went over to the Philippines. He was met by a note from Governor Forbes, who offered to place a gunboat at his disposal for a trip through the islands, to find out what could be done to advance our trade. Captain Dollar promptly agreed and in the next eighteen days made a trip of some 1700 miles, visiting what islands he pleased. At one, where the surf was too heavy for the gunboat to get in, he took a small launch to the line of breakers and then waded waist deep to the shore. He was sixty-seven at the time, but he explained in his journal:

"It was raining in torrents that day, and I could not get any wetter with salt water than I was with rain."

He noticed good progress everywhere in the matter of harbor improvements and roads, but in the forests and on the plantations he found the natives slow to work. He saw quantities of coconuts everywhere rotting on the ground; and seeing in them a chance for trade, he figured the cost of a cargo of copra—dried kernels of the coconuts—and cabled home to find what could be done. His office replied they could sell at his price, but the buyers would need to equip a special mill for the copra oil; so they required that he guarantee them a three years' supply at the same price.

"That staggered me," the captain said. "To get cargoes for my ships, I'd do anything but steal. But if I closed that contract and the price of copra rose, I'd be in for a heavy loss; for the contract was for 10,000 tons yearly for the next three years."

That night, at Zamboanga, his wife found him with his head in his hands.

"Why, father! What has happened?" she asked.

"Don't bother me. Leave me alone," he replied.

"I won't! I want to help you."

"You can't help me."

"Yes, I can. Tell me." And when he explained, she answered promptly: "You'd better sign. With all this trouble in China, you're desperate for cargoes now."

"I know I am."

"Then send that cable and come to bed."

"No, I'll sleep on it," he said.

Playing Fair With Both Sides

But bright and early the next day he cabled home to close the contract. So began a copra trade that ran to some $22,000,000 a year; and since the Dollar vessels got a large part of the carrying trade, it resulted in his opening an office at Manila and making it a regular port of call for all his ships.

Soon after this he went back home, but he returned to China early the next year, 1912. And while at Shanghai he received a telegram from Sun Yat-Sen, president of the new republic, inviting him to come up to Nanking and confer with the cabinet, many of whom were his old friends. When they met, the president said:

"Dollar, we want your good advice. In the course of your life, you have lived under the British system of government and also that of the United States. From your knowledge of China, which do you think would be best for us to adopt?"

"In the end," the captain said, "I think a republican form would be best. But your people are not ready for that. For the masses you have no public schools, no universal language which all your people understand, and you still lack the roads and railways needed to pull a nation together. So I think you should throw all your energies to such things as that at first; and meanwhile, for the next ten years, start with a limited monarchy."

"When I said that," he told me, "up jumped an old friend of mine named Tong. 'No!' he cried. 'The old slate is wiped clean! We're to be a republic from the start!' 'All right, Tong,' I answered, 'but if you do, you are going to have any amount of hell in China in the next few years.' And they did. Before I left, I told Sun Yat-Sen that I was going to do all I could to get recognition of their republic by our Government at home. But in bidding good-by to the others, I said: 'Now that I've seen you fellows here, I am going up to Peking to see the rival government.' They all laughed, and one of them answered: 'Yes, you old fox, and you knew we would hear it; so you wanted to tell us first.'

"Well, when I got up to Peking, I found that somebody had just tried to assassinate the premier, so the city was under martial law and no foreigners were allowed inside the government quarter. 'All right,' I told our minister, 'I have no special business there, I just meant to make a friendly call; and in this critical state of affairs I would not think of bothering them.' But our minister urged me to go and assigned one of his secretaries to try to get me through the lines. We went in a little one-horse carriage and were halted by the guards. My companion sent for an officer and one came up on horseback. From my seat in our closed carriage I could only see his legs. 'Who wants to get in to the premier?' he asked. 'Robert Dollar,' was the reply. 'What?' He jumped right off his horse and came around to the window. 'Hello, Dollar!' he cried, and then I saw that he was an old friend of mine.

"'Look here,' I told him, 'I don't want to bother the premier now. Just give him my greetings and best wishes.' But he said: 'No, you're coming right in.' So in we went. In the palace we found, in a great long hall, two lines of Chinese soldiers; and as we passed between them they swept their rifles in so close, the bayonets nearly touched our toes. We walked a straight and narrow path. 'It's lucky we're not drinking men,' I remarked to my young diplomat.

"I paid my call on the premier and assured him of my friendship, but told of my call on Sun Yat-Sen; for I wanted to play fair with both sides. Later I did all I could to get our Government at home to recognize the new republic. I cabled to President Taft and to Congress and to our chambers of commerce too. But recognition was delayed; for our minister in Peking had agreed with the British minister to work together in the crisis, and England was not ready to recognize the republic yet. Still, this coöperation had one mighty fine result; for it kept other countries from seizing the chance to try to dismember China."

A Dignitary Leaving Shanghai

Pursuing still his friendly course, he urged the new consolidated chamber of commerce of China, which he had helped to organize, to send a large mission of business men on a tour of the United States, in response to an invitation he had brought from our Pacific Coast. They accepted the invitation, and soon afterward, when he sailed, some of them sent him a farewell address.

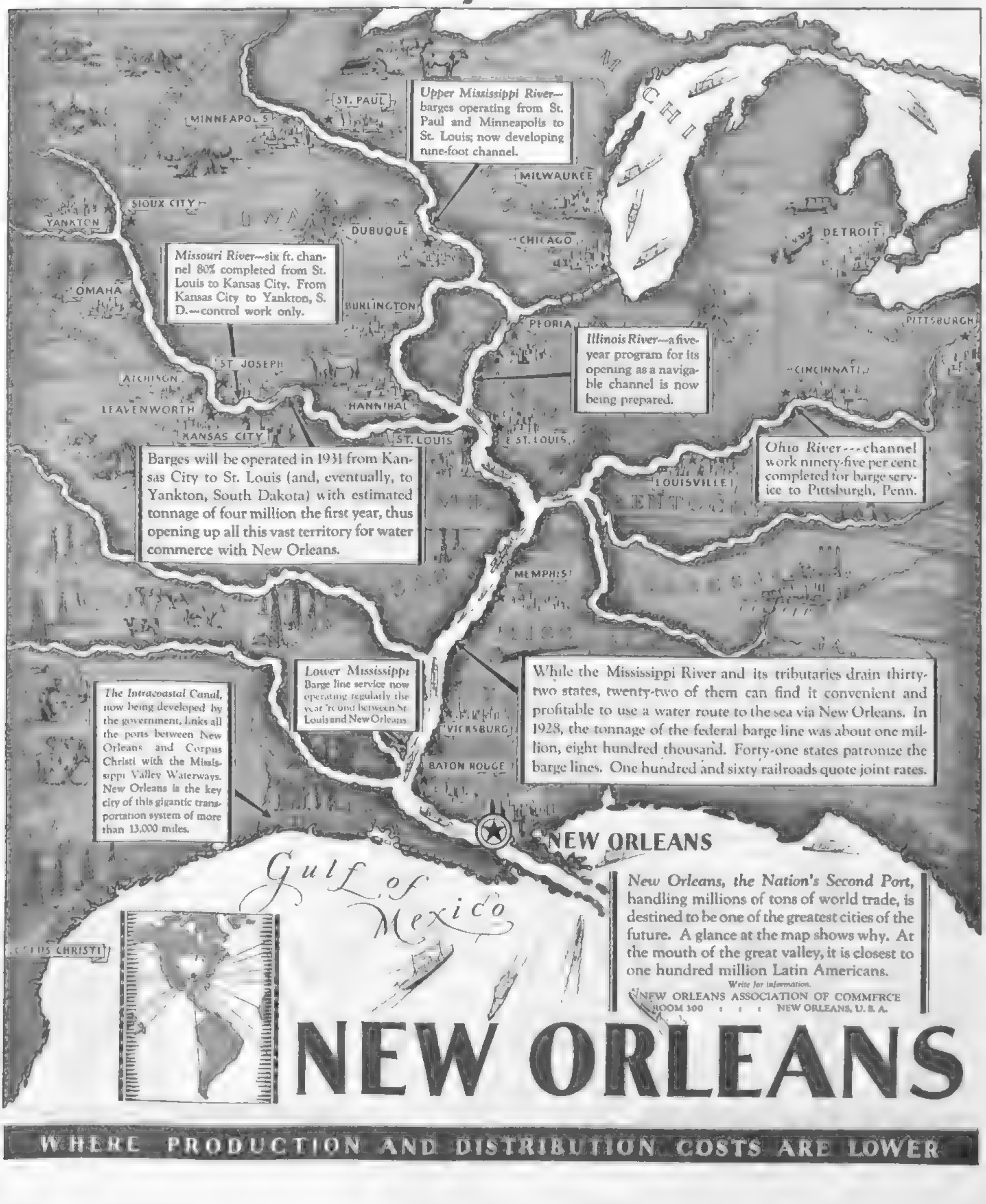
"To Mr. and Mrs. Dollar," it said. "During your short stay in Shanghai you have gained our friendship and esteem. You are of venerable age and came from the other side of the Pacific. You love us as though we were brothers. You wish every progress to our commerce. We remember your words at the Palace Hotel: 'I will do my best to increase friendly relations in trade and commerce between China and the United States.' It is impossible to express our gratitude for your parental anxiety for our new republic."

Several thousands came down that day to see him off with his wife and his son. He found the bridge to the customs float guarded by Chinese police, who said they could not let him pass, as it was reserved for some dignitary leaving the city. But on finding his chamber-of-commerce friends, he was escorted across the same bridge between two lines of soldiers by more than 100 prominent merchants in bright-colored silks and head dresses, marching behind a Chinese band. For he himself was the dignitary. A local paper described it as follows:

Unfurling a great Rainbow Flag to the breeze as the M. S. Dollar tender left the customs jetty, and shouting: "Salute your country's flag!" to the crowds that had gathered to bid him farewell, Captain Robert Dollar left Shanghai for San Francisco at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. His cry was answered by a tremendous cheer from several companies of the Chinese Volunteer Corps, his escort of honor. . . . As the tender shoved into the stream and made its way down the river, Captain Dollar could still be seen waving the flag of the republic, until the little craft was lost in the maze of the river traffic.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Poole. The next will appear in an early issue.

How The Products of 22 States Will Find Their Way to the Sea


Upper Mississippi River—barges operating from St. Paul and Minneapolis to St. Louis; now developing nine-foot channel.
Missouri River—six ft. channel 80% completed from St. Louis to Kansas City. From Kansas City to Yankton, S. D.—control work only.
Illinois River—a five-year program for its opening as a navigable channel is now being prepared.
Ohio River—channel work ninety-five per cent completed for barge service to Pittsburgh, Penn.
Barges will be operated in 1931 from Kansas City to St. Louis (and, eventually, to Yankton, South Dakota) with estimated tonnage of four million the first year, thus opening up all this vast territory for water commerce with New Orleans.
The Intracoastal Canal, now being developed by the government, links all the ports between New Orleans and Corpus Christi with the Mississippi Valley Waterways. New Orleans is the key city of this gigantic transportation system of more than 13,000 miles.
Lower Mississippi Barge line service now operating regularly the year 'round between St. Louis and New Orleans
While the Mississippi River and its tributaries drain thirty-two states, twenty-two of them can find it convenient and profitable to use a water route to the sea via New Orleans. In 1928, the tonnage of the federal barge line was about one million, eight hundred thousand. Forty-one states patronize the barge lines. One hundred and sixty railroads quote joint rates.
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New Orleans, the Nation's Second Port, handling millions of tons of world trade, is destined to be one of the greatest cities of the future. A glance at the map shows why. At the mouth of the great valley, it is closest to one hundred million Latin Americans.

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BIRDS IN THE HAND

(Continued from Page 46)

All through the winter I kept in touch with my Welsh friend, asking him questions and using the information I got. I don't know what I'd have done without him. Almost before we knew it, it was time to trap and pair the pheasants. I had three small breeding pens ready, each of them twelve by sixteen feet, and seven feet high, with piles of brush in them, and boards two feet high along the bottom to prevent prowling dogs from frightening the birds. The whole affair, which was netted with two-inch-mesh chicken wire, cost me about twenty dollars to build. Four hens to a cock was the proportion I used; pheasants take favorably to the harem; in fact, it seems to me the more civilized and domesticated a bird becomes, the more his habits turn, or, to be fair, are turned for him, toward polygamy. Beside the breeding pens I had plowed a piece of ground 230 feet square and planted in it three strips of a mixed growth—mostly sunflowers—that would be roomy and shady near the roots and give protection from sun and rain by broad leaves.

Just about this time my wife and I hit upon a solution to a problem that had been worrying us. Conrad was nervous and unhappy in the same high school in which his elder brother was thoroughly contented, and this state of affairs grew until the boy was really a psychopathic case, his nerves constantly on edge, undermining his whole system. We puzzled over what to do about it, but it was the boy himself who finally gave me the idea.

We were looking over the pheasants before pairing them, one morning—Conrad and I. He was as excited over the new venture as I was, and in the height of his interest he had nearly forgotten his own Japanese silky bantams I had bought him as pets. This morning, however, he suddenly grasped my hand.

"Dad!" he exclaimed. "Uncle Richard"—my Welsh friend—"told you to set the eggs under bantams, didn't he? Look! You let me in as a sort of—of partner, and I'll contribute all the silkies!"

It seemed to me that I could kill any number of birds with one stone and hatch a lot more besides. I needed more help with the poultry than my wife was able to give me; Conrad needed responsibility and something to interest his mind and keep him out-of-doors. Finally we worked out a regular, detailed routine whereby Conrad was assigned duties both with the ordinary poultry and the pheasants and had a chance to make a little money for himself if he worked hard.

The Bantam and Her Changelings

In their breeding pens the birds had grit, oyster shell, green feed and water, with a mash every morning and a scratch feed for the other two daily meals. The eggs we kept in sand on a table and set them as soon as possible under Conrad's bantams, in two-foot-square nesting boxes, a dozen eggs to a hen, with a little nest-shaped mound of dampened sand in each, and a layer of dry grass. Regularly every morning the bantams got fifteen-minute recreation periods—the reverse of setting-up exercises—while we removed broken eggs and, later on, sprinkled the rest to keep them sufficiently moist. When, after twenty-three days, the timorous little pheasant chicks hatched out, they went into field coops that had already been set in rows in the rearing field, sheltered and facing the morning sun. The chicks were kept in a run for a few days until they grew used to stepmother's voice.

They tell many stories of the surprised hen that hatched out ducklings, and her distress when they took to the water as glibly as any ship that's been socked with champagne; but I often wondered what those sedate, respectable little bantam mothers thought—if they could think at all—of the wild instincts of their strangely active, wary, foster children. Conrad or I would come upon a young family of pheasant chicks following a bantam around and suddenly and sharply clap our hands. Instantly every chick would freeze and become just a little brown leaf indistinguishable in a heap of similar dusty-brown leaves.

Absolutely impenetrable camouflage—every chick invisible! But what an astonished bantam! That's all the reward she got for doing her Christian best by changelings.

Sometimes, later, when I'd put a setting hatch of Mongolian eggs under a plump Rhode Island Red and the chicks hatched out, they'd bring that Rhode Island Red down from a plump matron to a skeleton of skin and bones trying to keep up with them. [Fashion papers please copy.]

A Hard Bird to Kill

We had one or two casualties while Conrad was learning how to deal with wild birds. I was afraid such things might happen and knew it was worth five or six dollars to me, now, every time a hen pheasant bit the dust, but considering what we hoped it would do for the boy it was worth it. One time he went into one of the breeding pens so abruptly, whistling shrilly as he did so, that the birds rose like sparks from a magneto, and one of the hens dashed herself to death against the side of the pen. Poor Conrad felt very badly over that accident, but after that he made an effort to be quiet and gentle that had a good effect on his own nerves. It's often that way—when you take pains and thought for some other creature's trouble you're likely to forget the same trouble in yourself. The dead pheasant we had stuffed by a clever taxidermist in the nearest city and put it in the window of the house nearest the road as an advertisement. That same bird, by the way, brought us considerable free advertising and not a little amusement, one fall many years later, when the law permitted a short open season on introduced pheasant. The stuffed bird had survived the years almost past belief, and I took it out one morning a week before the hunting season opened and fastened it securely to a fence post near the state highway we were on, hoping passing motorists might be attracted to my pheasantry. What happened, however, was this:

Two species of the human race foreordained to be in conflict came simultaneously upon the scene—to wit, a motorcycle policeman along the road from town, and a pair of premature hunters from the woods near by. The officer saw the hunters and unostentatiously stopped. The hunters did not see the arm of the law and pursued their way, wavering, toward the fence post upon which perched the stuffed pheasant. Their dog scuffed aimlessly behind them, and their guns wabbled harmlessly under their arms. They wavered because they had been imbibing freely from bottles tucked in their pockets, with which they even then renewed contact. In front of the pheasant they halted and stared. Conrad and I, meanwhile, had not moved from the position we happened to be in, behind an elderberry bush where we could enjoy full view.

"What's that?" whispered one of the men in awed tones.

"I dunno," said his companion, "but I think it's a p'easant."

"A p'easant!" exclaimed the first man. "Lesh shoot 'im!"

They backed off and took aim and, being still only a few yards from the amiable bird, sent three charges of birdshot into him. He remained steadfast. They looked at each other in dumfounded amazement; they shook their heads and rubbed their eyes and fired two more shells into that

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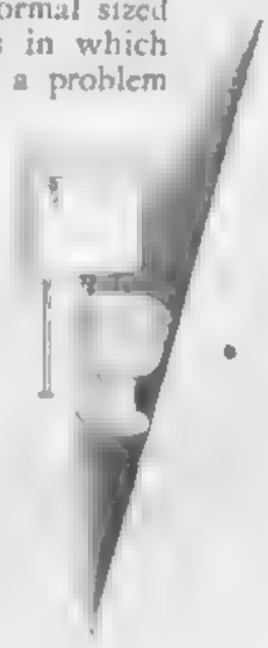
(Madbrook . . . also of Durock . . . long bowl and seat . . . large water surface . . . but normal sized trapway . . . for homes in which the sanitary pad is not a problem . $50)



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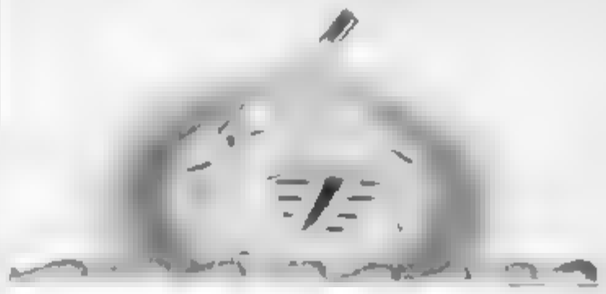

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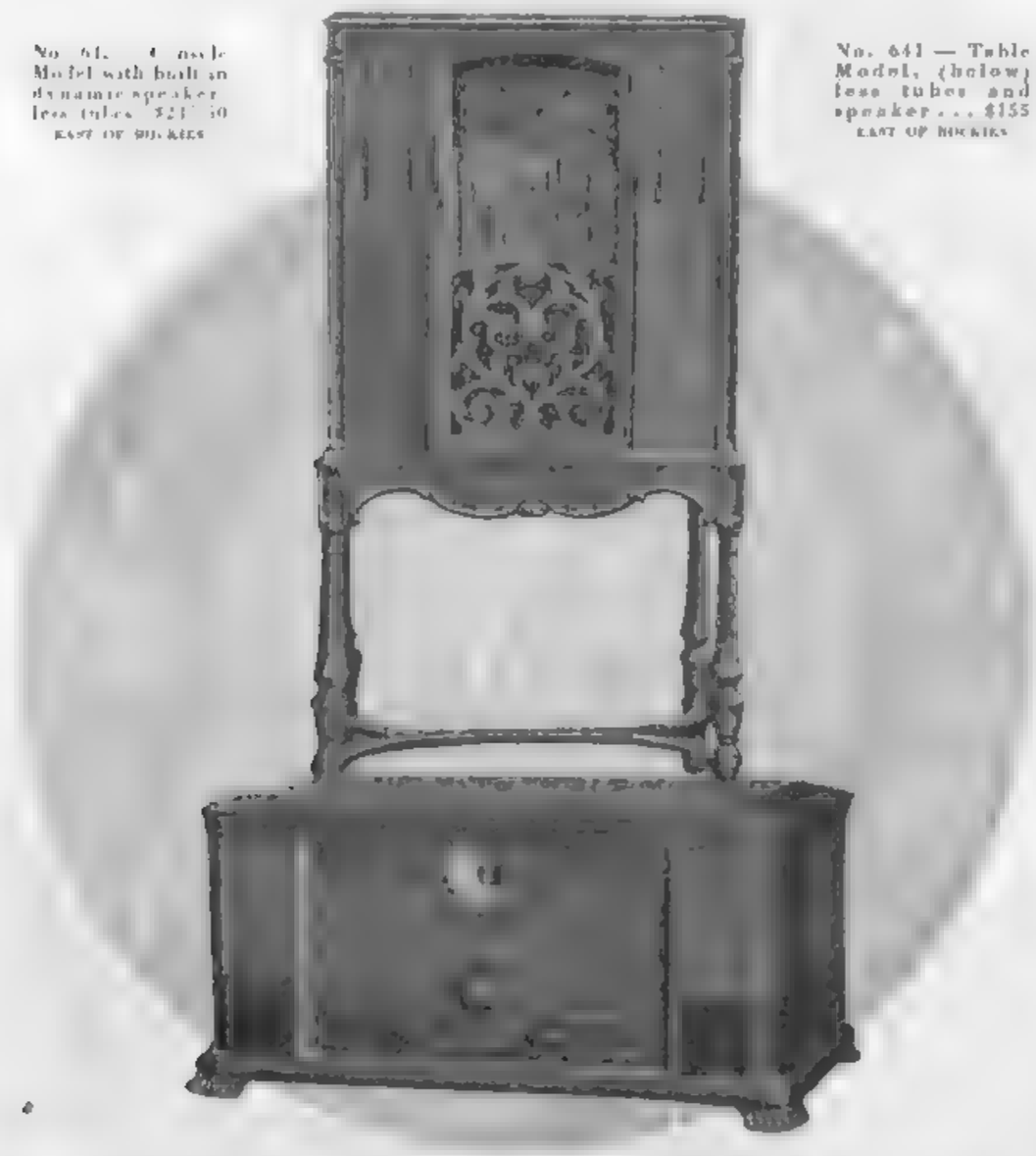
No. 641 — Table Model, (below) less tubes and speaker . . . $155 EAST OF ROCKIES



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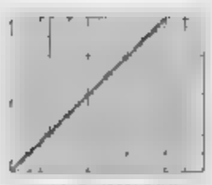

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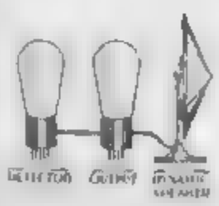

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remarkable bird. At this juncture the policeman took a hand. His voice came quietly out of the near-by atmosphere and got more action out of those would-be hunters than five shots had got out of my pheasant. I figure they leaped four feet straight up.

"What do you think you're doin'?" he inquired.

Silence.

"Did you hear me ask a question?"

"Why—er—we're shootin' a p'easant."

"Shootin' a p'easant?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir!"

This kept the arm of the law quiet for a minute or two. He wasn't entirely sure that a p'easant was something you shoot, being confused, no doubt, by the poor downtrodden Russian peasants of whom he had heard, who seemed to get themselves shot altogether too much, open season or no open season. He hurried on to something he was surer about.

"Whatever you call it," he said, "you can't shoot it for a week yet. Nor anything else. Have you shot anything else?"

No, they hadn't. No, indeed.

"Well," decreed the law, "I'd ought to arrest the two of you, hurryin' up the law this way, and I ain't doin' my rightful duty if I don't arrest you, but since you've shot nothing else you can put them two bottles of whisky down there in the bushes where they'll do you no more harm and go off to your homes in a hurry."

Sadly they threw down the bottles and started. Then one of them turned back.

"Say, officer," he pleaded, "can't can't we take the p'easant home, now we've shot it?"

"You cannot!" was the reply. "And be off now, and no more foolin'!"

Off they hurried, and he waited until they were out of sight. Then he moved cautiously toward the shrubbery, retrieved the two bottles and emptied them economically. His eye caught the pheasant, and he stared at it calculatingly.

"I think I'll just take you home with me," we heard him mutter.

Just as his hand touched the bird I spoke. "What do you think you're doing?" I said.

Our eyes met, and he knew that I knew.

"I hate to break it to you," I went on, "but that is a stuffed pheasant, dead these many, many years a-gone. Now, do you know what I think is the best thing to do? You take this bird down to the editor of the Gazette and tell him the whole story. He'll make a good tale out of it. That will provide me with some good free advertising, and I in turn will provide you with a live bird. How's that?"

Enemies, Tame and Wild

Of that first hatching of eggs I set about 200. Three of the bantams I gave sixteen apiece, to see what would happen, but it was too much for them. They turned and twisted so in their efforts to cover the eggs that they broke most of them. The others hatched out about 140. Those went into the rearing field that I had already prepared on a higher part of the farm, in three rows of coops about seventy feet apart, set on the dense growth of grass, against the row of planted mixture for shelter. These coops were moved a few feet every day.

More and more we had been coming to realize what our greatest hazard was going to be—the enemies of game birds—weasels, foxes, half-wild cats, rats, coons, minks, skunks, hawks, owls—that were all around us. In spite of the careful fencing around the rearing field that had cost me just about $300 to put up, we went out one morning and caught a cat in the act of finishing one of the young pheasants, while the mother bantam called piteously in the voice that is so like the real hen pheasant's. I am fond of cats and dogs, normally, but I dispatched that cat without a farewell kiss, nor felt a twinge of remorse. Another time, on winter range, I came upon a grown cock pheasant struggling in the grip of a blacksnake, coiled and squeezing slowly and insidiously around his body. We had always, of course, made efforts to trap the enemies of our domestic poultry, but with the pheasants we had to redouble our vigilance. Conrad became expert at destroying the nests of hawks; others he got by pole traps when they perched for a moment, as they do, to estimate their prospective prey. Fences had one-inch mesh near the ground and extended a foot down into the ground, and I even trained, one later season, a pair of Airedale dogs to hunt. What's one man's meat is another man's poison, however, and I nearly got into serious trouble one year over the killing of a mink that I caught near the pheasant pen.

A Market for Wormy Raisins

It was a closed season on mink, but when I caught the little fellow so near the birds I finished him, season or no season. It happened that someone saw me and reported it. I was arrested. At the trial I could produce evidence that minks were killing my poultry, but the lower court convicted me. Although I appealed the case, I had bad dreams of a heavy fine. When it came to the superior court, however, I was happy to hear that I had the right to control mink on my property regardless of legal seasons, and I didn't even have to prove that that particular mink was regaling himself on my poultry.

About ninety of that first somewhat tremulous and overhopeful attempt to raise wild pheasants reached maturity. I had had—as even experienced breeders were still doing—to experiment with feed, but I found that the rule of mixing it according to the weather was a good one. Chopped eggs four times a day for the youngsters. Then meal, chopped lettuce, crushed crackers, dampened; later boiled rice, meat scraps, scratch feed. For green feed, sprouted oats. Conrad was surprised to discover that the pheasants relished raisins—the wormier the better. Pheasants, as a matter of fact, need abundant insect food; it is, perhaps, the most important point in their diet and the most essential requirement of the land they have to live on. Almost as important, we found, is keeping the land always fresh, moving the small coops and small breeding pens, giving any field we used a regular periodic rest, planting it with rotation of crops that ended in good timothy and clover. When, one year, I used the same ground twice, cholera broke out so suddenly that 100 young pheasants were swept off before I could get them to uninfected ground. Another very important point, we discovered, was that pheasants can never survive on land that has previously been used for domestic stock. For some reason, diseases that the ordinary hen has become more or less resistant to, will sweep off wild birds as quickly as a new President changing the cabinet.

Of those first ninety birds I kept a dozen and made an arrangement with the breeder I'd bought from to sell the rest for me on 10 per cent commission. He realized $240 on the sale, and I got $216. Since it had cost me $60 for stock, $20 for the breeding pens, $25 for hatching coops, $300 for rearing-field fencing, and nearly $150 to bring the young birds to twelve weeks of age, not to mention odds and ends like taking my first birds through the winter, I had to admit the season had cost me just about $350. But I was carrying more than twenty-six birds and I had a good deal of equipment ready for the next year.

It was that first year that I discovered what damage a cock pheasant can do. I went into one of the breeding pens one day, in which there was a really vicious male bird. We hadn't known how mean he really was, and I was thankful I went in myself, rather than Conrad, for he flew at me and gave me a bad scratch on the thigh with his spurs. Those small pens, it seemed to me, were hard to manage, and I changed, later, to large breeding yards, 200 by 400

(Continued on Page 205)

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REALISM

(Continued from Page 202)

feet or more, that would hold more than 200 birds. In this case we had to use two alternately, keeping shelter sheds and considerable brush in them. Even in these the gory fights between cocks went on—sometimes to the bitter end—but in the larger pens the birds got more exercise and had more room to get away from challengers. The third year, while I still used small pens, tail pulling broke out among the ten-week-old birds. It was an awful sight, and Conrad looked extremely downcast.

"Gee, dad," he mourned, "if they go on pulling out their tails they won't be pheasants at all!"

Tail pulling among short-tailed birds is bad enough but in a long-tailed variety like the pheasant it has all the exaggeration of an elephant thumbing its nose.

By October it was time to free the birds I was keeping, in their winter range. All the poise and caution Conrad had learned stood him in good stead then, for we had to use the utmost care not to frighten the birds when they were liberated. The little bantams, we concluded, made good enough mothers for the time being. Later on I used larger species that could cover more eggs, but incubators and brooders I have never used for pheasants at all.

Still later I used a cross between a Japanese silkie cock and a Plymouth Rock hen that would mother anything from a quail to a quahaug.

The first year that one cock pheasant that got away from Conrad got us in bad with our nearest neighbor, a hard-working farmer who sold vegetables to the town a few miles away. He came over and complained that he had seen our pheasant attacking his field of young vegetables. We explained and apologized and promised to keep the rest of our pheasants where they wouldn't damage his crops. Next year, just about the same time, a prowling dog managed to make a hole in one of the breeding pens large enough to let the terrified cock pheasant get away unhurt. We scared off the dog before he had done any damage to the hen, but we worried over what would happen to the farmer's garden now and daily expected him to appear. Sure enough, one morning we saw his old gray gelding jogging him toward us in a senile phaeton.

"Whoa," said he in front of the house, but the horse had thought of it first. "Good day!" he went on with surprising geniality. We responded somewhat warily and waited. "Wa-al," he said finally, "guess I've got to beg your pardon—or the pardon of them strange birds you brung here. My potatoes and cabbage were just about to get et up by a moth pest I been having this year, but that there bird of yours come over again and et up the moth pest! Did so! Wa-al, good day! Giddap!"

Game Laws on Pheasants

The old argument for and against the pheasant and his possible menace to crops goes on unabated, but with the various attempts that are being made to establish him in still more states than already know him the Government is taking a hand in spreading information about him to farmers over whose land he ranges.

Many changes took place, as the years went on, in the attitude of the states toward protection of the birds until they got a secure footing in the new country. When they first freed such beautiful and conspicuous birds as Mongolian pheasants in states where they had never been seen before, and where there was no protection, it meant immediate extinction of that particular consignment and the failure of the experiment. In seven states, at that time—Vermont, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Tennessee, Missouri and Oregon—the pheasant was on the same basis as any other game bird and a short season was allowed, but a dozen states had no special laws protecting game birds at all. Today, when game farming has proved profitable and the demand for game raised in captivity is greater than it ever was before, no open season for pheasants is prescribed in more than thirty states. Twelve permit a short open season on pheasant cocks. Maryland, North Carolina and Washington open a short season on cocks and hens, as do parts of Idaho, Virginia and Oregon. Most states, once New York took the lead in a hard fight, now provide for selling live or dead hand-raised wild game by breeders' licenses and careful taggings of carcasses. The licenses cost all the way from nothing at all in Massachusetts and Utah to twenty-five dollars in Virginia.

Fighting for Her Own

As time passed I went more and more heavily into the business, trying to keep up with newer methods. More and more breeders have been advocating a wide range for birds; insisting on the regular changing of ground. Our fifth year we had a season of twenty days of rain, and, before we could transport them to safer and dryer quarters, fifty of the young were drowned in their pens. Not even such discouragements, however, or the daily increasing gray hairs and twinges of rheumatism of a morning, made me give up the venture. The pheasant of the United States today is a hybrid, a bird that has more or less abandoned monogamy—sufficiently, at any rate, to make it more easily propagated on farms—yet has kept its own maternal instincts more than the English pheasant is believed to have done. It is hardy and gamy, and has compromised very neatly between the necessary manageability for life on a farm and the equally essential wariness for life in open coverts. It is not averse to cold and has succeeded far better in the North than in the South.

With two other game birds that are rapidly increasing in popularity in this country we did a little experimenting. For years no one believed you could raise bobwhite quail on a farm, but it has eventually been systematized. We found them somewhat more wild and less polygamous than the pheasants, and much more likely, in their bulletlike dash from the ground, to beat themselves to death against the pens. We were careful always to give a low whistle whenever we approached, and in handling the tiny, lightning-fast chicks we imitated their sound as well as we could until they got used to us. One of the oddest things that ever happened to a bantam, I believe, occurred when we set one of the silkies over quail eggs. The little wild quail mother hovered around that bantam until the eggs hatched, then showed fight, drove away the bantam and claimed her own brood! Huns—Hungarian partridges—were even more interesting birds, both in the devotion of the cock to the eggs and young chicks, and in the insistence of both sexes to pick their own mates.

The seasons went on, in some ways repetitions of my first, in other ways not. I had much to learn, and that's an inducement that will hold you to almost any enterprise. By the fifth year I was raising 2000 birds a year, and by the tenth nearly 3500. The demand was increasing every year.

Pheasant clubs, like the quail clubs of the South, were springing up in the Middle West. Many of the state farms now are propagating pheasants, though their funds are limited, and it is cheaper for them to buy birds in quantities from commercial dealers. When hunting licenses are raised, as they are bound to be sooner or later, the states can participate more keenly in pheasant raising. There are today between 80 and 100 licensed commercial dealers in pheasants in the United States, and between 6500 and 7500 people breeding them, in number ranging all the way from the few raised in a suburban back yard to the thousands produced on the big estates. Last year 5000 Mongolian ringnecks were raised in the Walla Walla State Penitentiary and released in time for spring mating and nesting. Connecticut's $45,000 in hunting licenses made it possible for her to liberate 15,000 pheasants in depleted coverts. Even down in Georgia, in spite of the heat, an attempt has been made; 1600 pheasants were raised the third year. In Iowa, not long ago, an effort to secure live birds and estimate their numbers in that state, brought in 7000. A strenuous attempt is being made by the National Sportsman, called the Game Restoration Program, which urges individual sportsmen to raise a few pheasants themselves and help restock their own coverts. Last year they received 8000 requests for a booklet they publish describing the propagation of wild game. One man in Massachusetts, eight or ten years ago, raised a few hunting dogs, more for pleasure than to supplement the profit from his automobile-accessory store. To train the dogs he got a few pheasants. From these he raised a few more to sell for field trials. Almost before he knew it the pheasants and dogs walked away with the auto-accessory business, which he subsequently entirely abandoned.

In carrying over birds, nowadays, I keep the proportion of nearly grown young and old breeders equal. Of the stock I sell, much the larger proportion goes to preserves—clubs, state farms and private estates.

The food side of the pheasant is a less prominent one commercially. As far as eggs are concerned, most of us can't pay twenty-five cents for one egg and relish it; when pheasant eggs are cheaper I believe they'll be a regular article of diet. Most of the 30,000 to 40,000 pheasants handled every year by the wholesale markets on West Side New York come, frozen, from Germany and Hungary. Perhaps 2000 are home-raised stock that find their way to eating places able to pay from $3.50 to $6.00 for a pair of birds. Some hotels and restaurants average a dozen or so a week, but the majority go to men's clubs. Every year it is possible to raise and sell pheasants in quantities a little more cheaply, however, and the food phase of the business is bound to grow.

A School for Gamekeepers

One of the most interesting developments in the raising of wild birds by hand is the establishment of a college for gamekeepers, with a practical and academic two-year course on raising pheasants, partridges and quail, and tuition fees of $450 a year for all costs, that opened last year with twenty-five students from a dozen states. Its purpose is to train young men for positions as gamekeepers on large estates.

Last year we raised 5000 pheasants. To raise them had cost me around $10,000, and for them I received about $15,000—a modest but satisfactory profit. Many of the breeders produce and sell more, many less. Our domestic poultry continues to bring in about $1000 a year to add to the $5000.

The other day my son Conrad, now grown up to the responsibilities of a family of his own, was with me as I walked around our breeding pen. Suddenly a great whir struck our ears, and a giant bird clove the sky—an aeroplane sailing westward. He was flying so low that we thought at first he was coming down in some sort of emergency landing, and held our breaths. The birds in the pen went mad. They beat their wings frantically and dashed back and forth in terrified attempts to escape. In a second or so, however, the pilot righted his machine and flew on without mishap; and seeing that he was safe I took time to lose my temper, as is the way with human nature, at his carelessness in frightening the birds. I often wondered what they thought of that Herculean hawk. My elder son is a breeder of aeroplanes in one of the new factories at Wichita, but Conrad and I have been contented to breed a lower flyer—which we believe will be, before many years, the foremost bird in the United States.

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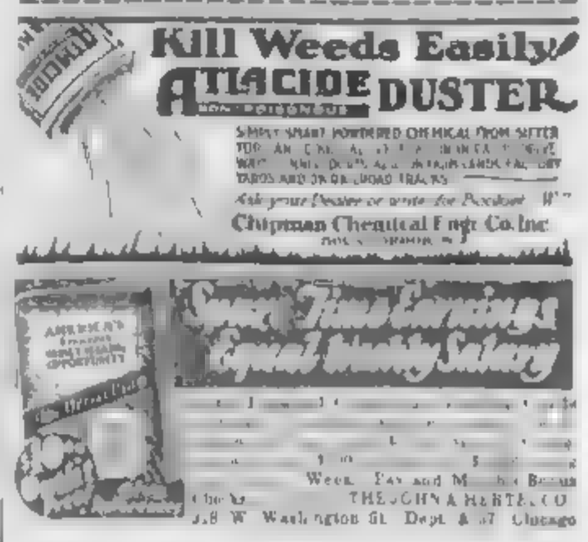

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ART AND ARTFUL ART

(Continued from Page 54)

and walnut. Toward the end of the French Renaissance came ebony with inlays, and toward the end of the seventeenth century appeared the West Indian woods, whose very names excite the imagination—mahogany, tulip, rosewood, amaranth or rose-colored mahogany, palisander or purple mahogany; and for inlays the various satinwoods, which are all close-grained woods that have gone through the process of satining or treating with oils which draw the grain, like scorched maple and holly, coralwood, coromandel or snakewood, kingwood and burl walnut.

Out of these woods, plus marble, stone, onyx, gold, silver, baser metals, silks, satins, downs, damasks, velvets, brocades, tapestry, ivory, agate and what not else, the French furniture makers produced those marvelous and sometimes ludicrous works of theirs which appeal so powerfully to some tastes.

From all I have told here, mostly in the spirit of sardonics, my readers will not, I trust, gain the impression that all art dealers are such shabby fellows as myself. Your typical antiquarian is at heart a devotee, a mystic at the shrine of the one true goddess, adoring every curve of her many forms, loving even her infamies. I, too, was more often honest than otherwise. It was a weakness I could not overcome.

On the other hand, we all know that the devastating hand of commerce has made the business of buying antiques a perilous one. Too many men have invaded the art dealer's field with neither knowledge of nor love for fine things. They are in this world to make money—however money is to be made. With them lies the real danger.

THE DEFERRED LIVING PLAN

(Continued from Page 11)

"We'll go along with you," offered Rose, "if you'd like to have us. It's such a wonderful afternoon to be out and this spring air is so good for us. And it's always so interesting to go through houses."

"Sure. Come along," said Nick. "Hop in."

The house stood alone on a high, narrow bit of land and just at first it was surprising. At least Rose said so.

"Oh, is that the house?" she asked after Ann had told her that it was. "How queer to set it like that. Odd angle at which to build. Don't you think so? I wonder why they placed it like that."

"For the sun," answered Ann, "for the view over the river between those two houses below. And to save the pine trees."

"Of course," remarked George, looking about him, "a half-developed neighborhood like this is always a gamble. Values may rise out here. But they may not. Is it a new house? It doesn't look it."

"No, it doesn't, does it?" agreed Ann delightedly, before she realized he did not mean it as praise.

"Been on the market a long time?"

"The man who built it died. His wife has to sell it."

"Forced sale, eh?" asked George. "Ought to go cheap then."

They went in. Ann had the key and Nick guessed that she had beguiled the real-estate dealer into letting them make an unescorted visit. The rooms were empty. The woman who held title to it had taken her furniture and her griefs elsewhere. Here and there a trace of former living—a stain on the kitchen linoleum, a forgotten memorandum pad—remained. It was a house which someone had planned with care and pleasure. That showed in the blend of the tiles in the hallway, in the soft-colored plastered walls, in the graceful lights.

"It's a convenient arrangement," admitted Rose, after they had inspected it thoroughly, "but there seems to be so much waste space."

Ann did not seem to hear. She was standing at one end of the living room. The windows were long and it seemed as if the room met the out-of-doors and that the walls were only friendly barriers. The sunlight lay lazily against the dark oak floor, sank peacefully into its shadows. For the moment the George Richardsons had gone into the dining room to look for flaws.

"You see how it is," she said to Nick, almost pleadingly. "It's too lovely to ignore."

"It's very pleasant," he agreed with some reserve.

"It's so like us. We wouldn't get impatient with it the way we do with the place we're in now. There's that enchanting little recess with the hooded fireplace. Can't you just see the maple chairs there? And yourself? And did you see the sleeping porch where the children could be? Unless we stole it from them."

Nick did like it. He liked the easy dignity of the house, with its lack of pretense. The construction was substantial. Good material all through. There had evidently been no skimping. He coveted the green-tiled shower off the west bedroom. It would be a place to come home to which a man could be proud of. Nice garage too.

"Somebody sank too much money, I expect," said George, coming in. "Of course, owning a house is always a luxury. You hold the bag for everybody. That's why people live in apartments. Now I pay two hundred a month, but then I'm through. No real-estate taxes, no heavy insurance, no repair bills. What do they want for this place, Ann?"

"Eighteen thousand," she said. "Don't you think that's cheap?"

George chuckled because she was pretty, and answered regardless of that. "Sure it's cheap. If you've got the money."

"But you don't pay that all at once," Ann explained. "They only want a few thousand down. After that it wouldn't cost any more than paying the rent we do. There's a mortgage on it now."

"Of course," said George, "there always is. You take that over and put on a second one and pay installments and heavy interest charges, I suppose."

"Deferred payments. You know."

"And about the time the place begins to run down you begin to own it. In time to put on a new roof. Unless you've lost it in the meantime because you couldn't keep up the payments." He turned to his brother. "You know, there are people making fortunes out of situations like this. When people fall down on these contracts."

"Let's go along," said Ann evenly. "I think we've seen all there is to see."

"You know a nice house when you see it, dear," said Nick, slipping his arm through hers because he felt sorry that disaster had come upon her adventure. But of course George had the right hunch. It wasn't the thing to do—to tie yourself up in any such fashion.

He tried to tell that to Ann on the way home, after they had dropped the George Richardsons in front of their apartment and Ann had promised, a little reluctantly, to come to dinner on Wednesday. But Rose had been pleasant and insistent. There was even something of the missionary spirit in her invitation.

"It will do you good," she said; "just a simple dinner and a quiet evening. We've been living here nearly four months and we see so little of you, Ann."

Nick said nothing, just at first, when they were alone in the car. Then, because Ann was also silent, he thought that he had better open up the subject.

(Continued on Page 209)

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(Continued from Page 206)

"It's an attractive property," he remarked. "I'd like to remember that ground plan for future reference."

"It's our house," answered Ann. "Really it is, Nick."

"Not according to the register of deeds."

"Oh, we could wheedle him into it."

"But we haven't got eighteen thousand dollars," said Nick.

"We don't need it. We only need four."

"We haven't got that."

"We have those bonds."

There were four thousand-dollar bonds which Nick had been given by his father when he married. They had always been held sacred. That was Nick's notion. If anything should happen, they, at least, were there.

"We can't touch those."

"I don't know why. They aren't hot."

"Because they're all we have. Except for my insurance, that's all you'd have for yourself and the kids if anything happened to me."

"Nothing's going to happen to you."

"But it might."

"Then I'd go to work. You think I could bear it if I didn't?"

He touched her hand for a second.

"But, Ann, we mustn't use those bonds for a thing like this."

"It's an investment," she insisted. "And after that payment we've only got to put aside a hundred and fifty dollars a month - which is less rent than we pay now."

"Ten dollars less. And how about coal?"

"We buy coal for the duplex. And you said yourself it's a terribly wasteful furnace. There's a good furnace in the house we just looked at. Even George said so."

"There'd be other expenses."

"We could manage. I wouldn't buy any clothes for a while—or anything."

"You've said that before."

"Well, I wouldn't buy many. Besides, we always do manage. You know we do."

"Yes, but we want to get away from all this deferred-payment stuff. Let's put the money away now and after a while we'll be in shape to get a place like that. In a few years—five or ten ——"

"We oughtn't to waste years," said Ann. "That's really a sin. Oh, darling, let's get the house while we can enjoy it, while we still have such terrific fun together. I want a house while the children are little, a staircase of their own to fall down. I don't want to live like George and Rose. Deferred payments don't bother me. They're honest enough. But deferred living—the way they do—does."

"Oh, come, dear," argued Nick; "that's not the way to look at it."

He put himself on record very definitely. For he knew that when Ann wanted things she usually managed to get them. Fortunately, she did not want everything. There was nothing unguided or promiscuous about her desires and she rarely begged for favors. But there were, none the less, many things in the duplex house which bore testimony to her persistence. The etching which she had paid for during a year and a half, out of her household allowance, the lace tablecloth, the ice box, the Chinese rug.

But, curiously, this time Ann seemed to have given up on the whole thing. It seemed to Nick that she was hardly herself for a few days. She wasn't cross, but she did not seem so intimate, and the running fire of her comment and joking seemed to come from a less spontaneous source than usual. They did not bring the house up for discussion again. Nick wondered how often she was thinking of it, and flaws in the duplex had never seemed more obvious. They didn't have much space for the children where they were. But, after all, there was no use chasing bankruptcy.

It took Rose to introduce the subject of the house, on the subsequent Wednesday, with a touch of banter.

"Well," she said, "did you buy the house yet?"

Ann said they hadn't.

"Going to get out of the woods first, are you, Nick?" asked George.

Nick said, with a touch of irritation, "I'm not so far in the woods."

"Well," said George, "the thing to do is to hang on to your money."

They had pot roast for dinner—pot roast and noodles with a thick tomato gravy. Ann did not lift her eyes toward her husband's plate.

"This," said Rose, unquestioned, "is my own recipe. I worked it out. It's really very good, Ann. You'd be surprised at how little this costs. I always think that the cheaper cuts of meat are just as good as the expensive ones if you cook them well."

Ann had struck a stringy bit and her answer hung fire. When she spoke, it was to George, irrelevantly.

"I think you're going to be very rich, George," she said.

"Who? Me?" George looked flattered. "Well, we'll see. I guess we have quite a way to go yet. A few corners to cut."

"I think," said Rose earnestly, "it's all in the way you go about it. In the habits you get into. I think you have to learn to go without. That's the thing."

"Then why be rich?" asked Ann casually, as she went on defeating the pot roast.

"What do you mean?"

"If it's such discipline, why does anyone want to be rich?"

George laughed again. He had a special manner for Ann; possibly left over from more gallant and unmarried days. It was a manner which granted her no intelligence but some charm.

"It's a pretty comfortable feeling to have plenty tucked away."

"And the point is," supplemented Rose, "that you don't have it unless you deny yourselves things."

"It couldn't be worth it to me," said Ann.

George looked as if in another moment he would chuck his sister-in-law under the chin for sheer womanly lack of wit.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to attain things you've wanted," said Rose, "after you've waited for them a long while. Now, for example, our radio. So many people have tried to sell me one in the last three years. And I always simply said I was not ready to buy and that I never bought on the installment plan. Then, last month I bought one. I paid cash. And there was 10 per cent off. Now, if I'd bought before, I would have paid not only that 10 per cent but an additional financing charge."

"Still, you've missed a lot of music in the last three years," said Ann, apparently quite unimpressed, "and you might just as well have had it."

Rose had the appearance of being in the presence of a very dull pupil, and Nick made an effort to change the subject. But it was not so easy. All the roads of conversation seemed to lead to finance, to money, to cost. There was no denying that Rose was clever. She told them all, though George must have known it already, just how she managed her budget and of the three-dollars-a-day allowance she made for meat and groceries.

"I add up the bills every day, and if I find we're spending more than we should, I economize for a day or two and perhaps have a vegetable dinner. Or if we've just had a roast, then we have spare ribs and things like that."

She paused for antistrophe and asked, "How do you manage about groceries and meat, Ann?"

"It depends pretty much on what we want to eat," said Ann.

"But don't you find your bills getting out of hand?"

"Don't I?"

"She really manages very well," Nick protested, "though I don't know how. She doesn't strike me for extra money, anyhow, after she gets her allowance."

"You must have a system," said Rose.

"No," said Ann, "just instinct. I use a good deal of sex appeal on the grocer and the florist. My grocer takes artichokes from widows and orphans for me, and the

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florist, once, when I told him that I had to live eight days on five dollars, gave me a dozen roses for a dollar."

"Well," said Rose, who had her own point to make, "debt bothers me. It distresses me."

"I should think it would flatter you. You can't be very much in debt unless you pay your bills. Not to grocers."

Nick felt that Ann was being outrageous.

"You're a great business woman," said George, still finding her amusing.

Nick didn't like the tone. Ann was clever and George's tone didn't recognize it. It was merely indulgent.

"When we get into a place of our own," said Rose, "I shall know exactly how much it's going to cost to run it."

"Are you going to get a house?"

Rose looked at her husband.

"We've talked of it," she said.

"I looked up that property we went out to see with you," said George. "It's pretty good value all right. If a person had the cash. Of course, taking on a flock of 6 per cent mortgages is a horse of another color. But the building contract was pretty nearly what they're asking for the place. And the taxes weren't so high."

"If there weren't so much waste space in those halls," said Rose, "it would be a very well-planned house, I think. I suppose one could get used to the shape of it. Though I think you'd want to glass in the sleeping porch. Did you think the kitchen sink was in the best place, Ann?"

"It must have been," said Ann. "It was under a window."

They finished a salad and then a pudding which Rose explained in detail as they ate it. It was a pale-colored sponge and interesting to know about, because, aside from an egg-beater, it seemed to need so little of any other ingredient. And over the coffee the talk split two ways and became definitely masculine and feminine. The men talked of the money market, George with the shrewdness of the professional financier and Nick asking questions for the most part.

"I could use a little legal advice," said George, "in a deal we have on in Chicago with a bonding house. Want to run down there with me next week? You'd get your expenses in any case and a very decent fee if we put anything over. It may be quite a transaction and I don't want to slip up on any of the legal details."

"All right," Nick answered gratefully, "I'll be glad to go."

He became so interested in hearing about the proposed transaction that he forgot that Ann might be having a dull evening. She seemed to be listening to Rose or the radio whenever he glanced at her. At eleven o'clock she had evidently had enough and they went away, leaving Rose in a pleasant glow of hospitality and satisfaction for having given them a good time.

Again Ann seemed without comment, and at length the very lack of it seemed pointed. She spoke once of the sweetness of the night and she leaned out of the car window. Nick missed her easy mockery. He could think of a couple of amusing things to say about that evening himself, if she'd only give him a start. But she did not. They were home and she had not spoken of George or Rose.

"George is pretty smart," he said at length, as they were going upstairs.

"I suppose so."

"He wants me to go down to Chicago to help a little with a deal his firm is putting over."

"Are you going?"

"Yes. I guess so. There may be a little money in it for me. George has it pretty well lined up. He'd stand to make quite a bit personally in commissions. He knows what he's doing."

"Seems to," said Ann.

"They both do," said Nick, in defense of something he couldn't quite locate in himself. "She's a sensible girl."

"She's a fool," said Ann. "She's pathetic."

"Pathetic?"

"Anybody is who's run by money like that. Those two don't live. They spend and save. That's all it is to them. Of course they're pathetic. And I'm not sure you aren't too."

"It's all very well to be so high-hat about money," he said, rather badly stung by her contempt, "but you watch where they'll come out."

"I'd rather not," answered Ann, and went to cover up the children and, from that duty, to bed.

There was no use trying to quarrel with her, although Nick felt that a quarrel would be more intimate to live with. Ann was pleasant enough. She was even funny and, at times, very kind. But he couldn't get close to her and he hated the feeling of being demoted. He knew well enough she was wrong and that she was still secretly regretting that house they couldn't afford and of which she wouldn't talk. When he went to Chicago she sent him off with a well-packed suitcase and a kiss which seemed to all appearances to be as affectionate as it ever had been. But Nick knew the difference. Something had gone out of it and he found himself rather moody on the train, until he got talking business with George.

The business lasted three days. It was a matter of interviews, of requests, of sitting tight, of making adjustments, of playing it hard, of lunching at hotels and in clubs, and not losing hold for a minute. And then it was over and he and George were in their room at the hotel, with all the assurances and all the signatures they had come for.

"Well," said George, "that's a good job."

"You certainly put it over."

"I needed a lawyer, all right. There'll be something in this for you, Nick."

"You'll get plenty yourself."

"It's my first really big killing," George told him and lit a cigar. "Well, what'll we do now?"

"We can catch the evening train if we hurry."

Nick was rather anxious to catch that train. He wanted to get back to tell Ann how well it had come off and that he'd made some money. Enough, probably, to clear up everything. He wanted to get back and boast a little, to prove something to her—something intangible.

"We don't want to go back tonight," said George. "What'd we do that for?"

"What'll we stay for?"

"Oh, we might go on a little bender," suggested George. He grinned at his brother, and Nick was suddenly reminded of the way George used to look when the family worried about him. "I know a girl or two down here who are nice to out-of-town men. Might look them up and see what they have to offer. They're always pretty agreeable. Pretty—and agreeable."

"Do you do this sort of thing often?" asked Nick.

"Oh, we've earned a little fun."

"What would Rose say to it?"

"What she doesn't know won't bother her," said George easily. "Rose is a great girl. But you know how it is. Your wife's got the whip hand and you do what she tells you to. But when you get off by

(Continued on Page 214)

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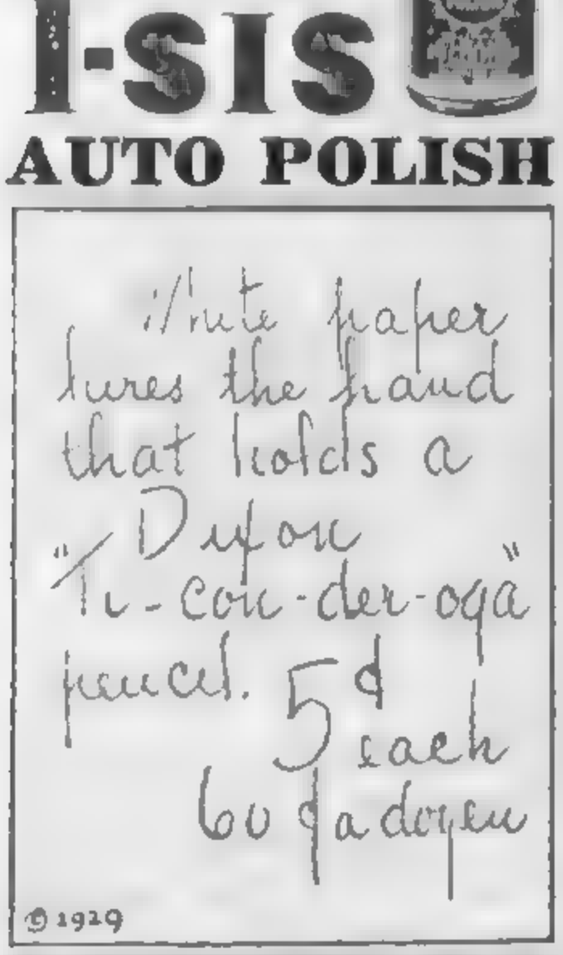

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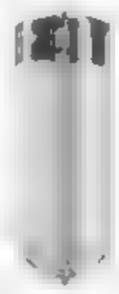

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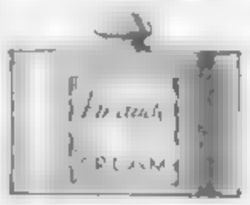
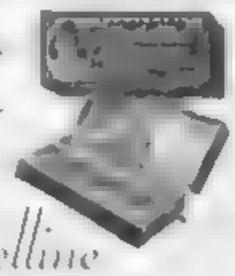


Marvelous! Pinaud's new cream . . . A complete scientific beauty treatment in 30 seconds—perfected after fifteen years' research by the master perfumer of Paris. A cleanser, astringent and powder base in one. No wonder so many smart women use it exclusively! Featured at all our stores.

To Beautify Your Eyes—



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1928—231 Stores
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So it is only natural that you should like your checks to in-

dicate a good banking connection . . . to suggest prestige, dignity, resources. Not that you'd judge a bank solely by the checks it issues. But somehow, it's the strong, progressive bank which is usually careful in all details. And you expect distinctive checks from such a bank.

Open your check book now. A glance will tell you if your bank is using La Monte National Safety Paper—*the standard of comparison.* You will recognize it instantly by the wavy lines—by its handsome appearance—by its crisp durability—by the very fact that it is your idea of all a check paper should be.

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LA MONTE
NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER FOR CHECKS

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(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

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Men switch here and there among ordinary shaving creams, but Ingram users stick to Ingram's, for it gives them a cool shave, a unique effect and a tonic feeling to their skin when the morning shave is over.

For Ingram's is Cool . . . Cool . . . COOL . . . COOL. It's original . . . You, yourself, will say it is better and more refreshing.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face

Ingram's Shaving Cream is soap, lotion and face freshener combined! No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special soothing and cooling ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin. It's a shaving soap, a lotion and a tonic all in one!

With Ingram's you can shave closer. Your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. And you get through with the job in comfort and ease, with never those little pin-prick cuts that ordinary creams are powerless to protect you from.

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves! That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had!

Don't fail to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample—now!

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110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(B M [illegible])

(Continued from Page 210)

yourself occasionally, you want a little bit of life. Let's go out and spend some money. Let's spend a whale of a lot. We've made plenty."

Nick didn't answer and George seemed puzzled.

"You don't have to worry about Rose. When I get home I may buy her that house she took such a fancy to. I'll fix Rose up."

"What house?" asked Nick.

"That one we all went out to see. Ann was crazy about it too. Too bad you couldn't afford it. I tell you what we'll do. We'll get both girls some presents tomorrow."

Nick tried to believe it was disgust. But it wasn't. There was no use pretending that it was anything but pity. He was sorry for George, trying to pretend that a taste of debauchery was life. He was sorry for Rose with all her rules and her systems, which she did not know were only good for the surfaces. He was sorry for the pair of them. And suddenly he remembered that was what Ann had said—that they were pathetic. He might get George home this time, but how about the next? Or the last time?

"No, I'm catching that train," he said. "Better come along."

It seemed to him that he couldn't get to his office fast enough. He had gone straight there from the train. Things kept coming back to him—things Ann had said, things she hadn't said. "The deferred plan of living"—that was what she'd said about George and Rose. He remembered the way she'd looked when they'd left that house that day—as if he'd cheated her, as if he'd gone back on her. As if he would. As if he'd let George have that house when Ann wanted it, when they both wanted it while they were young and because they cared. They'd pay for it all right. He'd sell those bonds today.

He picked up the telephone and called his house. "Ann," he said, "bring the car down, will you?"

"Of course. What do you want it for?"

"We're going to buy that house," said Nick. "Hurry up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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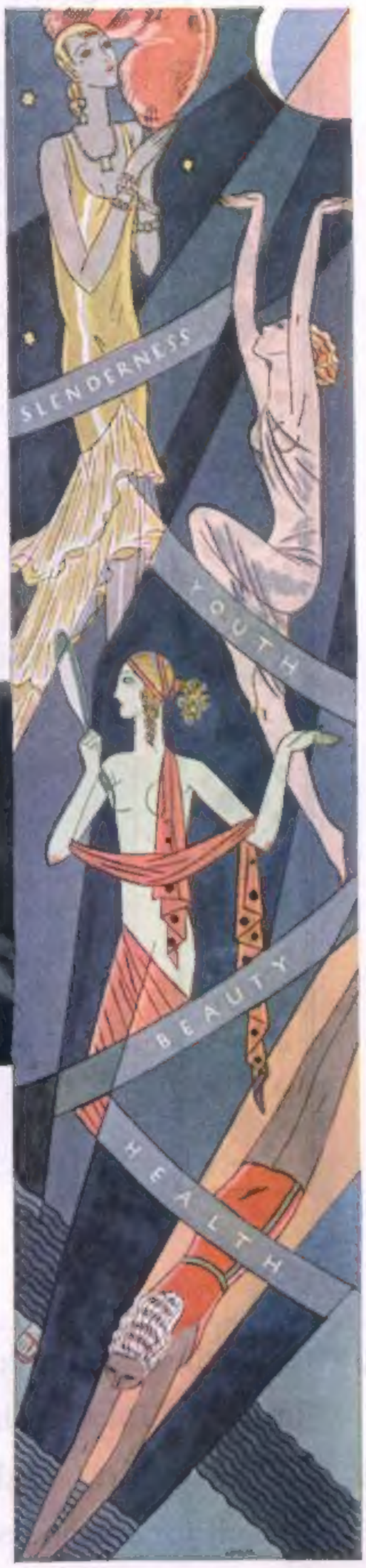

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CHOCOLATES

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